92
N519

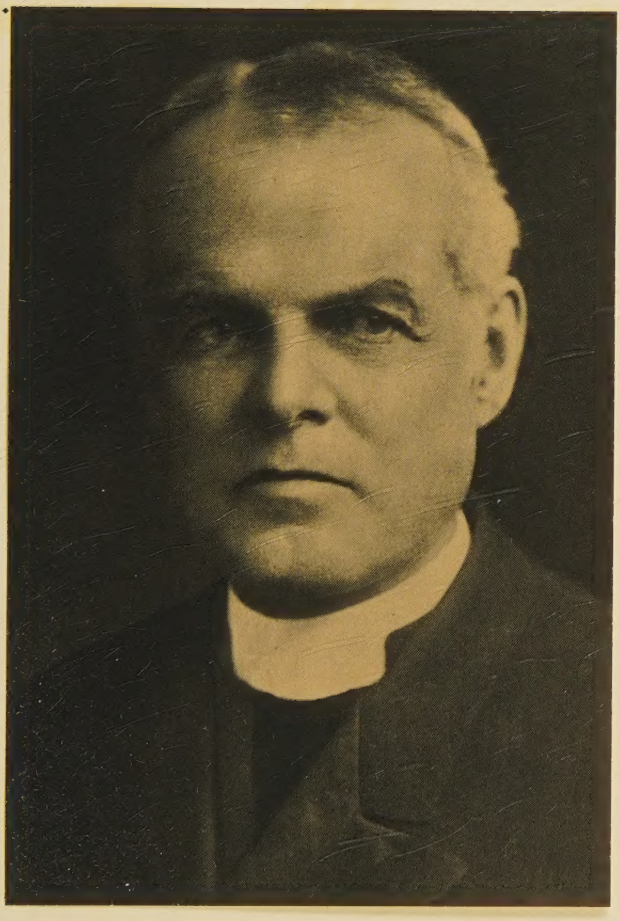
THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY LIBRARY
CHELSEA SQUARE, NEW YORK II, N. Y.

Alumni Library Fund

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/daysofmyage0000unse

Clara L. Nichols



William J. Kerby

DAYS OF MY AGE

CHIMNEY CORNER CHATS FOR
THE HOME CIRCLE

BY

GRANDFATHER
WILLIAM FORD NICHOLS

The days of our age are threescore years and ten;
and . . . . . .

PRIVATELY PRINTED
SAN FRANCISCO
1923

Copyright, 1923
by
William Ford Nichols

112115
92
N519

TO OUR DEAR

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

TO WHOM WE WOULD LOVINGLY LEAVE

AN INHERITANCE

OF THE FAITH AND HAPPINESS

WITH WHICH

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER

HAS SO MERCIFULLY BLEST ALL THE

DAYS OF OUR AGE

FOREWORD

GRANDFATHERS *and cosy chimney corners and old clocks seem to have much folk-lore in common. At any rate this Grandfather has reasons to believe that in his closer family circle he is credited with a weakness for the traditional "old folks corner" by the fireside, especially when Grandmother sits in her rocking chair at the other corner. The general warmth and flickering blaze suggest reminiscence. There is a happy spell in gazing at the fire logs. In years gone by the children and I used to "pretend" all kinds of fairies chasing each other along the tiny streaks of fire shootings in the soot surfaces back of the andirons. And then the two-century tick of the tall clock in the hall finds the only use for its old tongue in telling time. The numerals on its face ever keep the one feature of marking the hours and days of its age. What a variety of human interest it suggests to think of all that have glanced at its face to tell "the time of day!"*

And so this Grandfather has tried to "turn his hands" to enumerate something of the Days of his Age, as the chimney corner, the "Logs which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting room" and the clock with its venerable dignity of homeliness all betoken the

"Mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure."

Good old family portraits keep their company with the ever changing home groups especially when "the eyes from the canvas seem to follow them all around the room." At best there are hardly enough of such portraits to go around the kin; and to fill out may these pages do a little something to picture our "days" to other days with their other family circles. In this print-portrayal grateful acknowledgment is here made of features contributed by the fond filming as well as motoring of many happy jaunts, by Mrs. Lydia Paige Monteagle; by the

indexing and help otherwise in details from the Rev. Frank Henry Church and by the personal interest and taste of the Publisher, Mr. Bruce Brough.

In such atmosphere and setting this story is told in a "domestic dialect" as if "no reporters were present." Twice told, too, in a few reprints are some stories more or less of clan relation penned in passing from time to time and included here as for family "archives." Privately printed for the Home Circle; if copies reach others in the cherished friendship or comradeship of the years, they will it is believed make all allowance for the chattiness and intimate personal note and "old family album" sort of illustrations in this "Once-upon-a-time story book."

W. F. N.

Christmastide
1923

CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
I.	Home and School Days	1
II.	College and Divinity School Days	13
III.	Connecticut Home-Circle Days with Bishop Williams	25
IV.	Diaconate and Early Priesthood Days	36
V.	Christ Church, Hartford, Days	53
VI.	St. James', Philadelphia, Days	72
VII.	The Call to California	89
VIII.	Dawn of California Days	100
IX.	California Wheel Days	110
X.	Days of Diocesan Development	128
XI.	The Church Divinity School of the Pacific	138
XII.	Grace Cathedral	152
XIII.	The House of Churchwomen	179
XIV.	Earthquake and Fire Days of 1906	194
XV.	Earthquake and Fire Days (Concluded)	210
XVI.	Some Convention Days, Diocesan and General	225
XVII.	Lambeth Conference of 1897—World Trip of 1911	234
XVIII.	Days of Honolulu Episcopate	243
XIX.	San Francisco and St. Francis of Assisi	256
XX.	The Prayer Book Cross	266
XXI.	Hospital Hospitality	277
XXII.	Call for a Coadjutor	302
XXIII.	Days of a "Jubilee Year," 1873–1923	319
XXIV.	"Count Up Thy Mercies"	342
XXV.	"O Teach Us to Number Our Days"	363

ILLUSTRATIONS

Clara Q. Nichols
William F. Nichols . . . . . Frontispiece

Facing Page

Margaret Emilia (Grant) Nichols
Charles Hubert Nichols 2
Josiah Morse Nichols
Sweton Grant 8
Mother and Boy
School Boy 14
College Senior
Trinity College 20
Bishop John Williams 26
Mary (Gillespie) Quintard
Clara Quintard 38
Edward Augustus Quintard 42
The Bride
"Giantshade" 46
St. James' Church, West Hartford 50
"Three Decker," Christ Church, Hartford . . . 54
Christ Church, Hartford, Conn.
Christ Church Rectory 60
Standing Committee, Diocese of Connecticut . . 64
Connecticut Delegation to Seabury Centenary . . 68
Chalice and Paten 72
St. James' Church, Philadelphia
Study, St. James' Rectory 78
Interior, St. James' Church 82
St. Peter's-in-the-Mount
"Whittier Rock" Group 86
Assistant Bishop of California, 1890 92
Clara Quintard Nichols, 1890 96
Visitation to Mono and Inyo Counties, 1901 . . . 114
Visitation to Salinas Valley
Group at Marshall Monument 120
House Party at "The Bend"
At "Filoli" 124
Dean's Cottage, First Building, Church Divinity School 130
"George William Gibbs Memorial Hall" of the Church Divinity School 144
Laying Corner Stone of Grace Cathedral . . . 162
Elevation Grace Cathedral 168
The Bishop's House 194
San Francisco Fire Swept, 1906 210
The Family at San Mateo 244
The Prayer Book Cross 268
St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco 278
Fortieth Wedding Anniversary 298
Consecration Day of Bishop Parsons 316

ILLUSTRATIONS—Continued

Facing Page

Home of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John Williams Nichols / Dean Nichols' Family Group — 342

Mary Nichols Lansdale 348

Home of Mr. Philip Moylan Lansdale / Lansdale Family Group — 350

Home of Mr. and Mrs. William Morse Nichols / W. M. Nichols' Family Group — 356

Home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ferdinand Mills / Mills Family Group — 360

Home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hardy Clark, Jr. / Clark Family Group — 366

Nine Grandchildren at Inverness, California . . 370

DAYS OF MY AGE

CHAPTER I

HOME AND SCHOOL DAYS

"BE ADMONISHED: of making many books there is no *need*," was the rendering once made in church of that familiar verse of Ecclesiastes by a clumsy reader of the Scriptures. It is no doubt implied in the original caution "of making many books there is no end." The misreading only pointed the moral of the fact. Book making is boundless. Therefore go slowly in thinking there is any need of trying to make another. And this *caveat* is especially stern against vain imaginings that the story of an ordinary life time is of reading interest to the public. Autobiographies like autographs only have general values when they underwrite figures that pass current like checks honored "on the street." In wholesome regard for all which the present writer simply proposes to sketch some memories of *Days of My Age* in response to a wish of his children. And if he runs on into chapters cumbered as well as numbered with capital I's, it will be with the restraining influence that they knew closest of all what a very human document it must be if the truth is told. The value of such intimate qualifications for censorship ought at any rate to serve somewhat as a snuffer on any rash candling of egotism. One small daughter for example in the earlier years of my ministry when walking to church with me a Sunday morning roused me from a sermonizing reverie by asking in her child naïveté, "Papa, are you going to say anything I can understand this morning?" As they have ever brought their mother and father the Psalmist's family symmetry of a fivefold Beatitude of the "quiver full"—"happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them"—and Oriental scholars tell us that the quiver of old when full held just five—it is well to remember that such arrows may have silent shafts for any parental flights of spread-eagleism!

In the hope then for due circumspection to avoid romancing before my own dearest and closest ones as the "reading circle" for whom these pages are primarily penned I note the first day of my age as Saturday, June 9, 1849, the date of my birth in Lloyd, Ulster County, New York. My father was Charles Hubert Nichols and my mother was Margaret Emilia (Grant) Nichols. On the Nichols side I have the carefully prepared manuscript of my father tracing the line from son to father back to Francis Nichols, one of the original proprietors and settlers of Stratford, Connecticut, in 1639, whose house lot is charted among those of the original seventeen families on the first map of Stratford Village in 1639, making my generation the ninth in America and that of my present fourteen grandchildren the eleventh American generation.

Genealogists of the family have found a lineage claiming kinship with Sir Richard Nichols, who captured and named New York, to whom I have made more extended reference in my *World Circuit Saunterings*, pp. 127, 8. Suffice it to say that both there and in America the name in its direct line and in its intermarriages has been borne by its share of members of distinction and of sturdy, if not eminent New England and other American citizenship and my children and grandchildren will appreciate that the heritage of a good American name coming down from the beginnings of New England and Americanized by ten generations and through nearly three hundred years is a legacy in itself, even though not affluent with great riches.

My father was the son of Josiah Morse Nichols and Delilah (Duncombe) Nichols, who were married by the Rev. Ashbel Baldwin March 27, 1814. Mr. Baldwin was then the clergyman at Trumbull, Conn., and was one of four ordained by Bishop Seabury at the first ordination held by a bishop of our church in America August 3, 1785, and there is a tradition that he was the first of the four to receive the laying on of hands. The names Morse and Duncombe and others such as Beardsley, Curtis,

ARGARET EMILIA (GRANT) NICHOLS
1820 - 1895

CHARLES HUBERT NICHOLS
1817 - 1893

Judson, Harvey, Hurd, Mills, Shelton, Alsop and others are significant of the many intermarriages of families of the locality. In the early Colonial continuance of generations, side by side before the wider distribution from travel and the westward movement, almost all of the names of the original families are so brought into relation with each other by marriage that many American genealogies lead back to Old Stratford, Connecticut, and show kinship with each other in an inclusiveness of the pioneer names. For example: Mary Nichols, granddaughter of the first "Proprietor" Francis and daughter of Isaac, his oldest son, and our ancestor, married the Rev. Israel Chauncy, January 8, 1667, son of Charles Chauncy, the second President of Harvard College, and is the ancestor of many of those who bear that name in the United States. The Rev. Israel Chauncy was then the Congregational Pastor of Stratford and was one of the founders of Yale College, probably presiding over the meeting of the first Projectors and on November 11, 1701, was chosen its Rector or President of Yale but declined it.

The Rev. James Nichols, a graduate of Yale in 1771, was the last of those who went from Connecticut "on the perilous and expensive voyage" to England for Holy Orders. He was probably one of the ten clergymen who, in the Rectory in Woodbury, Connecticut– which I once visited –met the last week in March, 1783, and elected the Rev. Samuel Seabury the first Bishop of our Church in this country.

My mother was the daughter of Sweton and Hannah (Whiteley) Grant, of Hobart, Delaware County, New York, where many of the original families were of direct Scotch antecedents. Grandfather Grant was in volunteer service in the War of 1812 and I believe held some local civil offices but was otherwise principally occupied in the life of the thrifty farmer of the time, which has been described by some as a typical calling for independence.

My father began his business life in Poughkeepsie,

New York, with the enterprise and promise of young manhood, early undertaking sole responsibility in his own name. But with an outlook for good success in itself, his endeavor to befriend others outside of it, by endorsement of their paper, I have always understood, resulted, as is so often the case, in the crippling of his affairs in a way from which he never fully recovered, either in ambition or getting ahead financially. His first resort was to the development of farming projects, leading later to the promotion of using large peat deposits on land owned by him and his neighbors for fuel, though not with wide result. In the meantime he served in the office of a river freighting line for New York and tried modest ventures in other directions, having his home betimes at Lloyd opposite Poughkeepsie, where were Huguenot connections with our family in the Eltings, Deyos and others. There I was born and from his farm several miles distant, I have rural memories of an occasional part of my boyhood years spent there. But most of my childhood and early youth was spent in Poughkeepsie, with summer weeks at the farm house. Father's early years were passed in Connecticut, at Tashua, though later his father took the family to western New York for a few years. In his later life my father re-visited the Connecticut scenes of his boyhood and found the old ancestral home built in the eighteenth century "while soldiers were passing for the French and Indian War," as the tradition was, and told me with some zest of the closet also still there, where he used to be disciplined. He had some of the old Connecticut characteristics in sturdiness of principle and in views of Sunday observance, though never of the reputed "blue law" intensity. I owe much to his atmosphering me in respect for authority and still have letters written in his well rounded hand which show both his real fathering and intelligent way of dealing with a son. He had read much and was recognized in his early manhood as having qualities of leadership. I have a commission of his as Captain, at twenty-two, signed by

Governor William H. Seward, and I have understood that while still young in years he would have been advanced to the colonelcy of his regiment of State Militia had he not taken prompt and effective steps to prevent it.

As I recall my dear mother there come to me words which instantly made me think of her when I first read them, as written by Principal Shairp, fifty years ago when she was living. "Not all the learning of all the universities of Europe," he said, "can compensate for the loss of that which the youth reared in a religious home has learned in childhood at his mother's knee." One who has had such a boon has no question that there is no substitute for it in life, even though he may have no qualification to speak in the exalted terms of learning of Principal Shairp. Though of Scotch ancestry she had literally "Mother wit." Added to a graciousness and power of winning friends and unselfishness of devotion in her home, there was an impress of her character made upon my childhood and my life which typified womanhood in general for me as so fine and so gentle that it was idealized in her to my child mind. It was not so much a feeling that no one was like her as that all were like her in goodness because they were women. And what a priceless start it is to a child to have a mother so standardize womanhood to his formative vision. Special bits of reminiscences of both father and mother, abounding as they are, would lead me too far aside from the thread of my story. Suffice it to say that I had this heritage and vogue of a religious home as the chief provision for my life-shaping. I was baptized in Christ Church, Marlborough, New York, by the Rev. Samuel Hawksley, November 7, 1851. They took care, from my earliest memories of a dame's school for little folk, up to my college diploma, that I should have every advantage they could afford of an education. At the then well known Dutchess County Academy of Poughkeepsie, under William MacGeorge, a successful Scotch school master, and later at the Pough-

keepsie Collegiate School under Otis Bisbee, not to mention a brief period at one of the public schools and another private school, I had the preparatory training for college.

William MacGeorge, principal of the old Dutchess County Academy, besides being a thorough teacher and good administrator, sampled for my experience the individualistic ways of the old-fashioned school teacher. We did not have in those days carefully defined "Forms" and "Grades" but he in his personality and methods was something of a distinct form and grade all in himself and in some of his expressions. I can see him now, by way of illustration of this, sitting in his chair at the head of the big bare schoolroom during a recess, —we had two sessions, 9-12 and 1-4 o'clock, with recesses in each—taking a siesta with an ample bandanna handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies, slumbering quietly in the warm summer afternoon. Any of the boys lingering from the recess playground may be depended upon to observe a preternatural stillness as they tip-toe around the school room in order, if possible, to prolong the nap to the advantage of an extended recess. In due time the principal wakes up, perhaps finds he has overslept the alloted minutes for the recess, grasps his huge bell, goes down the school room to the head of the stairs swinging it diligently. The boys come streaming up the stairs with some last loiterers in the rear for whom he waits and as they hurriedly straggle in he gives them a jab with the bell to precipitate their movements with a "get along with you, you trifling Gump"—"Gump" being a favorite epithet freely applied to all sorts of juvenile shortcomings. On one occasion while as one of the younger boys I was sitting at my desk—each boy had a spacious box receptacle under the lid of his green desk- MacGeorge called me up to his chair. Such a summons generally was ominous of something "worse to come" and when he asked me "Nichols, have you a torpedo in your desk" that seemed still further to "bode ill." Fortunately, however, I could deny the soft

JOSIAH MORSE NICHOLS
1794 - 1874
(From one of the earliest daguerreotypes in America, evidently not retouched.)

SWETON GRANT

imputation and did so. But the interview took an unexpected and altogether amusing turn when he said to me: "if you had a torpedo I was thinking of asking you to use it to wake up . . . . . ," one of the bigger boys who was slumbering, blissfully ignorant of such unwonted suggestions for his rousing. So our principal revealed the "boy" still in him, even with his sterner side. And in practical pedagogy is it not true that one touch of boyish nature makes schoolmaster and school boy kin? He had original ways of making his teaching "take hold." It was perilous to yawn in one of his classes and sometimes when, on a drowsy afternoon, one would try to hide that tendency back of the expansive geography covers, he would detect it, go all along the line, box the ears with no partiality and say "Ye triflers, ye'll all be asleep soon." But these reminiscences of somnolence must not give the impression that he and the school were not on the whole really wide-awake. He drilled us thoroughly in whatever he undertook to teach and with a rare patience and permanence and the rapidly dwindling number of those who had the benefit of his training will not forget his methods however much the matter may have faded from memory. I am ever thankful for those earlier years at the Dutchess County Academy. They fixed rudiments. They dowered my school life with a teacher *sui generis* in his methods after the old regime. One of these was to "ferule" freely a culprit boy as an occasional object lesson before the whole school and then to hold others *in terrorem* by the menace "Did you see me switch so and so? Well, I'll do the same to you if you do not look out."

The immediate years of preparation for college I spent at the "Poughkeepsie Collegiate School" the Parthenon-like plan of which was a landmark on the top of "College Hill" as it was called. The principal, Otis Bisbee, was of a modern type of schoolmaster and successfully, for many years, maintained an up-to-date military school with strict discipline, in my time, under

a West Point graduate. The teacher with whom I was most thrown was Mr. A. Q. Randall whose personal efficiency and interest did much to help me cover the preparatory work for college examinations. In appreciation of his teaching our class presented him with a gold-headed cane as was a custom of the time. They selected me to make the presentation and I had duly studied up on a grandiose effort at a speech but, alas, after the first sentence or two, all the rest of the rhetoric faded from my mind and after trying in vain to recall it I had ignominiously to hand it to him with the "short cut"—"here's the cane." The years then were years of the Civil War and our military character associated us with some of the stirring national interests of the war. Our school corps took part in the local procession on the day of the funeral service for President Lincoln. —I had heard him make a brief address from the rear of a car on his way to Washington for his first inauguration and seen him in his coffin as the remains were on their way to Illinois. We were having a parade in Albany on the day when the news of the fall of Richmond came, and were instantly made the motif for a celebration in the Capital of the State, Governor Reuben Fenton making us an address, and the famous "Burgesses Band" leading us in a procession around the streets. Then just after the close of the war we went to West Point and were assigned a place in the procession there at the time of the funeral services of General Winfield Scott and also were posted as guards at the door of the Chapel during the service. For boys we were pretty well up in tactics and military bearing but perhaps it was well for our sense of being "set up" that the restrained "slams" of the cadets towards "tin soldiers" did not take that joy out of life. My school days ended there in the early summer of 1866 and the report of standing at the close of the term had my name printed as No. 1 in the school.

CHAPTER II

COLLEGE AND DIVINITY SCHOOL DAYS

As early as my academy school days I had been approached by Harvard undergraduates with reference to choosing that then college and some of my schoolmates had later turned my mind towards Yale where they had already entered. But my rector, the Reverend, afterwards Bishop John Scarborough, was a graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, and in the general shaping influence which he exerted over my life in his winning personality and ministrations—to which I would here pay thankful tribute—I was led to think seriously of his college. My father and mother acquiesced and father wisely advised me to visit Trinity for the entrance examinations in the early summer and form my own impressions. If after that I preferred to go to Yale, "well and good." I acted accordingly and at the Commencement of 1866 had an opportunity to see "what it was like." Owing perhaps to some "advance interest" of Mr. Scarborough to his under-graduate fraternity brethren I had the usual "looking after" of the looking over, so welcome and warming to the stranger sense of the sub-freshman heart. Naturally the result was a glow of "Trinity-for-me" feeling. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1866, I entered the Class of 1870, and to my surprise, a little later in coming out of the Chapel service one morning, found my name posted on the bulletin board as having been awarded the *Admittitur* prize for passing the entrance examinations with the highest marks in the class. This was before my classmates had gotten into action and later both in prizes and standing a number of them saw to it that this preliminary rating was rectified.

This is written soon after turning into the fifty-third year after graduation and what a comment there is on the words of the old Horatian college song:

"Tempus edax rerum."

COLLEGE AND DIVINITY SCHOOL DAYS

And a half-century's retrospect of college days is apt to present a composite picture of the mark they made upon the self. For that four years between seventeen and twenty-one has a good deal to do with the old proverbial bending of the twig by which the tree is inclined. I take down from my shelves a copy of Todd's *Student's Manual* and read its inscription as it was given to me "with the wish that he may find this volume as useful as has his friend J. S., Poughkeepsie, May 23, 1865," and recall some of the anticipations with which that, following Mr. Scarborough's preparation for Confirmation by Bishop Horatio Potter that same month, sent me into the new experiences with an impressionable mind. Now at this distance of time what happened seems to have been a blend of many effects. There was, of course, the curriculum of study, dominated by the Latin, Greek, English and mathematics, which ran through all four years, with a dash of metaphysics in the senior year. How much the impression left by the classics was like that of which some one has said that he had an idea that "most of the Latin literature was written to illustrate Andrews' and Stoddard's Latin Grammar," and how much we took in of the real finish and furnishing of it all I will not attempt to say. I do believe, however, that it was by no means lost upon us even if a graduate now and then could not read the flattering credential of his own diploma nor follow the staccato syllables of the *auctoritate mihi commissa* in its bestowal, however trippingly the President rolled off the words as if that were his mother tongue. At any rate almost everyone learned to sing *Lauriger Horatius* and had some conception dawn upon him that there was a literature and an Augustan age and cities were claiming a Homer and something was doing on this planet before July 4, 1776.

Then back of the things taught there was the Faculty who were teaching them. It would be far more helpful to this attempt at a quasi psycho-analysis if I could adduce here what the Faculty thought of us rather than what we thought of them. Of course we had their marks

MOTHER AND BOY

of standing and their class room comments like that of one who held a minor examination and unbosomed himself to one of the class who asked if he had "gotten through." "Yes," said the Professor, "I put you through. You didn't do much towards it yourself." Or of another who wished a copy of our class photograph taken in his class room and who seemed to have loved us for the very happenings of an unconventional and idiosyncratic sort on his prim part and on our prank part in that room of many other than laboratory experiments. They no doubt had their humors of the campaign as we did, like the school boy who laughed immoderately all the time the school master was whipping him because he was whipping the wrong boy! But in personality and in our first hand influences from them I believe I could honestly name them every one and note some real and helpful impress received in varying depth from each of them as preceptors, as wishing to give their best for youth and as committed in common to the *pro ecclesia* profession of the college legend in maintaining a positively Christian atmosphere for the student life. Indeed in these days there are many academic searchings of heart as to whether our colossal universities with all their bulk do not leave much to be desired in the way of the provision of closer contacts of the individual undergraduate in personal touch with the genius of the man in any chair, and I can think of no better thing to say out of my experience with the Faculty than that they stand out in memory as affording a type of that very thing at Trinity. Furthermore, it does not seem rash to predict that the American University of the future may find recourse to that type of smaller college group in the larger university unit, after the manner of well known Old World universities, as a way to the solution of some of their problems of prosperity. Some years since I ventured to give concrete form to this consideration in a public article with the caption "Trinity College of Yale University," but it was evidently premature if mature at all.

Another shaping influence of college days that must not be overlooked is the Fraternity life. A good "Secret Society" has no greater secret than its secret of binding together its members in a wholesome and lasting and free-hearted comradeship. Its subtle bouquet of choice companionship is one of the most fragrant exhibits of cultivated brotherhood that human groups afford. The mystic badge is a veritable decoration of devotion to an ideal and to "our crowd." I was pledged early to what was then the Beta Beta local Society but which in after years became the Beta Beta Chapter of the general Psi Upsilon Fraternity; of which, in their time, both of my sons, John Williams and William Morse, became members. Later I was admitted to the Phi Beta Kappa honor society. I should leave out indeed a much determining factor, both from the personnel of my contemporaries and from its influence upon my student life if I omitted to note these memberships here. Other fraternities of standing would receive like tribute from their memberships.

That wider social sphere of the minglings in the little college world and in the city of Hartford contributed, too, not a little to the preparation for the larger world. So did the life friendships formed with those in other classes and fraternities than my own, which was possible with the limited numbers; the sharing a Trinity spirit on many common grounds with Faculty and student body as a whole; even the innocent prankishness of youthful spirits, the rollicking songs on what good old Prof. Jim, the historic janitor used to call "the canvas;" the college code of manners and customs, severe if silent in its penalties to those who brooked its discipline, and all those subtle results of the general college fellowship which make up the genus "college man" out of the "fresh" man material. Once when in casting lots for something and they were looking for some one disinterested to draw the lot, there was an aside remark directed to one who was not always up to the code: "Here's . . . . . he's the most uninteresting fellow in the crowd."

The hospitality of the homes of Hartford played a large part in the enjoyment of our college days with many of us. And the charm of it was that at that time of our widening impressions of "Society," that sharing in the young life of those homes interpreted the term to us in most favorable and safeguarding associations. Fathers and matrons giving cordial opportunities for the young life of "town and gown" to meet under their roofs and in college assemblies; daughters that in their generation fully justified the plural adaptation some one made to Hartford of the old compliment: "Fairer daughters of fair mothers;" simple programs for good times—our sociable "Germans" for example, had their music supplied by the college members and their "spread" by the young ladies in turn, and the dancing hours were regulated by the "pay of the fiddler" which covered exactly from nine to twelve, and no appeal after the punctual last note of the orchestra; then, too, the most ambitious hostess was rigidly held down to the prescribed modest supper, however relished in its abundance of "scalloped oysters" and such by those healthy and happy young devotees of "good times." Obviously to call those social gatherings "Germans" indicates that a good deal has happened since, not only in the names of modern terpischorean fantastics but in hours and caterers and a good many other implications of "Society" for the youth. One need not be a "mossback" verdant in the laudation of past times, to bear his witness to the altogether wholesome and refining and conserving environment which that glad sampling of "Society" privileged his college days and memories. A novel some years since described Hartford as a place where everything from steam boilers to citizens "fairly smiled with the satisfaction of being fully insured." It might have been added then—and no doubt now as a pointer for sanity—that in such society the impressionable student can smile with insurance of a good time without bad headaches in the morning.

Old Allyn Hall, too, brought to us many an advant-

age of the best sort of public entertainment. There were lecture courses in which we listened to such "Lights" as Wendell Phillips, Matthew Arnold, Charles Dickens, and we heard such stage celebrities as Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, Parepa-Rosa, Miss Kellogg, and such orchestras as that of Theodore Thomas. And there were, of course, the current plays and "burnt cork minstrels" with their lighter vein.

That old chapel, "plain as a pikestaff," however, now in the retrospect of years, stands out in a perspective of its own as a place of almost unconscious safeguarding and steadying. It was, to be sure, "compulsory Chapel" twice a day and the fade-away notes which "Old Jim" had acquired a knack in giving to the last strokes of the bell generally found a number of laggards taking their last chance with the shut door; it did not lack for scenes and stories not contemplated in the rubrics; but in the forefront of everything collegewise, it was a landmark to keep one to his bearings. Its Sunday early Communions, its messages, its Litanies, its hymns and its habitual services as a whole, ever exercised a silent mentorship even if not always religiously heeded of "this is the way, walk ye in it," whatever the lure of devious paths to which college days are exposed.

I had entered college with no further conception of a calling in life than that whatever it might prove to be it would *not* be the Ministry. That negative attitude, I suppose, was from the taking for granted on the part of some of my friends that because I had been active in the Sunday School and other simple ways in the Church of the Holy Comforter, Poughkeepsie, of which Mr. Scarborough was the Rector and my devoted friend, the Ministry would naturally follow. It ought to be said that neither my Rector nor my parents gave me that sense of being "mortgaged" which sometimes leads to a sort of juvenile protest. They had the prescience to know that boy nature is apt to resent too much steering in any direction of a life work at that period of tasting independence. And so in my earlier years in

COLLEGE SENIOR
1870

TRINITY COLLEGE, 1870

college I looked into other callings such as civil engineering, medicine and business. And it was not until my senior year that it dawned upon me that I was feeling a real bent to the Ministry. With that deepening sense it was my great help and privilege to find Bishop John Williams, in his visits to the College, showing an especial interest in me and what I was thinking and doing, with the result that when the time came for graduation it had been clearly revealed to me that I would seek admission to Holy Orders. I was accordingly received as a candidate for the Priesthood in the Diocese of Connecticut—Bishop Horatio Potter having given his consent from the Diocese of my residence—July 11, 1870.

In the autumn of that year I entered the Berkeley Divinity School in Middletown, Connecticut, as a member of the Class of 1873. The three years there passed quickly and having enjoyed the social life of Hartford during my college days somewhat fully, and at times perhaps not without some diversion from the closer application to studious hours, I felt bound to confine myself more rigidly to the immediate duties of the Divinity School. The student body was of good size. The personal instruction of Bishop Williams as Dean was invaluable. The Faculty was composed of scholars, younger and older, several of whom were contributors to the standard literature of their respective chairs. Among the Berkeley men of our time were a number even then giving forecast of the distinction to which they have since risen. The undergraduate life was united and stimulating. There was an earnestness in turning the daily Chapel services towards quiet character strengthening. The early Communions, the extra hour services of Lent, the helpful sermons and addresses, the pouring out of heart struggles, and assimilations to "an awful sense of the honor and danger of the trust to which they were to be called," to quote the School prayer,—who could estimate all the cumulative effect and boon of that? And while in the modern de-

velopment of progressive and pragmatic methods and its consequent criticism of antiquated and ineffective features of seminary training, some of those of Berkeley then might not all pass muster, still I believe it can be said with verification that taken all in all, it did justify a "gumption" of usefulness in the ministry which a quaint Ordination Preacher once implied to those about to be admitted to the Diaconate from Berkeley. "Young gentlemen, St. Paul tells us that it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe! But that does not mean preaching of foolishness." At any rate any graduate who remembers that final examination covering all the work of the three years course and with no previous installments of examinations has reason to recall those preliminary hours of "quiz," the nervous strain of Examination Week, and reflect that if he were not up to the mark he ought to have been. Even that harried classmate who in that final fidget, when asked how he would answer a certain objection of the unbeliever, solemnly put himself on record when meaning to say, "I would answer it, Sir, on the general principle of Butler," did say, "on the principle of General Butler." Eheu, an analogy of the General Benjamin F. instead of the Bishop!

CHAPTER III

CONNECTICUT HOME-CIRCLE DAYS WITH BISHOP WILLIAMS

THE CONVENTION of Connecticut having, in 1871, made provisions for a Bishop's Private Secretary, Bishop Williams gave me the honor of appointment to that position in the second year of my Divinity School course and not long afterward made me a member of his household, thus deepening a a privilege, and I venture to call it, an intimacy, begun in my college days. That household then consisted of the Bishop's mother, Mrs. Emily Trowbridge Williams, queenly and stately, his housekeeper, Miss Eliza Tibbs, and himself. And if there had been no other experience of the Bishop's personality than that of his devotion to his mother and later, in her long and trying illness, to his housekeeper of many years, that would have left me its indelible impression of his great heart. It was my privilege to see much of his mother and to spend many evenings in her room during the Bishop's absences. I chanced to be riding with her in the carriage when she was stricken with the attack which in a few days led to her death. And in that opportunity to know something of her strength of character and of what she was to her filial son and what he was to her, it was all the more of a marvel to note the calmness and self-command with which the Bishop went almost directly from her death bed to the Ordination service for the class just graduated from the Berkeley Divinity School, in the morning hours of Wednesday, May 29, 1872.

In that historic Jarvis House with its earlier traditions of a popular tavern –some of its floors were said to have been laid with especial facilities for dancing parties of old time—with the many evidences of adornment in its transformation for the home of the scholarly Rev. Dr. Samuel Farmar Jarvis, son of the second Bishop of Connecticut, its mahogany doors, its Etruscan

and Doric ornamentation, its spacious rooms, and its general appearance of dignified age, the Bishop's house shared the occupancy with the Divinity School, including at first, chapel and library, as well as dormitory. Up to the time of his mother's death she occupied the large bedroom on the first floor in the rear of the drawing room suite. The Bishop then had his library with sleeping room adjoining on the second floor in the northeast corner of the building. Soon after he took the room, previously his mother's, and moved his library down to that well known corner room off the main hall. The opportunity of his week's absence on a visitation was taken, the co-operation of the student body was enlisted, the preservation of the arrangement of the books was carefully planned and the "Coit Library," then crowded into the lower room to be metamorphosed for a study, was moved upstairs, and the Bishop's books were moved downstairs. So that when he returned he found the new library room made welcome to him in its freshened paint, papering and shelving with his books and his desks and other appointments in place. In the bereavement which had come to him in the loss of his mother, the material changes of environment seemed to him to mark the break while they braced his loneliness. But how many crowding memories come out of associations with him in that favored spot! Of his lectures there to his classes, of his dictations to my secretarial pen—they were not the days of typewriting—of late evening readings under his rare guidance; of good company when admitted to the privilege of his entertainment of distinguished visitors; of his good stories and visitation and travel experiences, stocking one up for a lifetime; of his astute and informing insight into, and comment upon current affairs of Church and State, as leaders looked to him for learning and guidance and of the thousand subtle contributions to edification and enjoyment which made those hours to the young secretary veritable *noctes ambrosianae*. It is no exaggeration to say that in the con-

BISHOP JOHN WILLIAMS, D. D., LL. D.

fidences with which he honored me as his secretary I then really knew more of what was going on in those often hidden and often determining undercurrents of the Church which do not get into public print, than since as bishop at a Pacific Coast remove from their stirrings below the surface.

At the request of the late Bishop Henry C. Potter, I wrote a few *memorabilia* of those days and nights which he included in his *Reminiscenses of Bishops and Archbishops* (pp. 48-54). As showing Bishop Williams' way of "getting in" with children, I quote from that a paragraph: "On one of his visitations the Bishop found himself, in the time between breakfast and the Sunday morning service, alone with the rector's young hopeful in the study. Chummy relations were at once established and the little four year old said: 'Oh, Bishop, wouldn't you like to have me show you my picture book?' 'Of course I would,' said the Bishop. Thereupon the book was brought out and looked over in detail with full zest by both bishop and child. When the sitting was about to adjourn the little fellow intensely delighted the Bishop by remarking: 'Now, Bishop, don't tell papa about this 'cause he wont let me look at this book on Sunday.'" Another one of his visitation experiences which I have never seen narrated in print, but which he used to relate with gusto, as illuminating the need of parents realizing how their little critics hold them strictly to account for their promises—even those put off expedients which they may not take very seriously at the time, is this: He was sitting on the veranda of a certain rectory, with the small boy of the home on his knee, when the good rector and his wife, who, needless to say, were fond and fostering parents in blissful ignorance of the particular point of view of their offspring expressed, drove off in a buggy on some parish mission. As they were disappearing in the distance what was the astonishment of the Bishop, not to say, the arresting of his interest, to hear the faithful pastor's progeny remark: "Bishop, there go the biggest

pair of liars in this town." "Why, my child, how can you say such a thing as that?" "Well Bishop, they have promised me for months that the next time they go riding in that buggy they would take me along, and they never do." Great searchings of heart about keeping word before the exacting court of childhood in this for all parents. But to attempt to tell of the minting from that inexhaustible "lighter vein" of the home and Divinity School life with Bishop Williams, the innumerable good stories that have gained currency through successive generations of his students and secretaries, would baffle even the most voluminous biographer. So varied were his contacts with humanity, so irresistible his power as a raconteur, that his episcopate has had the distinction like that of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, in England, of becoming a sort of residuary legatee of all episcopal experiences and stories that have lost other identification, whether he had anything to do with them or not. They "fly as doves" to his windows. And sometimes, too, his characteristic sayings, like that "The puritans first fell on their own knees and then on the aborigines" light on later wits. There was this about them all however, that as they came spontaneously in class room or in chat they generally had a passing point upon the matter in hand that "put in a pin just there."

From many quarters regret has been expressed that Bishop Williams did not write an autobiography and indeed that he so deprecated anything of the kind that no one has ventured to attempt a full and extended biography since his death in 1899. And there can be no doubt that in the loss of such a full sketch of his more than fourscore years of life in New England and almost half a century in the episcopate, very much valuable matter is missed from the annals of our Church, to say nothing of New England itself, from some of the most distinguished ancestral stock of which he came in old Deerfield, Massachusetts. But as he wrote his influence as a very epistle living in multitudes of lives and influ-

ential spheres, their records can truly be said in some measure to be his record! In an editorial of *The Hartford Courant* noting the jubilee of the Bishop's ordination in September, 1888, which speaks of him as "one who occupies the highest position in an influential religious body and is also in a very true sense the foremost citizen of our state" there is the testimony from a secular source. "The words of truth which have fallen from his lips and have been heard by so many at turning-points in their lives have done a work for God and for good and exerted an influence which is beyond computation by the arithmetic of earth. . . . His published books have been, like his lectures and his sermons scholarly, persuasive and of great value." Further in another column of the same paper, as a Churchman I was enabled to pen a summary in the following words which now after more than a generation I repeat with only deepened fervor as an estimate here: "It is speaking within bounds to say that, without ceremony and without formal action, wherever the fact (of his ordination Jubilee) is known it will evoke a tribute of affection and respect that no pageantry nor plaudits could express, and that no power of station, however exalted, could in itself command. *Facile Princeps* in the American Episcopal Church as a leader of men, as well as first in his position as Presiding Bishop,—an adviser of bishops, a *quasi* supreme court judge in canon law, a teacher of theologians as well as of theology, an administrator whose course is as signally marked by the peace-makers' blessings as it is by untiring self-forgetting work, by far seeing judgment and one continuous illustration of the text of one of his most powerful sermons, 'It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful'—these and other as conspicuous points of the half-century's record as priest, preacher and scholar might well draw to him, in his official character, the homage of all as to a chief man in his generation.

"But even the signal chapters of his ministry will not so much be in the minds of thousands as will memories

and influences which have come to them from him as between man and man. Wherever his ministry has had to do with his fellow man there will be multitudes who will find their hearts touched by deeper and tenderer thoughts than those which prompt mere admiration or esteemed. This will make a celebration of his jubilee that will be real in interest and real in gratitude on the part of many a one who will bless God that he ever came within John Williams' influence and companionship."

My ordination to the Diaconate with the Class of '73 of the Berkeley Divinity School took place on Wednesday, June 4, 1873, in the old Holy Trinity Church in Middletown—the last ordination held there before its transformation into the "Russell Library" consequent upon the building of the present Church adjacent to the Divinity School. Bishop Williams as usual for the Divinity School ordained us and at our request—which was unusual in his custom of asking others to do it—preached the ordination sermon. Just one year later, June 4, 1874, as the first priest ordination in the new Holy Trinity Church he ordained me to the Priesthood and on St. Peter's Day of that year (June 29) I celebrated the Holy Communion for the first time, using also for the first time a recent gift of Communion vessels made to the Parish. I continued with the Bishop as his secretary and Chaplain and in his household three years after my ordination to the Diaconate until 1876. During that period there was an ever happier showing in the atmosphere of that enchanted Library, not without its incense of the "weed" floating from the very modest desk in the corner, over the great writing table which "set up" the Secretary. There was the long purple working habit enveloping every inch a bishop, deliberating over his correspondence, betimes deciphering script before the times of type writing, sometimes with a comment as in the case of the very tenuous hand of Dean Stanley: "He writes over this, 'private and confidential' —it's altogether unnecessary, no man on earth can read

it anyway!" The dictating was enlivened by side remarks—as in answer to a request for an autograph, "You acknowledge this for me"—which resulted in a highly satirical rejoinder of profound appreciation of the Secretary's distinguished hand writing! The Secretary had the copying of articles for the press, convention addresses, reports of committees like that of the celebrated Report of the Ritual Committee of the House of Bishops made to the General Convention of 1871 which led to the historical speech of Dr. James DeKoven and which the Secretary was the only one to share in its most guarded secrecy before presentation, with Bishops Lee, Williams, Clark, Odenheimer and Kerfoot as he wrote out in full copies for each member of that committee. That report, by the way, is "mighty interesting" reading now! My tenure of office as Secretary covered the five years from 1871 to 1876, in the succession of the Bishop's Secretaries, every one of whom no doubt bore upon his whole life the impress of his favored association with that Library and its *genius loci.* There are memories of long winter evenings with their suggestion of Whittier's "Snow-bound" when the Bishop would look out of the window and quote,

> "A night made hoary with the swarm
> And whirl-dance of the blinding storm
> As zigzag wavering to and fro
> Crossed and recrossed the winged snow,"

noting with almost boyish glee, "See how true that is—the flakes never seem to light anywhere."

And in connection with that appealing poem of New England memories there is one of his own boyhood home life of which the Bishop told with that zest which was ever in evidence of his perennial youth of spirit and which he said he had reason to remember by its consequences to him from a paternal source. I quote what I have written elsewhere for Bishop Potter's *Reminiscences* as referred to above: The story "carries us into the meeting house atmosphere of the day—for his boy-

hood was not spent in the Church of his after choice. Many a long Sunday hour he spent in one of the old time square pews sitting through the old time discourse before which it was feared sometimes the hour glass had about the only sign of real 'following.' It so happened that directly in front of the boy, John Williams, sat a worthy magnate of that congregation whose queue so adjusted itself to that gentleman's habitual slumbers in sermon time that as his head slipped down on the back of his pew, the queue took an angle upward and projected over into the pew of the Williams family with a sort of weekly challenge to that boy, not so absorbed in the current sermon as to be oblivious of the fact. Sunday after Sunday the temptation came, and was resisted; but it finally became too much for the boy nature, and in a moment when, both in his own and the adjoining pew, somnolence seemed to reign, the challenge was met; the queue was firmly clutched and tweaked with an instantaneous effect upon several staid family pews in that immediate vicinity; and the boy never forgot it." And it was like a "whiff" of the early air of New England to have him recount scenes and fireside tales and readings of his boyhood including stirring narration of Indian incursions upon homes of his ancestors. How he enjoyed such a book as Mrs. Stowe's *Old Town Stories,* with its Parson Lothrop and Sam Lawson. He would never have any new-fangled electricity about him if he could help it how much that Deerfield boyhood explains it all. And like the late Bishop Huntington of Central New York, there was never any country to him quite equal to the New England hills and vales. There was a weird singing of the wind about that Library fireplace, a musical accompaniment to the cheering wintry hearth glow as the Bishop led in our readings, cleared up questions old and new, commented with crystal insight upon passing issues, shaped convictions, gave confidences of the outlines of works to come from his masterly pen, drew upon the rich vein of his learning and leadership and made the shelves of his books

speak in his loving voice. After his death I once heard the same singing around the chimney and hearthstone—it seemed like a requiem.

"O Time and Change! with hair as gray
As was my sire's that wintry day
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on."

CHAPTER IV

DIACONATE AND EARLY PRIESTHOOD DAYS

While a Divinity Student I had acted from March, 1871, to July, 1872, as Lay Reader for two missions of Trinity Parish, Hartford, the Rev. Prof. E. E. Johnson Rector, one at Blue Hills and the other at Grace Chapel, Parkville, going up from Middletown for the week end. Then the Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Middletown, the Rev. Walter Mitchell, asked me to help him as a Lay Reader at the two missions of his parish, Pameacha and Staddle Hill. I began at those latter points in September, 1872, continuing with him after my ordination to the Diaconate, June 4, 1873, in rendering such service as Assistant Minister in the Parish as time allowed after my duties as Secretary to the Bishop. Whatever may have been the effect upon outlying missions of the Lay-Reading assignments of the Divinity Students —and one frank farmer handed down his opinion "they send them out here to practice on us"—there can be no doubt that those early contacts with human nature had their effects upon the Lay Readers themselves. And there was no lack of sampling sentiment, as well as presentiment for the parson, for such a feeling theme as "The Lay of a Lay Reader," grave and gay. One earnest colored father, upon whom I called, for example, showed me an old fashioned foolscap sheet of paper copiously covered over with texts which he had written out for his boy one day to preach upon, the said boy at that stage of his father's expectations being about four years old. And a question of higher criticism which the father laid before me was, "what happened to Paul and Barnabas when 'they parted asunder'? Was it any such bad thing as when Judas burst asunder in the midst?" But there was many a lesson learned when it was least expected of family joys and sorrows and real hunger for religion and the baptism and confirmation of the Church.

DIACONATE AND EARLY PRIESTHOOD DAYS

And so when ordination to the Diaconate came June 4, 1873, I became Assistant Minister to continue the work in the two Middletown Missions and serve in the Parish Church as Superintendent of the Sunday School and otherwise as my duties to the Bishop permitted. That naturally carried me into closer relations with Middletown life. In a limited extent I had known something of the rare standing and cultivation of its social circles while a Divinity Student. Admitted to the staff of the historic Parish, my acquaintance with the people, as well as with the parishioners, in the city was much widened and my active ministry began under happy conditions. My Rector, Mr. Mitchell, with his fine literary accomplishments and cordial encouragement to his curate, was ever considerate and helpful and made the relationship one of a cherished friendship for life. Co-workers in Sunday school and missions gave me an ideal of harmony and fidelity assuring for meeting later responsibilities. It so happened that I began my duties in the summer holiday weeks of the Rector and other clergy of Middletown and for the time was left pretty much to my own callowness. In that interim the change was made from the old Church building to the Sunday school room of the new Church, its nave not yet completed. The Deacon Assistant accordingly was the only one to hold the first services on the new site and later to have there the first wedding and burial service. Dear old Dr. Thomas W. Coit, then a resident professor of the Divinity School, with his play of humor was led to remark, "Things have come to a pretty pass when Deacons go around consecrating Churches."

Exactly one year in the Diaconate I was ordained to the Priesthood by Bishop Williams June 4, 1874, in Holy Trinity Church, Middletown, that being the first Priest ordination in the new Church. At intervals during my association with the Parish I acted as Chaplain to the Bishop on his visitations and so saw much of the clergy and laity of the Diocese in their respective rectories and homes and became familiar with all parts

of the Diocese. With the Bishop, out of his Church lore and personal reminiscence as a preceptor, I had a rich fund of its history and identifications opened up to me, among them the modest farm house where he once helped prepare the breakfast in order that the good housewife might get ready for the church service. There were then many of the "old school" clergy alive and I was well atmosphered in their type of "Connecticut Churchmanship." Delightful memories I have too of homes of the laity with whom we were guests. The Bishop taught me to love the Litchfield Hills, with their autumnal golden rod and fringed gentian and glory of changing foliage, the hills and valleys of the other counties with their scattered churches and home folk and earnest worshippers and hearers of the Bishop's life-shaping sermons—how well I remember many of them to this day. And those journeyings did not lack for their local tales nor differ from all his other visitations which contributed to the vast resource of the Bishop's memoranda not included in his official reports. I have reason to remember one somewhat exacting duty that fell to me. As we reached one village the aged rector was agitated with an emergency call which had just come to him to visit a factory girl whose hair had been caught in the machinery and whose scalp had been torn almost completely from her head. The Rector, in the feebleness and nervousness of his advanced years felt he could not possibly afford the ministration needed. Whereupon the Bishop in his kindly way looked toward me and I saw it my call to go. It was only by the help that comes to one that I ever went to that darkened room of excruciating suffering and was enabled to carry the soothing power of the Church, even to the point of singing her favorite hymn asked for—a thing, which in my ineptitude "to raise a tune," I have never otherwise ventured upon before or since. And there were humors of the campaign abundant, as when riding between two rural parishes the clergyman in charge found comfort on the way in unburdening to the Bishop his woes over

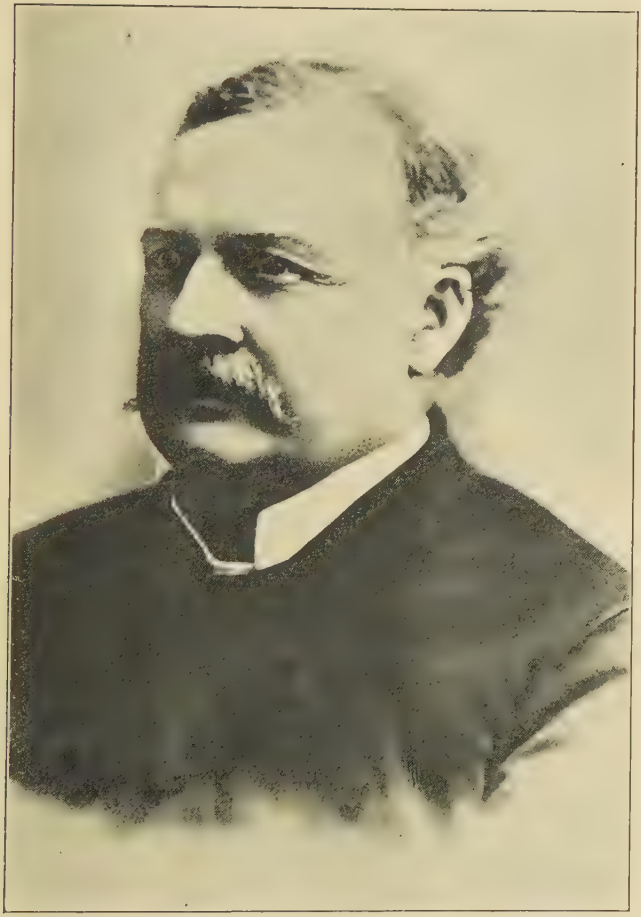
MARY (GILLESPIE) QUINTARD, 1829 – 1864
Clara Quintard as a Child

the unhappy divisions in the congregation with whom we were presently to have the service. At the service, when under the assignment to me to read the second lesson, it was almost too much for mortal composure on my part when I found myself reading: "I hear there are divisions among you and I partly believe it." Of wider travels with the Bishop I shall have more to say in a following chapter.

In August, 1875, while continuing in the Bishop's household, I was asked to take charge of two churches just outside of Hartford, St. James' Church, West Hartford, and Grace Church, Newington, and then began my first sole pastoral responsibility. And again my lines fell in pleasant places. My week-end stays took me to two homes in alternation, those of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Beach at Vine Hill, West Hartford, and of Mr. and Mrs. Tracy at Newington. It is now approaching a half century since and there have been sad changes in both homes. Vine Hill and its accomplished family have ever been a true "artist's proof" of what an ideal parishioner's home is in its Church devotion and devising and knowledge; in its fine taste and skill in making God's House beautiful as well as in home decoration; in its diversities of gifts consecrated to general agencies of the Church; in its care for the comfort and enjoyment of the families employed on its broad acres and in its characteristic hearth-stone welcome to clergy and friend, which, as Rector, I so soon learned and have ever since prized. I was married in Christ Church, New York, then standing on the corner of 35th street and Fifth avenue, of which Mr. Edward Augustus Quintard, my father-in-law, a descendant in the fifth generation from Isaac Quintard, a Huguenot who came to New York about 1697, was a Warden, to Clara Quintard, May 18, 1876. Her mother was Mary Matilda Gillespie, daughter of James Gillespie of New York. We went into residence in my field, having relinquished my Secretaryship and Middletown home. We were fortunate to secure rooms with a family most thoughtful for our wel-

fare and comfort, of a parishioner, Mrs. Katherine Miller, and it being the centennial year of our nation with all its vogue of the past, the rooms were in a typical colonial house built in the eighteenth century, with a great tree beside it, and I gave it the name "Giant-shade." The parishioners in my extended rural field were widely scattered and I had much going about in buggy and cutter in trying to shepherd them. Among other historic houses in West Hartford I visited was the ancient building once the home of Noah Webster of Dictionary fame. And another large farm house was notable for having on the walls of the parlor two mottoes worked in the old way of worsted lettering upon cardboard which seemed to sum up the philosophy of life of the aged farmer. One was the familiar text, "Blessed are the Peacemakers"—its companion piece, not so familiar, but certainly original and finding wide response in the human breast—"Cursed are the Fuss-makers."

I believe no first impressions are more lasting than those which imprint themselves on the earliest years of a ministry and both caution and courage for after years are then indelibly stamped upon it. At any rate in pastoral contacts and the comparatively small round of parishioners at West Hartford and Newington, there were some of the lessons I learned which have stood in good stead ever since. There was one aged communicant of over four score years confined to her home by infirmities whose life had been full of trial and sorrows, who was the last of her immediate family circle and whose daily life was narrowed and circumscribed with much to produce loneliness and weariness. Always sunny in disposition she said to me on one of my visits: "I only have one thing which troubles me. I am not thankful enough for the blessings God has given me." That was the deliberate estimate after a long and wearing pilgrimage of earth. It was a revelation and testimony where least expected of an answer to that question 'Is life worth living?' which has enabled me to



EDWARD AUGUSTUS QUINTARD
1826 – 1899

help many a dependent soul where the circumstances were far less of an ordeal and the experiment of life was only over fewer scores of years than those of that shut-in farmhouse saint.

Then I heard of a sick woman living in another, more isolated farm house, where, so far as I could learn, the family did not "go to Church anywhere" and were rated as more or less of that practical pagan proclivity which in New England sometimes seems to characterize stolid, isolated country tillers of the soil. It seemed to come to me as a sort of challenge for me to see if I could justify the Church in that rural problem to be really meant for all sorts and conditions. At first the point of approach did not seem promising. I could not but feel that my initial call was something like "breaking the ice" within as it took a long wintry drive without to make it. But repeated visits did bring increasing warmth of reception and did soon demonstrate the accessibility of the Church and its sacraments to such an household in a way that left its lesson on all my after pastoral rounds.

Another case in which I had to learn to bear a painful yoke in the youth of my ministry was that of a friend and parishioner who occupied a high position of trust in business circles. On an absence in New York City I was shocked to read that he had been found guilty of being a party to a colossal breach of that trust, jeopardizing the institution of which he was an officer. With heart sinking I sought out him and his family on my return and need not here dwell long upon the distress of it all. It transpired that he had been the victim of designing speculators and that other officials were also involved. He acknowledged his guilt, did all he could to help in straightening out affairs, turning over all his own modest property though there was satisfying evidence that personally he had added little or nothing to it by the criminal transactions, served his sentence with every mark of a broken-hearted penitence and on his release was immediately taken into a con-

fidential position, retained until his death, which though not of the class of his former position, seemed to bring to him the comfort that his repentance had been recognized by the business community as proven by his whole demeanor in paying the sad penalty and, that in spite of it all, genuine respect for him had been recovered. But with all the mitigating circumstances, is it to be wondered that my first interest with such a parishioner in prison garb and walls, and my hours with his noble wife, whose devotion rose so superbly to the conditions, gave me new realization of what the Church and its "very present" succor of grace could do for crushing ills?

It so happened that my good Second-Advent neighbor of the original mottoes referred to above, Mr. Davenport, had employed a large number of colored laborers for his extensive acres. They were freedmen from Kentucky and as I saw them in considerable numbers I seemed to have something of a "race question" at my church doors, in those days of sampling the variety of problems which a small suburban Connecticut cure affords. There was a school house centrally available and the first natural thought was to try to have them meet there for a service. Getting in touch with some of them I found an unexpected development. It seemed that they were not lacking in religion; indeed the reason they had not been able of themselves to get together for a service assigned me was that they had many rival preachers among them. This "embarrassment of riches" made it impracticable to come together into a unity of hearers. This was new to all traditions which had come to me of our chronic lack of candidates for the ministry. However, they did consent to meet for a service conducted by me as a neutral preacher in the said school house. We met. The question of hymns immediately arose. "When I can read my title clear" of course was familiar, but beyond that very little of our available hymns. And the hearty rendering of that with a high shrill female voice carrying each line in a solo followed

THE BRIDE, 1876

"GIANTSHADE," West Hartford

by a deep bass ground-swell of chorus fairly rumbling the final words of each line and almost seeming to jar the fragile little school house with "title clear" and the other penultimates, was again not in our accustomed "use." The congregation though it apparently had never taken part in a "set service" and had never seen a surplice before, endeavored to follow every ritual posture, keeping their eyes glued upon one devout white parishioner to do as she did. It at least demonstrated to the congregation that the Church cared for them but beyond that there was little opportunity to "follow up" owing to my transfer to another field not long afterward.

This experiment, however, and other school house services, held around in various districts of my field, had their decided value in "breaking me in" to a sense of the readiness of people to respond to earnest efforts to reach them. All that was practicable in the way of preparedness for those school house visitations was to post and send around simple notices that the services were to be held and yet there was seldom an evening, weather permitting, that the attendance did not fill the little buildings. And the "breaking in" was a wholesome experience in many useful lessons of being obliged to reduce theory to practice and carrying Divinity School assets into a capitalization current for human nature as the "parson in circuit" finds it, not only in his parishioners but in his very human self. The latter is apt to be the real "rub" after all, and very early Keble's revealing insight in his lines about the Christian Pastor especially impressed me:

> "Steadfast set to do his part,
> And fearing most his own vain heart."

The Parish of St. James, West Hartford, had been organized in 1843 and as something over a generation had passed I was interested to try to write up in the Parish Record something of its beginnings. While of course the result was all of simple local interest it furnished a sort of laboratory work in understanding the

difficulties even on a small scale of reaching accuracy of historical data. The finding memories and documents which bore upon it, the reconciling diverse recollections of "old inhabitants," the verifying exactitude of names and dates gave a zest, and at the same time an insight, into what historians on a larger scale encounter. This has ever since proved valuable in giving some idea of the way, in the greater areas of historical study, the apparatus must work.

Monday evening, March 26, 1877, the members of Christ Church Parish, Hartford, unanimously called me to the Rectorship of that Parish and the next day, Dr. Gurdon W. Russell and Messrs. Lanman and Matson brought me the formal notification. April 11th I sent my letter of acceptance having, in the meantime as confirmatory of the result of my own searchings of heart, Bishop Williams' letter as follows:

My dearest Will:

I am very happy this A. M. The call has come to you so utterly unsought that your way is entirely clear. And I believe it is a providential opening. So I beg you say "Yes" and the good Lord bless you in it. . . . . .

Yr. ever loving,

J. W.

March 27th, '77.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, West Hartford, Conn.

CHAPTER V

CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, DAYS

I ENTERED upon the rectorship of Christ Church, Hartford, the V. Sunday after Easter, May 6, 1877. In my letter of acceptance I had tried to express, in view of the estimate of the responsibility coming to young shoulders and what that honestly involved of self-questioning, my bracing for it in these words: "Suffice to say that I shall, God helping me bring to the work the fullness of a belief that the Holy Spirit blesses an honest purpose to be faithful and that if the people and pastor cling to such a purpose and patiently bide the Lord's good time, looking for no gourd-like growths, but for sureness and slowness of 'the blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear, God will surely give the increase.'

The Parish had been without a Rector for two years though faithfully served by the Rev. Dr. John T. Huntington as *locum tenens*. As the old mother parish of the city, its origins going back to 1761 and 1762 and traditionally associated with names of distinction both in pew and pulpit, while the city had grown and other parishes had been formed, the "down-town" position of the Church had left its decided mark upon the size and prosperity of the congregation, though it still retained a good nucleus of leading families and descendants of earlier worshipers. The personnel of the Vestry in 1880 significantly shows the survival of families, viz: Dr. Gurdon W. Russell, Lorenzo B. Goodman, Wardens; Benjamin F. Ellis, Charles J. Hoadly, Dr. George C. Jarvis, George W. Hubbard, John C. Palmer, Sidney B. Curtis, John F. Tracy, William L. Matson, William H. Dodd, Vestrymen. Consequently there was the usual undercurrent of suggestion, both without and within the congregation, as to whether it would not be well to sell the valuable business corner on the Main street and move elsewhere. This was well illustrated by a remark made

to me by a large owner of property adjacent to the Church, when early in my rectorship, I approached him, touching our proposed purchase of a few square feet of his land we needed for building extension: "Buy anything?" he said, "Why your people will soon sell everything out here." It was easy to see that such a sentiment if developing, would serve as a quicksand under any permanent planning for that site and must be reckoned with at once. Fortunately a way to settle that question once for all, soon appeared. The Church still had the rare old "three-decker" chancel arrangement, with which it was built in 1829. There was no recess for sanctuary appointments, but the wall at that end passed straight from the side walls. Then the chancel rail extended on three sides of a parallelogram out toward the congregation. Within that, high against the straight wall was the pulpit, approached by circular stairs and elevated so as to command the galleries. Next below the pulpit was the reading desk and below that on a level with the floor was the altar. The only smaller "ornaments" were plethoric, dust-absorbent velvet cushions. The Vestry room was a sort of "lean-to" back of the wall and between that and the brick Sunday School building of venerable age, ran a passage way which led to the stage entrance of the Opera House. All of this in the mind of most of the parishioners left something to be desired in the way of modernizing. But as long as any uncertainty existed as to whether the Church would remain where it was, it left little hope of enterprise in the matter. It was at that juncture that two of our most devoted parishioners, belonging to one of the oldest and most esteemed families of the Diocese, divined a double boon—to anchor the Church there by providing the very improvements needed on a munificent scale. Mrs. Lucy M. Goodwin and her daughter, Miss Mary Goodwin, wrote the Rector, November 14, 1878, of their wish to make the needed additions to the building on the most ample scale and made the condition of the gift "that such satisfactory provisions be made as will prevent its

"THREE-DECKER"
Christ Church, Hartford, Conn., 1877

CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD
Enlarged 1879

alienation." That immediately led to the vesting of the title of the ground to be covered by new chancel and parish building, in a Diocesan Corporation, so fixed that it could only be transferred under great and obvious necessity. And when the fiftieth anniversary of the building of the Church in 1829—from plans perfected by the then Rector, the Rev. Dr. Wheaton, from many studies of Gothic in England and elsewhere—was celebrated with much enthusiasm, not the least of the rejoicing was in the fact that the spacious new appointments not only brought the buildings up to date but settled the question of staying on that historic site. And now that the Church has become the stirring Cathedral Church of that important Diocese and has added gifts of endowments well on towards a half million dollars and property and ornaments, bountifully from other members of that same family, as well as from other munificent sources, and is provided with what is probably the most complete Parish Building in the Diocese, given by Mrs. James J. Goodwin, in memory of her husband, sometimes Warden and always "warm friend and supporter of the Parish," that "staying put" as a "downtown parish" has been well justified.

The ten years rectorship at Christ Church can only be treated here by the mention of some of its outstanding features as I now look back upon them. Crowding memories there are that would, if written out, fill volumes of personal reminiscences, glad and sad, but many of them would be of little interest to any but that generation of parishioners now so largely passed from earth and many of them hardly more than incidents kept in my memory because I happened to have something to do with them. And I must try to keep a wholesome distaste for the garrulity of anecdotage. One of the most marked impressions of the ten years was that it was a decade of transition for the old parish. It was a period of adaptation to a changed environment and a revised sphere of usefulness. "Dear old Christ Church" had once been the only place of worship of our Church and

so had gathered to itself a representative congregation from the Hartford of literature and cultivation and wealth. Noah Webster of Dictionary fame had contributed "seven dozen spelling-books" to the cost of the first Church building in 1792. Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess, and her husband, Charles Sigourney, had been active in promoting its interests later. Isaac Toucey, sometime Secretary of the Navy, and many of Hartford's earlier and later chief citizens, including such names as Adams, Beach, Beresford, Bolter, Brinley, Bull, Ellis, Flower, Goodman, Goodwin, Hoadley, Huntington, Imlay, Keney, Lloyd, Morgan, Nichols, Northam, Preston, Robbins, Rudder, Russell, Stedman, Sumner, Taintor, Taylor, Tudor, Tuttle, Watrous, Williams, were associated with it. Twelve Rectors had preceded me, five of them made Bishops, viz: Bishops Philander Chase, Wainwright, Brownell, George Burgess and Thomas M. Clark. Few parishes have as full and carefully prepared history from their very origins as has Christ Church in the Annals prepared by Mr. Charles J. Hoadly, State Librarian, for the1879 Semi-Centennial celebration of the building of the Church and in the two copious volumes of Dr. Gurdon W. Russell, my valued Senior Warden, physician and dear friend and adviser, entitled *Contributions to the History of Christ Church, Hartford,* made possible by the generosity of Mr. James J. Goodwin. They are in evidence of Dr. Russell's painstaking and always interesting pen which in a way was suggestive of Dr. Brown of *Spare Hours* fame with its human touches and was busy on many historical subjects, chiefly local to Hartford, almost up to the end of his ninety-four years. In the fallibilities of a rectorship one fact in these volumes has in it crumbs of comfort. The records of the Parish covering items of baptism, etc. are printed in full and it was something to have my registration of ten years able to stand that test with no serious blanks nor inaccuracies. But at the time when my rectorship began, as Dr. Russell says, "Though a large number of the old and in-

fluential members had been lost, it was believed that the Parish might regain some of its former standing and influence."

It needed but little study of the situation to see that the future for such renewed "standing and influence" would depend upon the solution of the problem which, in common with so many of the older parishes, confronted Christ Church in the removal of homes from the areas claimed by business extension. That dictated the aim and policy for the new rectorship. Some time before, a sermon had been preached by the one then in charge on the suggestive text: "The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness: yea, the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Cades." The question was as to the new blossoming as a fruitful field for both parochial and distinctly city missionary work. The first question of that problem was most encouragingly worked out by the gift referred to above, of the new chancel to make the worship more attractive and the new Parish Building and Chapel to house the work. That large provision by Mrs. Goodwin and her daughter too, showed the loyalty to the Parish and the readiness to provide for it on the part of the old constituency. And the settlement of the staying of the Church on its down town site evoked prompt and constant support and memorials to embellish further the historic fabric and to furnish a backing adequate even from the diminished group of well-to-do parishioners for continuance as a parish of financial strength. Then in former years a mission congregation had been established not much more than a stone's throw from Christ Church but in a lower ward. Under the then conditions there was not sitting room in Christ Church for such a congregation, to say nothing of other conditions leading to its establishment. The Rev. Charles R. Fisher, who won by his large-hearted paternal service in his city missionary work, the fond title of "Father Fisher," had for many years served the Church known as St. Paul's Church. After his death the work languished. It was a case then at St. Paul's of a fit mis-

sionary field with misfit resource, at the old Mother Parish of fit resource but misfit mission. A merger was the obvious next step which was soon facilitated, St. Paul's contributing essentially to the working force of Christ Church, especially in the family of the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Fisher, whose daughters have been among its foremost helpers. And St. Paul's field was assumed by Christ Church for pastoral oversight and assigned to faithful District Visitors.

As time went on the endeavor was made to adjust the provisions for worship to a more effective status. Church doors were kept open during all the day hours. Early celebrations of the Holy Communion were instituted for Sundays. Morning and Evening Prayer was said daily and with encouraging attendance. Office hours were held in the Parish Building by the clergy. A system of offerings and sittings gave every opportunity for those of little means to attend the services and vigorous parish visiting, circularizing and Sunday School agencies were employed. At first the rector worked single-handed but it was not long before the Parish supplied assistance and indeed from the first they made him feel that they were ready to co-operate with him in every reasonable effort to carry out the policy of a missionary parish and a parochial city mission. In succession the following Assistants loyally and efficiently served with me: The Rev. W. M. Chapin; the Rev. Robert Hudson; the Rev. William H. Moreland, now Bishop of Sacramento; the Rev. John H. McCrackan and the Rev. Allen E. Beeman. A spacious Rectory was provided and increases of salary were made from time to time to insure the comfort of the Rector's family. Transition from a quartette and chorus choir to a vested choir of men and boys was gradually and convincingly established. In its days of former prosperity under that accomplished and reverent musician, Henry Wilson, Christ Church had one of the best and most truly interpretative quartette choirs in New England. A period of experimentation followed, natur-

CHRIST CHURCH RECTORY, Hartford

ally not always pleasing everybody in the contrast, in the old choir gallery which was in the loft at the end of the Church opposite the chancel. But I cite it here as one important mark of the willingness of the people to make readjustments, that they ultimately accepted the vested choir as a legitimate feature of the new policy.

With the promise that was coming on these and other lines of the help and blessing of the Holy Spirit in such a policy of an adaptation to a new environment came the substantial additions to the endowment fund by personal gift and legacy. Among his many other ideal qualities as a Warden, Dr. Russell gave special attention to this matter of endowment. His history of the Funds is a model of research and fiduciary conscience in a Church officer. Some earlier Funds had become impaired and one had even disappeared through unfortunate investments. The one that had vanished dated back to the earlier days of the Parish and was originally so guarded with conditions of trust that when I discovered it I felt that the conscience of the Parish could not be clear unless a beginning was made for its restoration and so unbosomed my anxiety to one of our oldest and most esteemed members, with the result that he, Col. Charles H. Northam, who was called "mathematically honest" told me that it had been on his mind too, though he had nothing to do with it and said that "it will be made good when I am under the sod." It was more than met in his subsequent legacy and Mrs. Northam, later in her will, added a like sum, but with his characteristic sensitiveness of trust and generosity Dr. Russell felt that some further identification of an actual continuity of the Trust was to be desired and when the scrip, which was all that represented the old investment, turned up after having been lost to sight and knowledge for a long period, gave, himself, a check to cover the whole amount and replace it in the endowment. With such a Warden and a Vestry following his leading and cordially entering into and sustaining the general policy, the happy days passed into the ten years. For any

lack of realization or failure in the policy, the rector could not fault the congregation for it is a true epitome which Dr. Russell, in his history, uses, "Cordial support was given to all his (my) suggestions."

The turning point of the Parish and the policy so entailed upon my rectorship seems to be the noteworthy feature for these pages but "between the lines" there was a deepening joy of the ministry in my personal relations to my people, to fellow Churchmen, clergy and laity of the other congregations and to the community to which I had been growing in my attachment from my college days. The rectory home life had ever the thought and kindness of our people as to it came the blessings of a son and two daughters and for a while it numbered my father and mother. Bedsides of sickness and gravesides of sorrow, vows of marriage and Sacramental steps and hearthstone and heart confidences had their sacred associations as with every true pastoral round. The very memory of them makes a glow of thanksgiving for my mercies. Perhaps in that life to come we may together recall those days together, now that the generation has so much gone from earth and my own lingering cannot be long.

The turning point in the Parish life however, could not but leave me some permanent lessons upon the work of the ministry in general. It was once for all demonstrated to me that with an honest purpose to be faithful, the human sense of insufficiency can rely unfalteringly on the sufficiency of the Grace of God. It was more and more clearly disclosed to me that the first reason for existence of a priest in a parish as well as in his holy ordering, is, so far as in him lieth, to bring all committed to his charge to agreement in the faith and knowledge of God and to ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ. That is the first claim. A good many secondary aims are implied in it and try to substitute for it. But just the plain yearning and striving for the piety of the people is the pristine call and the crux, however imperfectly one may feel his realization of it. In a retro-

spect of more than thirty-six years since, my many failures to reach that aim loom up as the real limitations of success, while the richest blessings of the ten years as boons from the Holy Spirit, are the help and guidance towards "calling the sheep by name" to follow the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

Much has been done by the Church since those days in teaching a wide and intelligent "Social Gospel" and God be thanked for it. But even then a sort of rudimentary principle of Christ's Sociology was almost unconsciously grounded in the experience that deepening piety in its spiritual health has its outcome in a power impelling to "do something for somebody else." The love of God, rightly functioning, leads to love of neighbor, if given sound expression. Filialism to the Heavenly Father seeks outcome in Socialism to the human brotherhood. That rudiment of service is part of its true "cellular tissue" for all its "muscular Christianity."

And so, from my heart, I could say in a farewell Parish Circular: "Like the ten strings of the instrument for the Psalmist's thanksgiving, my dear parishioners, are the years of my rectorship as they play their music of praise for all they have been to me. 'Thou Lord hast made me glad through Thy works and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of Thy hands.' May all who are to succeed me in this office till He comes have happy years of work as I have." The fact that several of my predecessors had become Bishops while some had not been able to number merely "sunny hours" in their respective rectorships had left a saying in the Parish that their Rectors were "destined either for mitres or martyrs" seemed at the time to have found its exception in a rectorship to which neither term then applied. And some of the most valued words in the letter from the Vestry accepting my resignation were these: "It is a cause of congratulation to us and of great commendation to you and your family that the ten years which you have spent in Hartford as our Rector have been years of mutual happiness and interest in Church work."

While Rector of Christ Church, it may be noted here, leave of absence was given me to go with Bishop Williams and a Connecticut delegation to the Seabury Centenary at Aberdeen, Scotland, at which, in behalf of the Diocese, it was my privilege to present a Chalice and Paten to the Scottish Church as well as to share in a most enjoyable itinerary in England and Scotland.

The following words accompanied the presentation:

My Lord Bishop: It has been delegated to me by some of the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Connecticut—not only those with whom it has been my privilege to share in the events of these ever-to-be-remembered days, but by many whose hearts are following us in all these services—to place in your hands this Chalice and Paten, and to read the explanatory address. By the happy foresight which has characterized the preparations for the centenary celebration, there is placed on the wall of this holy place a copy of that Concordate in which the three Bishops of your Scottish Church and the first Bishop of our American Church plighted their troth. It was indeed a "great mystery"; it spoke concerning Christ and His Church. As I sat in this Chancel on Sunday last, by one of those coincidences which I believe may occur for the eye of thankful faith as well as for the eye of sentiment, the sunlight which bathed your beautiful city with its warmth, so shone its colors through that south chancel window that at the beginning of the service they fell athwart the Concordate hanging on the opposite wall. Then, beginning at that, as the service went on, and as the sun circled its daily course, when the time came for the Consecration-prayer, the light fell upon the sacred vessels of the altar. So the sunlight took its way from the Concordate which the exigencies and circumstances of that far-off time demanded, to the symbols of that perpetual concordate which exists in the one body of Christ—between the Head and the members, between the living members of that Body, between the living members and the members of that Body in Paradise. I could not but think that

CONNECTICUT DELEGATION TO SEABURY CENTENARY
1884

Standing (left to right): Rev. Messrs. Jarvis, Nichols, Hart
Sitting: Rev. Dr. Beardsley, Bishop Williams

the brief course of the sunlight here might stand for the dial of the century gone. Exigencies and circumstances that are special, require special concordates. Both Churches then had them, and they framed that agreement. The century has led us around from those exigencies and circumstances to a condition of prosperity, in which the only thought need be of the supreme concordate in the Communion of the most precious Body and Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. May this Chalice and Paten, the symbols of the renewed troth of the Churches, be the symbols of all prosperity for both, as in the Master's work they enjoy "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

A memorable visit on that trip was that with Bishop Williams to Addington Park, then a country seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was my privilege to be the only one to share in joint prayers offered in the private Chapel for their respective national Churches by Archbishop Benson and Bishop Williams as Chairman of our House of Bishops, as the National Church Heads.

CHAPTER VI

ST. JAMES', PHILADELPHIA, DAYS

RETURNING to the Christ Church Rectory one week-day evening after a service, I found a gentleman awaiting me who had come from the Vestry of St. James' Church, Philadelphia, to extend to me a Call to the rectorship of that Parish. From time to time I had been asked to consider the rectorship of parishes, in Middletown, where I had been Assistant, and of leading congregations in Buffalo, Pittsburgh and Washington, D. C., and elsewhere and felt that my duty to Christ Church in its transitional stage kept me there. But now the status of the Parish as adjusted to its down town missionary site seemed secure both in its policy and support and after visiting Philadelphia and conferring with the Vestry of St. James' I thought I saw a new door of usefulness opening there and accepted the call. Christ Church was a "mother parish" which found its sphere in not following the extension of city growth but in strengthening the things that remained. St. James' in Philadelphia was one of three Mother Parishes, two of which, Christ Church and St. Peter's, had maintained themselves on their original sites, while St. James' had followed its parishioners and built its second Church on a new uptown corner. It had removed from Seventh street, above Market, to Twenty-second street and Walnut. There were accordingly some of the contrasts of conditions and calls of opportunity between Christ Church, Hartford, with a zest of adjusting itself to a permanency where it was, and St. James,' Philadelphia, well settled at a new coign of vantage where the uptown movement was for a while resting. The three original Philadelphia Churches had all been united under the rectorship of Bishop White. As an Assistant under him for five years at St. James' Church, the Rev. Henry J. Morton became its Rector in 1837. After fifty years of service, the then

CHALICE AND PATEN
Presented to Scottish Church from Connecticut

venerated Dr. Morton became Rector *Emeritus,* causing the vacancy to which I was called. To him this tribute was paid at the time: "His long life has been both beautiful and blessed. It has been eminent for the grace of gentleness, for charity, for brotherly love, for love of children and sympathy for sorrow of every kind, for whatsoever things are of good report."

I entered upon my duties as Rector, Trinity Sunday, June 3, 1887, finding it no small wrench to break the ties that had bound me to Christ Church, which gave me a Godspeed with its characteristic thought and kindness from Vestry and congregation. The like graciousness and thoughtfulness in the welcome at St. James' soon made me feel at home there. I at once perceived that my predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Morton, had in the more than half century of influence on the congregation, singularly communicated to it, as a whole, something of his own gentle strength and fine spirit, of which the exquisite detail and grace in the embellishment of the Church building itself from his own noteworthy artistic taste seemed fairly symbolic. And in his personal helpfulness and sensitive regard and co-operation in that somewhat exacting position of abdication of office to a new incumbent with his "new ways," he justified the title *Emeritus* to none more ideally than to his younger successor.

The policy for the administration of St. James' was clear from the start. It was not like that of Christ Church, one principally of fitting and re-adjusting to a changing sphere. It was one of simple development or rather further development. Happy is the Rector who has the way of progress "as plain as daylight" mapped out before him as that was almost instinctively in the eyes of all concerned. It was not the question, shall an old parish live? but shall a live parish more and more use its life? Both questions are those of vitality and so of challenge and glad girding for any Rector, and with many heart searchings as to ways I might have met them better, it has always seemed a privilege to

my ministry that my experience in the two consecutive rectorships at Hartford and Philadelphia was rounded into trying to meet each in its own way.

St. James' Vestry I found to be a signal group of the proverbial Philadelphia laymen. Each and every one were keen for passing the Parish on to steady spiritual and material progress. Their names as I found them were in evidence of the best of Philadelphia's manhood, to wit: Messrs. Richard M. Cadwalader and Joseph M. Wilson, Wardens; and Thomas C. Hand, George W. Childs, Dr. Edward Shippen, Dr. James H. Hutchinson, Robert R. Corson, J. Tatnall Lea, Maskell Ewing, William H. Ingham, J. Howard Gibson, and William F. Lewis, Vestrymen. They promptly, as the work developed its need provided two assistants on the clergy staff and gave official and personal backing to the plans outlined to them. On a recent visit to St. James,' prospering under its present courteous Rector, the Rev. Dr. Mockridge, I found only one of that Vestry living.

It was understood at my first conference with the Vestry before accepting the Call, that I could continue at St. James' what had been our usage at Christ Church and that is an early celebration of the Holy Communion every Sunday in addition to the later celebration and also daily services of Morning and Evening Prayer. The congregation welcomed that and later two Sunday services were added, one between Sunday School and the regular Sunday morning service and one in the evening, the customary Second Sunday Service being in the afternoon. These two services were for those not having pews—part of our problem being the pew system with a waiting list—and were with all sittings free. Then the Vestry as far as was practicable acted on a Cabinet basis, counselling as a whole, and individuals assuming the heads of departments, among whom was the rarely efficient Superintendent of the Sunday school, Mr. William H. Ingham. They also intelligently and interpretatively acted on the theory I quoted to them from a writer of note, in the first Prospectus I laid before

them, viz: "We have suffered grievously from loss of power. Those who are set to be teachers among us, who need ample leisure for calm reading and high thinking in order that they may follow the swift currents of opinion, have been overwhelmed with labors not their own, with anxieties of finance and with details of parish organization. And those again who have a practical knowledge of affairs, a wide influence in business, a rich endowment of saving common sense, have found no proper sphere for the exercise of their gifts. The clergy by force of circumstances have added the work of the laity to their own and the laity, left without work, have almost of necessity remained without zeal." In initiative and enterprise that spirit characterized the regular routine of Vestry responsibility. In the first Prospectus just referred to three practical measures were presented for action as soon as conditions justified them. 1. The provision of an adequate Guild Hall in addition to the spacious Sunday School room, to house the many activities of the Parish. II. Provision for extra congregations on Sunday as noted above, and III. A system of offerings to help in expressing and arranging the marked generosity of the people in their gifts through the Church. Vestry and people gave ready response with their interest and means to this forecast. In due time lot and building fund for the Guild House were provided and the Rector *Emeritus* laid the cornerstone of the ample building named in his honor, the "Henry J. Morton Guild House" and having its aim expressed in the words from the post-Communion prayer inscribed on its front wall: "So assist us with Thy grace that we may . . . . . do all such good works as Thou has prepared for us to walk in." Wilson Bros. and Co., eminently devoted parishioners, were the architects. The System of Offerings though involving a somewhat radical change in the financial affairs was almost immediately initiated. And it was typical of the kind of co-operation ever received from the Vestry, that at a reunion dinner, when I revisited Philadelphia, two years after going to

California, one of them said to me, "Now I can tell you something we never let on before: Do you remember that meeting when at the beginning of your rectorship you laid before us the System of Offerings? "Yes" I said, "I well remember your hospitable reception and active promotion of it" "Well," said he, "If the truth were known, probably that evening, there was not a single member of the Vestry that thought it would succeed." The success of it there as of the like system in Christ Church, Hartford, not only had largely increased the offerings and educated the people in the true sense of Stewardship, but furnished my whole ministry with the conviction and aim of Stewardship as the solution of the money problems of the Church. The System took the ground that each Christian's *personal religion needed the giving* more than any object needed the gift. To make that effective, some conscientious amount should be proportioned to the income or wage and regularly set apart for God, from whom all our blessings come, and the homely figure was used that such a method proceeded from the true *spring* rather than the *pump* theory, offerings welling up from a cheerful giver's heart rather than collections drawn by pocket suction from a grudging giver. When some Nation-wide campaign sticks unconfusedly and sturdily to just that primary principle and interprets it into the communicant habit implied in the Lesser Oblation of the Holy Eucharist, the Church's "poor mouth" will find its featuring pretty much relaxed, if my experience in those two conservative congregations counts for anything.

There was that Philadelphia adjustment of population which in lanes and side streets puts the plainer residences in proximity to the wealthier. St. James', accordingly, had in its neighborhood a mission constituency welcomed to worship in the Church by the multiplication of its services and carefully looked after in Sunday, parish and Industrial Schools as well as by the many working agencies of the Parish. Further steps

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, Philadelphia

"STUDY" IN ST. JAMES' RECTORY, Philadelphia

were however, taken to anticipate something of a "settlement" work at old St. Paul's historic Church on Third street, under "down town" conditions. A somewhat unique status was found for it as a Mission of St. James by a lease of the property from the surviving St. Paul's Vestry. The enterprise had not proceeded very far however, when my rectorship ended, though opening up with some encouragement for the experiment. In the permutations of City Church life it proved to be a first step towards association with the City Mission and St. Paul's is now the "Administration House" of that worthy general institution.

With the aid of faithful assistants, the Rev. G. E. Magill, the Rev. F. D. Lobdell and the Rev. Charles J. Mason, belonging to the clerical staff at various times during the rectorship, the many services and active pastoral teaching work and visitation were carried on and the happy memories of that, if not recorded, belong to some of the most precious experiences at St. James.' On the social side of my years there, the standing of the membership in public position and influence, the families with names associated with leaders in the nation, the old Philadelphia refinement and culture and that in a marked way keeping to traditional bearings of Church duties and sincerity of religion richly flavored my rectorship for rare relish of its routine. Parish occupations were absorbing in those few years and there did not seem to be opportunity for reaching out into more general matters of Church and community, though I took part in the Church Congress at Buffalo in 1888, and was a Deputy from the Diocese of Pennsylvania in the General Convention of 1889 and became a Trustee of the old Philadelphia Academy and the Protestant Episcopal Hospital. Friends old and new I found among the clergy of the city and Diocese which had well kept up the record of that old time See for ability and leadership. Brilliant McConnell, at St. Stephen's, was ministering to his crowed congregations and delivering the Lectures afterwards embodied in his History of the American

Episcopal Church. Forceful Maturin at St. Clement's was giving that Church a name among advanced Churchmen. And four of my contemporaries were soon destined for the episcopate in wide distribution, viz: Davies of Old St. Peter's for Michigan; Nicholson of St. Mark's for Milwaukee; Kinsolving of the Church of the Epiphany for Texas and McVickar of Holy Trinity for Rhode Island. And our Clerical Club of congenial spirits, if of contrarieties of views which "struck fire," illuminatingly enabled us to "hear the other fellow."

There were problems of course and the usual mistakes to keep one from being "unduly exalted" by all the real enjoyment of the rectorship. Plans were assuming a long look ahead and the momentum for them, both spiritual and material seemed to be gathering with each year, questions of enlarging the Church were beginning to come on the horizon. A fine and commodious Rectory had been purchased, the walls of the new Guild Hall were rising, offerings under the System were increasing, a new assistant was on the ground to have especial charge of St. Paul's Mission, the Rev. Samuel Snelling, and there seemed to be the common feeling of congregation and Rector "happy are the people that are in such a case." And a test had come to my tie there about the end of my first year, not without its rigor which had so far as I could see, deepened and strengthened that tie.

Our summer holidays were spent in our "Cusumpee Cottage" on "Shepard Hill," overlooking Lake Asquam in Holderness, New Hampshire, a favorite observation point, in former years, of the poet Whittier, being a boulder on our lot. While there the attractive little St. Peter's-in-the-Mount was built, being the only house of worship in that neighborhood. It was designed by Mr. Joseph Wilson, my then Rector's Warden, and many of its Chancel ornaments were made by the boys of our St. James' Guild. Our own children with others raised the first five dollars toward its cost by picking and selling huckleberries.

INTERIOR OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH, Philadelphia

At a Convention of the Diocese of Ohio held in Cleveland in March, 1888, my name was balloted for as Assistant Bishop of that Diocese in a way that raised a question of the result, depending upon an uncertainty in the count and leaving a divided opinion as to whether there was an election or not. Bishop Bedell, as it afterwards transpired, mistaking my name for another similar name not acceptable to him, then stated that if my name were persisted in he would withdraw his request for an Assistant. The Convention then proceeded with other names which resulted in the choice of Dr. Satterlee of New York. Another election becoming necessary, owing to Dr. Satterlee's declination, I asked that my name should be dropped, but was met by the claim that it would complicate matters to do so with the impression in the Diocese, among many, that the previous balloting for me, judicially examined, had in point of fact been an election, and that there would be a flaw in the title of anyone else until that was settled one way or another. As there seemed to be such a feeling, a teller who took part in counting the ballot among others having written me of his belief that it was canonically an election, and a member of the bar having come to me to state that he had carefully examined the facts from a lawyer's standpoint and had no doubt of such election, there seemed to be no course open to me as it was urged that under the circumstances, I could not insist on withdrawing my name, but to waive my objection to the use of my name again. I did so with the distinct condition that if any further light or deliberation freed the question of such entanglement, my name should be withdrawn, or if in any inability to do otherwise, it should pass to a choice, that I should be as free to act upon the serious call as if on my part there had been no previous association with the matter. Following that, on the 6th day of June, 1888, in Sandusky, Ohio, the Special Convention, which had been called there, sent me a notice of my unanimous election as Assistant Bishop and Bishop Bedell cabled me from

abroad: "Thank God for election cabled today. Urge acceptance. Hearty welcome assured. (Signed) G. T. Bedell." The decision then fully confronted me. The importance and grip of the Call loomed large. On July 2nd, after a period of inexpressible concern and striving to know my duty, I wrote the Committee that it seemed to be "to continue in the duty of my present station and to decline the election." The hours of dark uncertainty were no less than an ordeal but the severity of the test seemed to prove the security of the staying at St. James.' And the later choice of my warm friend of Divinity School days, Dr. William A. Leonard as Bishop of Ohio has well certified that he was "the man for the place."

ST. PETER'S-IN-THE-MOUNT
Holderness, New Hampshire

WHITTIER ROCK GROUP
"Cusumpee Cottage," Holderness, New Hampshire

CHAPTER VII

THE CALL TO CALIFORNIA

THE "FITTING INTO" the happy sphere of my third year at St. James' was giving me its "busy career" of quiet routine, when on January 21, 1890, a brother clergyman, Rev. Dr. Miel, called at the Rectory with the surprising announcement that through his son, the Rev. Charles L. Miel, a Presbyter of the Diocese of California, he had been asked to see me to learn if there would be any probability of my favorable consideration of the office of Assistant Bishop of that Diocese in the event of my election. I told him at once that while I felt that no one had the right to anticipate such a grave question until it came positively before him, that at the moment, so far as I knew my mind, it would strongly be that my duty was at St. James,' especially as I had so recently had searchingly to review that claim in connection with the election as Assistant Bishop of Ohio. And I asked him to express my sense of the honor and real humbling before it and strongly to urge them not to use my name. After having slept on it I met Dr. Miel later and requested him to write to California, that I distinctly wished to have my name withdrawn if presented to the approaching Special Convention of the Diocese. Later to Bishop Whitaker and others who had been asked to approach me I expressed myself in like decided terms.

While at breakfast on Thursday, February 6th, the following telegram came to me: "My father, Dr. Miel, writes you direct me not to let your name go before Convention for Assistant Bishop of California. You have been nominated, what shall I do? Answer quickly. (Signed) C. L. Miel." Feeling that there was in the three hours difference of time ample opportunity for my reply to reach the Convention before its morning session, I hurried to the telegraph office and sent this answer, viz: "Telegram just received. Please withdraw

my name with expression of my earnest prayers for a right judgment and profound sense of the honor done me in the nomination. (Signed) W. F. Nichols." That evening, attending a meeting of the old Philadelphia Historical Society, the nomination in the meantime having appeared in the press despatches of the morning papers, some of my parishioners present, asked me if I contemplated going to California. So confident was I that the name had been withdrawn that I said, "No, undoubtedly some one else is chosen by this time." Going home after the reception with a light hearted feeling of not having to face the question, which had been somewhat disquieting, in the providential, as it seemed, opportunity to forestall it by the telegram, I never knew there could be such a difference between the outside and inside state of mind around a front door. Instead of finding, as usual, quietude and hall light only, the rooms were all alight, telegrams were littering a table to the consternation of the "other side of the house" whose look suggested that "the bottom had dropped out of everything," and three reporters had been waiting in my library for an hour to "know what I was going to do." The consternating message was this; viz, "You have this day been unanimously elected Assistant Bishop Diocese California with full jurisdiction. Praying your favorable consideration. (Signed) R. C. Foute, H. D. Lathrop, J. Saunders Reed, Committee. Other messages kept coming through the night and the following memorandum from my diary at the time expressed the effect: "Telegrams and letters begin to come and I enter into the darkness of waiting to know my duty." It transpired that my telegram which was sent, as if at 6 A. M. San Francisco time, a little before 9 A. M. Thursday, February 6th, and ought to have been delivered before the hour of election had been reached on that date, was not received by the Rev. Mr. Miel until 8 A. M. Sunday, February 9th, three days after the election. Some of my Vestry had the delay traced by the telegraph authorities when it was discovered that, while all the

telegrams to me from San Francisco on the day I sent mine (the 6th) came through promptly, my telegram of explicit withdrawal was detained by the snows in the high Sierras until after the Convention had adjourned. Verily there seemed to be something not on the docket in my association with Episcopal elections!

There was "encircling gloom" but the "kindly light" came at last. Bishop Kip sent his warm words of welcome. The President of the Standing Committee, Mr. Foute, came on to Philadelphia to furnish me in detail information as to the Diocese and to answer the leading questions I put to him in the analysis of conditions and opportunities. The usual interest of multitudes of letters came both from within and without the Diocese of California. A difference which had existed in the Diocese of California over the absence from the electing Convention of many deputies from Southern California and which was promptly brought to my notice yielded even cordially to a fuller knowledge of the circumstances of my choice and its peremptory implications as they seemed to me, and later no welcome to the Diocese was heartier than that from Southern California. Counsel was sought from leaders in the Church and others. Many prayers for guidance helped my own. And the outcome of it all by that curious process of psychology in which many contributory influences as invisible and subtle as "atmosphere," shape the convictions and the will, my sense of duty was changed to the "right about." On March 8th, I wrote my acceptance of the election subject to the canonical confirmation. The readjustment of mind led to the readjustment plans for a lifetime. My St. James' people were in every way kind and considerate, though the jesting proposal of one of my good friends on the Vestry was significant of echoes of earlier, rather than the later California eras: "If you must go to that wild God-forsaken country, we of the Vestry mean to fit you to take care of yourself. I will give you a Winchester rifle, so and so a revolver, another a bowie knife and so on." I ventured

to suggest that while I knew nothing of the conditions personally, never having been west of Chicago, that on the data I had there were these facts in reversal. Bishop Kip had been out there nearly forty years when matters had not been as parlous as at present and so far as I gathered had never gone armed nor been molested. Bishop Whitaker had served Nevada under similar pioneer phases nearly twenty years without carrying a gun and had never been in jeopardy until coming back to Pennsylvania as our Bishop, he had not been here long before he was fired at during service in one of our Philadelphia Churches! And though it was the act of a maniac I submitted that in the showing it was a legitimate question where an Episcopal arsenal was the more opportune. And that the chorusing of "climate" and other "Empire-in-itself" of glad California might not be "too unanimous," one fellow-citizen who had been there, but evidently with some untoward experience, volunteered the opinion: "Don't tell me about California. California is a fraud from top to bottom." And a sharing in the then epidemic of "Grip" together with perusal of pamphlets sent me by way of preparedness to deal with an animated controversy of two parishes of the new field about a Church building site, were calculated to temper my course in becoming a "Californiac." However, once clear that my lot was to be cast on that further coast, the "El Dorado" vision of California's lure and opportunity grew upon me and with it a real enthusiasm to begin my new work stimulated by letters from many parts of the field cordial with welcome and assurance of co-operation. In the meantime there was held the regular Convention of the Diocese and my letter of acceptance was presented in which I had expressed my hopefulness out of all the singular experiences in the Call in these terms: "The act of the (Special) Convention, *which my efforts proved ineffectual to prevent*, seems to me, after prolonged deliberation, to be an imperative call of God and of His Church. In profound humiliation at the sense of my own personal inade-

ASSISTANT BISHOP OF CALIFORNIA
1890

quacy to meet this call, but with as profound trust in the very present help of God, the Holy Ghost, through whom the Son at the right hand of the father, fulfils His promised Presence with His ministry, I will accept the office should there be the consent provided for in the Canon law of the Church. The cordial message of the revered Diocesan, the unanimity of the Convention, the many assurances of prayer for a right judgment from those in the Diocese—both those who did not participate in the Convention and those who did—have, with the shaping of my conviction of duty, brought me into a glad mind and will to become a fellow laborer with my brethren in their vast field, believing that the times in which we live are 'times for Christ.'"

It was a most grateful privilege to be able to join with the graduation class of the Berkeley Divinity School in a refreshing and strengthening Retreat, under my old friend, Prof. John Binney, in a quiet Connecticut town before the consecration service was held in St. James' Church, Philadelphia, on St. John Baptist's Day, June 24, 1890. The Vestry under the leadership of Mr. William H. Ingham left nothing undone to prepare every detail for its successful arrangements and avoided all confusion in adapting the seating capacity of the Church to the congregation and providing for the visiting clergy. They gave the rector a rare amethyst seal fob with symbolic links in a massive chain, the episcopal ring being given by her who wore to me the most precious ring on earth. The ladies of the Parish provided the robes and many other souvenirs of their constant thought. The Assistants gave a cross of gold from a virgin California nugget, part of which had been taken for the Seal of the ring, the Seal itself having an Iona cross above the mountains on the Seal of the State of California, radiated with the dove of the Holy Spirit above it. Other gifts and thoughtful words and acts were multiplied to make the earthly associations, clerical and lay, with the service fragrant with loving kindness.

Then associated with the *de profundis* of the Service itself were my dear Bishop Williams, Presiding Bishop and Consecrator, and Bishops Quintard of Tennessee, who was Mrs. Nichols' uncle; Bishop Neely of Maine; Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island; Bishop Whitaker of Pennsylvania, my Diocesan; Bishop Niles of New Hampshire; Bishop Adams of Easton; Bishop Scarborough of New Jersey; Bishop Whitehead of Pittsburgh and Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York. Bishop Scarborough, the fond Rector of my boyhood, was the Preacher and with almost every one of the bishops I had personal ties. With the death of Bishop Whitehead in 1922, all have now "gone before." There was a large body of Clergy present representing my former Diocese of Connecticut and the Rev. Messrs. Reed, W. A. Brewer and McCrae from the Diocese of California and from other Dioceses and there were representatives clerical and lay from all my former fields of work. My friend and Vestryman, Mr. George W. Childs, gave especial care to the full report of the service and sermon provided in the colums of the *Public Ledger*.

My first confirmation was held in the afternoon of the same day in St. James' Church, a special confirmation of two, one being my dear cousin Mrs. Carrie W. Rutter, and in the afternoon of the second day after, Thursday, June 26th, with my family I started for California.

And here the preparations made in California for our journey and removal can be noted as somewhat rare and characteristic. As I had almost no personal acquaintance then I can with propriety mention the big generosity and "know how" of it all as a tribute to the office rather than the man. In the California Convention of May, 1890, a committee of fifty-one, twenty-five clergymen and twenty-five laymen together with Bishop Kip was appointed "to receive, care for and provide temporary entertainment for Rev. Dr. Nichols and his family upon their arrival in the State." My early realization that there was such a committee was through the call of two agents from Philadelphia railroad offices to

CLARA QUINTARD NICHOLS, 1890

say that they had instructions from San Francisco, the one to learn our wishes as to routes, reservations, etc., and when we were to start and to bring us all the through tickets for the entire party and the other to arrange to take our furniture as it was in the rectory, pack it, provide freight transportation and deliver it in San Francisco at any place we might designate. This was later supplemented by a check to cover expenses *en route* and we were notified that we would be met by a representative in Chicago to see that everything was done for us there. All of which was bountifully carried out.

Reaching Sacramento after the novelty of the Overland trip we found there an especial car with a large delegation of the committee awaiting us and soon attached to our train. Then occurred an initial bit of pleasantry not "prepared." Word reached me while dressing—it was early morning—that a committee was waiting for me in the adjoining car. That naturally accelerated my movements and I soon made my appearance and addressed the first one I met who happened to be a dignified rector of a leading congregation—the Rev. Dr. E. B. Spalding. Looking up he seemed surprised and said I had "the advantage of him, who was I?" or something to that effect. It proved to be a case of being "too previous" as they were not ready for receiving me as they had planned and, after a good laugh all around, I retired and later all was done in order with my family present. Addresses of welcome both in behalf of the clergy and laity were made, followed by my brief response, the doxology and my first Benediction to my Diocese. This was beyond the border. As we crossed the line into the Diocese at the Carquinez Strait I bade all to prayer and we made intercession for the clergy and congregations. The remainder of the journey passed quietly in social converse which betokened all cordiality of greeting for the strangers within the Golden Gate.

CHAPTER VIII

DAWN OF CALIFORNIA DAYS

CROSSING THE Bay I had that survey of San Francisco from the ferry boat which affords such a different point of approach from the rail lines that so often whiz us through the back yards and factory precincts of our cities. And the bright sunshine on the captivating scenery of far-reaching waters and islands and hills helped to make the twenty minutes of musings over what I was going to, visionful and trustful. The dawn of coming days was streaked with warm light on the horizons. And the cheer with which we had been met at Sacramento was carried to a rare climax at San Francisco. Other members of the Committee were at the Ferry with carriages to take us—not to a hotel, but to a temporary home in a choice residence section, 2525 Pacific Avenue, which they had provided for us to occupy while selecting our own rented house, the episcopal residence coming later. There, bowered with flowers, with luncheon on the table awaiting us, a full larder, servants at our bidding paid three months ahead, to our prophylactic against any symptoms of home sickness, we sat down at our own table by ourselves as if we were continuing home life just where we left it off in Philadelphia and our "living in trunks" only an episode of the journey. And as we opened the door and the first thing our eyes rested upon was "Welcome to California" in beautiful floral letters, we could well be pardoned the sentiment: Were ever a bishop and his dear ones received into his Diocese with such felicity both of saying "Welcome" "with flowers" and "saying it" with the finest tact. At the fore in carrying out all of these details for the committee were the Rev. R. C. Foute, Mr. George W. Gibbs and Mr. Alanson H. Phelps and the Rev. Charles L. Miel, backed by the Committee of fifty-one appointed by Convention.

At the first opportunity in the afternoon, with the Rev. Mr. Foute, who was the one who came on to see me in Philadelphia and who as Rector of Grace Church and a leader had nominated me as he had nominated when previously a member of the Diocese of Kentucky, Bishop Dudley, Mrs. Nichols and I called on the Venerable Bishop Kip and Mrs. Kip, whom we had never met personally, but who received us with a warmhearted cordiality which at once established the happy relations, continued and deepened until their death. That and a fervent joining in prayer together and his blessing added to the indescribable comfort of beginnings, and well assured me of the heartiness of the inscription with which he honored me in his work, *Early Days of My Episcopate,* "To his friend and brother." That first day was July 1, 1890, and the many emotions of it were jotted in my diary in the old comment: *Haec meminisse juvabit.* It was the dawn of my new day of routine duties. But there seemed to go with it far more than that. There was with it something like the dawn of a new conception of duty. And it may not be amiss as it cannot be fully defined and need not be unduly a breach of proper reticence in spiritual experiences, to note in passing some of the marks of the mental attitude changing from that of a parish priest to the responsibility of the episcopate which in reflective moments, I thought I was discerning in my whole ministerial outlook. The old Latin maxim about changing skies but not changing self at that turning point seemed to lack application. The decision and all that went with it had been so sobering that it gave at least a rectified vision, however imperfectly, alas! after record has realized it. A joyous parish priest, in his busy and developing environment, is apt to be allowed to have a good deal of his own way as time goes on. And the mischief of that is that mixed motives of ambition creep in to the temptation of clouding the ideals of God's way of his ordination heights, with lower-level wordly standards of success. And then comes the subtle temptation to become self-centered

and to be drawn practically into the habits of looking at his parish in an "I-am-the-parish" obsession as a sort of "private preserve." Success is colored by what it contributes to his success. Of course there is much to keep him from that extreme result. But he has constantly to resist the tendency. If in the reminiscences it is hard to avoid such self-psychology, the notable sense of relief, which the heart-searchings of that time disclosed, was of the recall and re-invigoration to give one's self wholly to the new office and the entrance upon it seemed to be attended with special emancipation from many hampering self-promptings of the parish ministering. Insufficiency of self was irradiated with the sufficiency of God before the vast vistas of responsibility. The Holy Spirit's demonstration of strength came in making the awe of it all immune from undue fear and quickening the spirit with the realization of upbearing power and love and discipline. As I look back upon it I wonder if it might not be said that there is something of a heaven that lies about us in the infancy of an episcopate as in the infancy of our human life.

The day after our arrival Bishop Kip, clergy and people met with me at Grace Church, San Francisco, for the "most comfortable Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ." Then began the rapid introduction to the people with much warm hearted hospitality and the responsibilities of the Diocese. Bishop Kip when formally asking for an Assistant and of course before any one was elected had written as follows: "I will and do hereby assign to the Assistant Bishop, when elected and consecrated, all the executive and administrative duties of the Episcopate, in and for the Diocese." This vested the Assistant with sole responsibility and initiative. In anticipation of that there was promptly laid before me in an all day conference a map of the extensive missionary field with up-to-date data of stations and conditions. This was brought to me by the Rev. John A. Emery, the Secretary of the Board of Missions

and incidentally supplied the one whom, in my unfamiliarity with the field, I had mind to seek as soon as possible. Mr. Emery's forethought in so happily putting me in possession of the map I was to traverse, at once furnished the "eye for the bishop" which afterwards he justified as a title, and loyally and unfailingly followed up in so many departments and accomplishments of the Diocese as "a right hand" of the Bishop besides. His death in London in 1922 in the ripeness of years and of a magnified office has but emphasized all that he was to the work and to his Bishop. Then Mr. George W. Gibbs, with what one of the clergy called his "artesian well" of generosity, purchased a Diocesan House for a central workshop and placed large discretionary funds in my hands for the new campaigning. The financial system of the Diocese found a veritable "Finangelist" and promoter in Mr. W. A. M. Van Bokkelen, who as Treasurer not only brought new and sound ways but showed them to other Dioceses. Clergy and people put shoulders to the wheel for new momentum. The Woman's Auxiliary under the leadership of Mrs. Pomeroy, Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Susan S. Lawver entered helpfully and graciously into the new plans. The three Church papers in the Diocese joined forces. Pressing problems found solution without ruction. And there was the evidence that the Holy Spirit was with us in making men of one mind in our efforts for progress, especially in the inbreathing of a spiritual atmosphere into Convocations and Ember Day meetings. Institutions were visited and Benedictions of some of their buildings were held. The first confirmation was at Grace Church, San Francisco, July 6, 1890. The first ordination, that of the Rev. Jonathan Nicholas, as Deacon, was on July 13 in St. Andrew's Church, Oakland, soon followed by that of the Rev. Edgar Frederic Gee in St. Paul's Church, San Francisco, St. James' Day, July 25th. The first Consecration of a Chapel was that of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home, Festival of the Transfiguration, August 6th, and of a Church, St. Mary's-

by-the-Sea, Pacific Grove, August 27th. A survey of Oakland and a joint meeting of clergy and parish officers there resulted in the beginning of a new congregation most auspiciously by the provision of the Rev. Dr. John Bakewell, later to become Trinity Parish, with its fine equipment and early development under him as its generous and efficient Rector. San Francisco and San Jose and other centers of population were studied with reference to a later satisfactory alignment of canonical parish bounds. Church schools under the Rev. Drs. Brewer and Spalding and the Rev. E. B. Church were found high in their ideals for Christian education and wide in their influence. More's the pity that after conditions seemed to deprive them of continuous chapters though other approved individual enterprises with Church influences have succeeded them at various points adjusted to a changed environment of the educational situation. Where there were immediate calls for confirmation or other ministration scattered visitations were made, awaiting more systematic appointments for the northern part of the Diocese. And the "breaking in" of Headquarters office work had no lack of questions, divorce appeals, parish differences, institution problems that had been awaiting the coming of the new Assistant. And when about that time in the youthfulness of my episcopate a good mother-in-Israel whom I had not met before, at a Reception recognizing me as a stranger said "You are the new Assistant at Grace Church, are you not?" it was not to be wondered at as indicating something of the state of mind of a "callow curate" facing his first questions if I might have replied in tackling the formidable docket of my desk, "Yes, I do sometimes feel that way." That too was before the day, generally speaking, of our now episcopal secretaries and stenographers and typists so much expediting the docket.

Wishing however to meet the clergy and congregations of Southern California at the earliest opportunity, the first continuous visitation was planned for that distant part of the field and I sailed on the *Santa Rosa* for

an extended trip on Saturday, October 11, 1890, stopping at San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara and adjacent points *en route* to San Diego in order to meet there the Convocation of Southern California, several clergy joining me on the steamer at San Pedro. I have previously noted the absence of many delegates of that part of the Diocese from the Convention that elected me and their feeling that it was premature to proceed to an election under such circumstances. In the "separate orbiting" of the two centers of action in the Diocese, some five hundred miles apart, and the phenomenal growth of population in Southern California, it is not surprising that with their few corporate contacts they had failed to see eye to eye the questions of added episcopal service, as such questions were mooted before my election. However, when they understood my relation to the election and its peremptory aspects as I had the opportunity to make it clear to them in correspondence, there was nothing to be desired in the cordiality and confidence with which clergy and laity received me and assured me of their "loyal co-operation in all that will promote the welfare of the Church" as the Rev. Dr. A. G. L. Trew, Dean of the Convocation, expressed it in his words of greeting. And he, the Founder and Nestor of the Convocation, as others like the Rev. Dr. Elias Birdsall, had been pioneers in holding services, became a dear brother and invaluable helper in all my after work in that section. He was a marvel to all as one who, out of the weakness of physical disease, which wrested him from a promise of high station in the Canadian Church, had strength for many years to be a real apostle for his Master in laying foundations for the Diocese of Los Angeles. And the Rev. H. B. Restarick, then Rector of St. Paul's, San Diego, a worthy yoke-fellow of Dr. Trew's – afterwards Bishop of Honolulu –in Church extension work, especially in his own immediate vicinity seconded by his Warden, Mr. Daniel Cleveland, and an active board of lay workers, received me with all thought and kindness into his rectory home and gave me that deter-

mining first impression of the open house and hearts I should find in all Southern California. The Convocation gave me the opportunity to call the clergy in, one by one, and learn from them the most practicable itinerary for taking their congregations in order on my primary visitation there.

More than six happy and enlightening, if busy, weeks were spent in this visitation and the points occupied by the Church were covered, conferences with the clergy and officers were held, receptions gave the opportunity to meet the people, plans were formulated for extension and re-adjustment of the work and a good conspectus of both the spiritual and material outlook for the Church was afforded. General conditions in Southern California were then full of hopes deferred if not disappointed. There had been the period of highly inflated real estate values and of largely forced extension of town sites and other enterprises followed by the inevitable temporary collapse. It was the time when books were written about *The Millionaires of a Day* with the awaking from the dreams graphically depicted. Multitudes were "land poor" and involved in debts incurred in the rush to buy and borrow more. Naturally the Church had felt this reaction from its own great expectations. Some of the buildings were unfinished, and it was not strange to find depression. But on the whole the trustful and sagacious words of Dean Trew in his Convocation address were well verified in the general impression the visitation gave me. He said: "Because of this character of our work (i. e. foundation laying) and in spite of the limitations which are inseparable from it at this stage there is in it a hopefulness and an exhilaration in which we take but little note of present weakness and rejoice in anticipation of the sheaves of that harvest which God will give 'in due season' to others, if not to us." In assurance of that prophecy—strikingly fulfilled since—three things in particular stood out as the features of the field as I was learning them. 1. The very conditions put the clergy on their

mettle to stimulate their best missionary genius. Significant of this and of their application to "the things that matter" was their later calling for a blessed "Retreat" of several days. 2. The laity were alert and intelligently responsive to the call of the Church to do their part. This was illustrated by the prompt action of the officers of the older parishes in Los Angeles and especially St. Paul's Vestry, under the leadership of such men as Mr. H. T. Lee, Mr. J. F. Towell and Mr. John Wigmore to establish parish boundaries in the city with a view to the best interests of the Church as a whole and not for the mere consideration of local parish benefit, in deciding upon the lines to be run. 3. Everywhere as I went about there was manifest that desire out of an honest and good heart to bring forth fruit with patience which is the best credential of "good ground" for Church cultivation. Many of the people had come directly from old established Church centers and parish activities in the East or in England and furnished groups of what might be called imported, ready made churchmen and churchwomen. And Southern California has ever had that choice Church asset to promote its rapid and solid development.

There were of course humors of the campaign which on that first round of visitations perhaps made a more lasting impression than like "side-lights" in all after goings and comings which they sampled, as what a good old body once called the "jokey" bits of the bishops. One of the landings from the steamer at a coast point came at three in the morning in pitch darkness and with some dexterity required to walk the plank, the vessel bobbing up and down with the heavy seas. The only light on the wharf was the single lantern which revealed a small group with only one who had ever visited the town before and she had not been there for nearly a score of years. The town center was anything but near the wharf and she was our guide as luggage in hand we trudged along towards the hotel. Our clergyman, be it said, had arranged for some one to meet me,

but there was "a slip somewhere." The first hotel we visited only had one vacant room which went by common consent to the family. Two of us then found another hotel but could find no entrance to it and so sat on our suitcases until daylight when I found an early wayfarer ready to help me with my bags—I had not then learned as I did later, to reduce episcopal impedimenta to a minimum—and guide me to the clergyman's house. After a protracted walk he stopped before a very humble dwelling and upon knocking a sleepy and not strikingly clerical citizen appeared. Never having met the clergyman before I said, "Is this the Rev. Mr. Breck?" "No," he said, "my name is *Brick* and I am not much of a preacher, I must say." But he knew where the parson lived and kindly directed me with a considerable hint of pedestrianship still to cover, and I found that while Mr. Brick was not Mr. Breck, Breck, as I got to know him, was a good deal of a "missionary Brick."

Some novel ideas of the Church, too, came to my knowledge. One of our clergy who held services for a scattered San Diego County community in a school house had an attendant of the congregation who expressed himself to the clergyman as drawn to the Episcopal Church by many of its features, its Prayer Book, orderly worship, etc. "But one thing I have agin ye," he frankly avowed, "I never could understand that way you have that no one in the Episcopal Church can preach any sermons unless they are written by the Archbishop of Canterbury!" I have had the opportunity to tell that estimate to two successive Archbishops of Canterbury, with consternation growing upon their every feature, the only adequate expression for which might have justified a fulminating "Fancy" at the contemplation of such ecumenical responsibility for pulpit utterances, had they not themselves entered genially into the humor of the situation. I wonder whether that impression of the Church, which I have also found elsewhere, had not percolated down through the genera-

tions from the time when "for cause" preaching was restricted to the Homilies, some of which were "written by an Archbishop of Canterbury."

The prolonged absence from my own home in this and the successive visitations of Southern California, carried me much to the hospitable homes not only of the Rectors but of Lay Church people there and that helped not a little to atmosphere me with their friendship and Church sentiment. Moreover it afforded me opportunity to learn much of the early days in that section from its pioneers and community builders. In such homes as those of the families of Wilson, Lee, Towell, Wigmore, Stevens, Severance, Dr. Shaw, Judge Fernald, Col. Heath, Senator Bard, Hinde, Whiting, Keating, Treichel, Wotkyns, among many others in the various centers. Not only did my "lines fall in pleasant places" but I was enabled to gather most interesting information about the history and romance which throw a glamour about the beginnings of California, to say nothing of the earlier Eastern homes and incidents of many who had come to the state in their young manhood and womanhood. At one reception I ventured to ask those present who were natives of California to hold up their hands and only two or three made the showing. And at one dinner, on comparing notes, I found that the host, the guest on the other side of him, and I were descended from original ancestors who settled in the neighborhood of Stratford, Connecticut, that a radius of a mile or two would cover in its circling. All of which made the newcomer feel that most of his people had been also newcomers in their time, and that there was something like a fraternity of "tenderfeet."

CHAPTER IX

CALIFORNIA WHEEL DAYS

THE PSALMIST'S "Make them like unto a wheel" was said by one of our older bishops to have been especially suggestive of the modern episcopate. And on returning to San Francisco after the absence I began to think that he was right. Business had accumulated at Headquarters and systematic visitation of the northern part of the Diocese was exigent. Further survey was an obvious next step towards data for formulating an intelligent forecast of plans of progress for the Diocese. Any policy must take things as it found them and with so many differing conditions, the very last thing to do was to quote or standardize "the way they do in the East." Some one had said "the problem of the Church in the older East is a good deal that of re-construction while that of the Pacific Coast is construction without the re." My own ministerial training and experience in Connecticut and Pennsylvania had fortunately given me the Eastern point of view so that I was not unappreciative of its advantages on some lines of tradition and stability. That very appreciation however, could also leave me with an open mind to outlooks for progressive reconstruction when in any zone, new or old, a conservatism sometimes had to be seriously reckoned with. The new field, however, soon verified the opportunity for unhampered constructive effort provided it could "show cause" and strike out on reasonable and practicable lines. Any plans that were promising would have a good hearing and backing without having to spend much time in clearing away "factious maintenance of groundless opinions." And there was a zest all of its own in this. The "spirit within the wheels" was a great stimulus towards both using and placing the wheels of administration. It had inspired Bishop and clergy and congregations with their initiative and accomplishment antedating my responsibility. It had

led them to see opportune measures for Diocesan welfare and advance and to have them ready at hand for the new administration to take up with them. It gave in their hope and loyalty the very watchword of "Forward" to greet me.

Now, at this point, having given the foregoing chapters more or less of a chronological sequence, in order to fit at all snugly into the limitations of these pages the story of my more than a generation of after years in the Episcopate, it must be shaped by topics rather than by the continuity of dates. And as implied above, considerable preliminary time was spent on wheels—steamer, railway, stage, wagon, and cart wheels—automobiles came later—in becoming familiar with the whole Diocese before the policies for placing new wheels for the administration machinery were fully outlined. But it soon became apparent that in the perspective some general measures were more insistent for attention than others. No time should be wasted in getting down to two matters which were pressing for consideration. One was a matter which had become somewhat acute in two instances of proposed removal of San Francisco down town Churches to new sites. In each case the site under discussion had raised objection from another parish which claimed the site as within its own existing canonical territory. By mutual concessions both matters were adjusted "out of court" and later more clearly defined canonical boundaries were assigned in all of the principal cities of the Diocese and such future differences were forestalled.

The other matter could not hopefully nor easily be disposed of at once, though urgently calling for some attempt at unification of views and purpose. That was the provision of more adequate episcopal supervision for the Southern California Counties of the Diocese. Various expedients had been proposed and tried which did not command—indeed which threatened to seriously impair—unity of action between the Northern and Southern sections of the field. The breach had been

widened by the failure of the General Convention of 1889 to act favorably on the petition for a division of the Diocese. The consciousness of the need of acting advisedly had in great measure influenced me to make the primary visitation of Southern California recorded above, in order that, at first hand, I might know the situation there in its various aspects. That convinced me that there were two questions involved. 1. Should their be a division in the interest of the whole Church in the Diocese, and 2. When? Soon I saw there could be no doubt of the logical affirmative answer to the first. But as to the time for it I was equally satisfied that time and preparedness would be required for the making men of one mind and that with that, a good understanding might be reached and practical recognition on the part of all concerned might insure a brotherly "God-speed" from the North as well as a fraternal gladness of accomplishment in the South.

Bishop Kip, in 1854, entered upon a jurisdiction which was coterminous with the State of California. In 1874 the counties, covering roughly speaking the northern third of the State, were set off into the Missionary District of Northern California under Bishop Wingfield, leaving the remaining two-thirds in the Diocese which still retained the some thirty-two counties to which I came. The area was obviously too large for one Bishop to cover efficiently. It was over speeding, not to say friction, for the whirring of any episcopal "wheels." The rapidly growing section in Southern California was developing as a well defined administrative unit. Los Angeles, its center, was nearly five hundred miles from San Francisco and as I soon found, the Diocese was practically presenting the anomaly of an ellipse with two centers for its oversight, isolated not only by that distance, but by varied needs of their respective conditions. So that while on duty at one end of the Diocese, important measures were kept in abeyance at the other end. All of this was felt strongly in the Southern part and steps had been already taken looking to a

division of the Diocese, but as noted above, it had failed to receive the consent of the General Convention with the result of considerable lack of accord in the matter between the North and the South.

Once clear that division was desirable and a simple question of time, the forecast for the shaping of the affairs and views of the whole Diocese towards more of common consent and the removal of any unhappiness the issue had left, became imperative. Accordingly the first Convention of the Diocese in my episcopate at my request was held in Los Angeles, with one of the clerical leaders of San Francisco, the Rev. R. C. Foute, as its preacher, and with every mark of a united spirit. In my first address at that Convention of 1891, I put myself on record as being convinced of the necessity for added episcopal supervision and the following year, 1892, urged that measures should be shaped towards strong and united action with thorough preparation for securing the consent to Division from the General Convention of 1895. This was accordingly done. The Diocesan Convention of 1895 was again held in Los Angeles. All the canonical steps for the petition to the General Convention were consummated and with no objection the consent was given. The comment of the historian of our Diocese, I believe, fairly expresses the general sentiment over the result, "Nothing short of the direct guidance of the Spirit of God will account for the complete coming together and to one mind of all parties interested and the practically unanimous action." In 1893, Bishop Kip and Mrs. Kip were both taken from us in the ripeness of their years and their long witness for Christ and His Church and to the upholding of the standards of a gentleman and a gentlewoman amid the early formative conditions of the community. After consulting with the Standing Committee and with their counsel and advice and not wishing any section of the Diocese to suffer lack of Episcopal service while waiting for the coming division, I laid before our Diocesan Convention of 1893, the matter of providing an Assistant

Bishop, thinking it might be recognized as securing in advance a Diocesan for the new Diocese, but the Convention, by a narrow vote, decided to leave things as they were for the present.

With such pressing concerns in the way of being disposed of, there was opportunity for the formulation of plans and aims for a larger look ahead in trying to have the Diocese measure up more and more to its needs and opportunities. Two proposals seemed to emerge out of the growing acquaintance with the details of the work and its environment. They were sufficiently outlined before my mind for me to present them as indicating a policy of progress, especially in my addresses to the Diocesan Conventions of 1892 and 1896, to be quoted later.

The foregoing seems germane to the title of this chapter as exhibiting the extent of territory that at first confronted the "wheels" for their traversing. We may now revert to a few of the colorful outlooks, by the way, that made the goings and comings on those migratory wheels especially when "the going was good" many-hued and exhilarating.

Among other lectures given in those initial years was one upon "Two years with California Wheels" delivered before the Laymen's Club in San Francisco. It was intended to give my impressions both upon wheels of administration, new and old, as I had to do with the machinery of Diocesan organization and upon my "Journeyings oft" on all the various vehicular wheels for travel on land and sea, and especially the peregrinations. The lecture covered by that time experiences from visitations of all parts of the Diocese save counties east of the Sierras and other remote regions where as yet no beginnings had been made for the Church. And it had all been a good deal like the novelties that make the name California a lure to so many in the older East, with the sensation on my part of becoming a perpetual tourist. The "wheels" carried me into privileged associations with all occupations and phases of

VISITATION TO MONO AND INYO COUNTIES
East of the Sierras
Archdeacon Emery, Rev. John Williams Nichols and W. F. N., 1901

California life, the mining of the mountains and to towns made famous by Bret Harte and Mark Twain, in the ranching of the Valleys, great and small, on the ranges of the cowboys whose hospitable tables I now and then shared, through fruit sections old and new, through foothill refuges of train robbers and others "with a past"—a sturdy missionary once described his cure to a missionary meeting as "that part of the country where Evans and Sontag," two most noted and desperate train bandits, were holding forth, adding "they were very favorably disposed to the Episcopal Church." By the way, it was in that same foothill section the only lawsuit I ever had arose. An organized Infidel Society had attempted to block the enterprise of building a new Church by seizing a keg of nails given from San Francisco. It was a question of a standing or a falling Church building, though the award in winning the suit was the value of the nails. As a gratifying sequel, the good missionary just mentioned, the Rev. J. S. McGowan, who had pioncered the provision of the first Churches in seven California towns, so won over that same community that the very man who had seized the nails became his friend and sent for him to minister to him in his last illness and death. But the temptation to enter into visitation experiences of all those years if not resisted would fill a book. And so we will only cite a few as illustration of life as I found it. Indeed it may not be without interest in a lighter vein to include one or two earlier phases as Bishop Kip on his part told them. While on the steamer in his first coming to California, a shipwreck on the Zuninga Shoals near San Diego—caused indeed by drifting with a single side-wheel—which he graphically describes in his *Early Days*, delayed him in the old town and brought him into an acquaintance with that "character" of the army there, Lieut. Derby, known as "John Phoenix" of Phoenixiana fame. A forerunner of the peculiar American humor literature, "Phoenix" had many quips and Bishop Kip told one of them. When walking through a San Fran-

cisco street Phoenix spied a baker's cart marked "Eagle Bakery." With much gesticulation he attracted the attention of the driver who drew up to the sidewalk to hear this: "I live at number so and so, wont you just stop at my house and leave a *baked eagle*." Another of Bishop Kip's "wheel" samplings was this. Mrs. Kip accompanied him on some of his journeyings and on one particularly creepy grade, steep, narrow and jolty, she could not conceal her nervousness from the Bishop. As a sedative he said to the man in charge of the stable where they changed horses on the grade, "My wife out there in the stage is very uneasy over this road. If you go out and assure her it will have more weight than anything I can say." "Of course," said the amateur consoler. The Bishop, under cover, watched the effect of his well-meant ruse. He heard this: "Madam, I understand you are pretty badly skeered on this here climb." "Yes," said Mrs. Kip, "I must confess that it does make me a little uneasy." "Well, there aint no manner of use of your taking on in this way, we haven't killed more than one woman a week on this-yere grade."

Outstanding in my "vicissitudes" is an overture to a sermon which almost amounted to a discomfiture in a little church. The Confirmation had brought a full attendance. I had taken my place to preach at the closing of the hymn preceding the sermon. But as the organ notes of the hymn died away and the congregation were taking their seats, a creaking sound of something giving away was heard and immediately in front of me I saw a whole pew full carrying the seat on down with them to the floor. Then as they were rigorously struggling to release themselves —something of a feat as the descent had wedged them together like a rigid keystoned arch—the solemn music of the hymn was succeeded by irresistible titter of the congregation. And it was not to be wondered at that titter followed titter in waves of *crescendo*, all to the most acute and inopportune strain upon the risibilities of the waiting preacher. Something had to be done to "make connections" again and I

ventured to preface the sermon by saying "I hope the foundations of the faith are more secure than some of the seats seem to be; at any rate let us now go on to consider one of them." There was with it all a merciful failure to know all that was involved in the situation. A year after on my next visitation I learned from one who was in that fated pew as her first experience in that Church and in going down was considerably shaken, that there was a dog under the pew. If I had known that at the time, I feel I should have collapsed. Fortunately the dog did not join in the convulsive chorus of the congregation, being under the end of the seat that did not fall.

Not a little of the contribution made to my interest in the more strenuous and primitive conditions of the pioneering of California came from those then living who had participation in them. Sheriffs of counties where bandits roamed and scenes of violence were rife, members of the tragic "Donner Party," railroad builders, Indian fighters, Vigilance Committeemen, "Forty-niners," founders of towns, Church pioneers and leaders in Church and State. Jacob P. Leese, who built the first house in San Francisco, and whom Dana in his *Two Years Before the Mast* tells of seeing both in 1835 and 1859, was still living and died at our St. Luke's Hospital. The original, as it was claimed, of "Truthful James" of Bret Harte I met. The identified spot where Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" tale happened was shown me by Judge Gottschalk, a young lawyer at the time it occurred in San Andreas "of Calaveras." The original of Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona* was pointed out to me. And one of the most interesting recitals of former times I heard was from the lips of Mr. William T. Coleman, the cool, courageous and alert leader in the heated violent Vigilance Committee times of San Francisco's crises. Characteristic was the first step he took when, having two suits of clothes and wearing his "Sunday suit" on going down town one Sunday morning to find something serious brewing, and that was to go home

and put on his every day apparel with a sort of premonition that he was to be drawn into some rough turn of affairs as he was. And telling him of my having read about the devotion to duty of the first Rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco, the Rev. Dr. Flavel Scott Mines, who on a raw midnight went from a sick bed to minister to a criminal who was to be "hung in an hour," "Yes," said Mr. Coleman, "I happened to be the one who sent the messenger in order that the man might have the ministrations he desired." Our Miss Mary Floyd Williams in her *Papers of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee* published by the University of California, has included some interesting documents about the Rev. Mr. Mines.

A notable evening that comes to my mind is one spent with a group of old Virgina City, Nevada, comrades: Messrs. Earle, Dean, Deal, with others, who, when I knew them, were most of them Vestrymen of Trinity Church, San Francisco. The spectacular ups and downs of the early mining days were made vivid by their graphic interchange of reminiscences. A chat with Supreme Justice Stephen J. Field gave me an opportunity to know one who had to do with the bar traditions of California. And as the wheels of my visitations carried me about, opportunities to meet old residents in all parts of the Diocese, and oftentimes to be their guest and to be shown the historic spots in their vicinities, such as the ruined adobe where an early Spanish Governor lived, or the cave where a celebrated bandit lived, or the shack Mark Twain once occupied, or the many associations with old Monterey, or the copy of the first deed to land ever given in California, made under the Spanish regime and signed by Junipero Serra, or the old Missions with their romance, whose history has in recent years been so fully and readably written by my friend, good Fr. Zephyrin Englehardt, O. F. M., of the Santa Barbara Mission; the going down into mines; the exploration of the working of great ranches and industrial enterprises of the modern El Dorado

SALINAS VALLEY VISITATION
W. F. N., Mrs. Nichols, Archdeacon Emery, Mrs. L. F. Monteagle

GROUP AT MARSHALL MONUMENT IN COLOMA
Where Gold Was Discovered
Bishop Moreland, Mrs. Nichols, W. F. N., Mrs. Monteagle

all had the effect of, in themselves, ingratiating me with an energizing sense of my new citizenship on the Coast. And as I was led more and more into the study of the bearings of Francis Drake's visit to the California Coast in 1579, and of the naming of our chief city after St. Francis of Assisi, I shall have something more to say about the train of events going back to each Francis later, it did seem that the See to which I had been called was truly a Seat

"by the shores of old romance."

I would have missed much of the "atmosphere" of earlier California if automobile wheels had been available in those earlier years, much as they later brought to my visitations convenience, economy of space and time and creature comforts. As I look back upon the hospitalities of private transportation with its opportunities as we jogged along mile after mile in buggies or wagons, or more pretentious vehicles, to rub off strangeness with my good hosts; as I recall the old time stage, its all day and often all night "rolling, reeling" over ways that were broad and deep as well as "high," with their democratic fellow passengers—not without occasional mischief in chaffing a tenderfoot parson—and those choice sittings "on the box" with the "Hank Monk" type of drivers, some of whom were then left, hardy and taciturn, until you could open them up, who would willingly have lost such hours from a California life? Drivers' yarns and comments could fill page after page as they come to me in this writing. Only one will I cite: I said to one of them as we were passing through a region after dark: "I have never seen this country in the day time, though having journeyed through it several times in night stages—"looks better at night" was his laconic comment. And when I did get a view of it by day I saw that he was right.

With the coming of the automobile, however, visitation work was simplified and roads and rubber tires worked their transformation of jolltless and dustless

novelty and speed for the Episcopal wheels of duty. I have good reason to remember how Mr. George H. Hooke expedited matters for me with his pioneering motor in the strenuous days of the fire and earthquake of 1906. And our busy Dean Gresham is ever ready to whisk me about San Francisco in his truly decanal car. It would be an omission indeed, however, not to make some reference to automobile wheels in their furtherance of Episcopal recreation and playspells. Though never feeling, in the later concentrations of my visitations around the large centers of population that an automobile would better facilitate the getting about, especially as the public ways of transportation were constantly under more adequate development, and our railroad authorities as represented by my good friend of many years, Mr. William Sproule, President of the Southern Pacific Company, and his predecessors in that company, as well as the authorities of the Santa Fe and Western Pacific and other shorter lines have ever been singularly generous in granting free transportation, I owe much to the thoughtfulness and consideration of my good people in the enjoyment of their "cars." Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, whom dear Archdeacon Emery used to call our "Lady Bountiful," for the continuous later years of my active visitations provided for my visitation of the Salinas Valley congregations in her automobile, going with the party when not absent from California, as President of the Woman's Auxiliary, stimulating them with her own zeal and addresses. In these parties there were generally included: Mrs. Nichols and the Archdeacon and some Rector of a leading parish. Then by the same kindly provision, recreational trips have been widely made with delightful parties to points of historical interest like Drake's Bay, Fort Ross, The Petrified Forest, Lake Tahoe and Coloma, as well as to St. Dorothy's Rest, Rev. Mr. Maxwell's St. Andrew's Camp for Boys, through the great redwoods over the Oregon line and a crowning expedition to Crater Lake and Mount Ranier, en route to the General Convention

HOUSE PARTY AT "THE BEND"
With Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler and Family
Including Motoring Parties of Bishop and Mrs. Manning
of New York and of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Monteagle

AT "FILOLI," HOME OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM B. BOURN
Left to Right: Bishop Lawrence, Mr. Bourn, W. F. N.,
Bishop J. H. Johnson, Bishop Moreland

in Portland, Oregon, in 1922, stopping at the home of baronial suggestions and beauty of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, "The Bend" on the McCloud River. Others throughout the Diocese and State too have associated happiest hours with their automobiles in affording me and mine joys of longer or shorter outings, the late Mrs. George W. Gibbs in a journey over the Mexican line and other trips elsewhere, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn at rare "Filoli," Mr. Philip M. Lansdale, Mr. Edward H. Clark, Jr., and many another have expedited my visitations and contributed to that "rhythm of riding" on air—for after all does not the air inflated tire really bring the automobile into the aeronaut class? Verily then:

The spirit a Californian feels
Delightsome is on California wheels.

CHAPTER X

DAYS OF DIOCESAN DEVELOPMENT

BEFORE coming to California I had not been unaware of the impression "trippingly on the tongue" that the California Pioneers "had left all their religion the other side of the Rockies." It suggests of course that such a jettisoning of character-cargo ought to have sensibly and noticeably accrued to the spiritual and moral asset of the "Middle West." But however that may be, facts soon showed no such de-naturing or de-spiriting as that. The first organization of the Church of the Pacific Coast was entered upon in the very thick of the Gold Rush, July 22, 1849. Forty of the leading young men of the new community, which surely is one more than one for every one of the Thirty-nine "Articles of Religion," subscribed their names to form Holy Trinity Parish, San Francisco. And their sentiment expressed in that primary document is well worth the perpetuation which has been given it, together with all their names on a bronze tablet on the present Trinity Church walls. All things considered it is a rarely intelligent and striking missionary prospectus. "We recognize the obligation to evince as individuals and as a people our gratitude to Almighty God for all His mercies in imparting our spiritual things to a country that is affording us in such abundance its worldly things." And in a pen and ink sketch of the first plain building, as reflecting the masculine make-up of the motley inhabitants then, three ladies were pictured in the foreground because—as one of the original signers told me—they were at the time the only three ladies in the whole congregation. Another curious phase of things then, was the juxtaposition for a while, due to circumstances into which we need not enter, of the only two of our Church buildings on the whole Pacific Coast, on two corners directly opposite each on the same street. When Bishop Kip

came early in 1854, isolation and struggle had sorely tried the temper of the faithful people and he said "he found Grace Church—the second congregation—with twenty people inside and a Sheriff outside." Such were the beginnings. And when we remember that from 1849 to 1854 there was no resident Bishop on this whole Pacific Coast and probably the fingers of the two hands would count all the clergy who had been here in any part of it and in less than seventy-five years later there are now ten Bishops in active jurisdiction with several hundred clergy and tens of thousands communicants, any broad outlook is assuring enough for Church development whatever be the serious problems and difficulties that confront us today.

It is not my purpose to deal much with statistics in these chapters and in now confining Church development more especially to that under my immediate observation in this Diocese, I suppose it is no strange thing to happen to a Bishop whose call to the office has all the credentials of being peremptory and clear, to find an exhilaration of idealism as a great and effectual door of opportunity seems opening to him in his new field, however the sense of new responsibility may temper his heart searchings with queries how he can possibly face the situation. It is a mixed condition of mind which Bishop Wilson, of Sodor and Man divined in his maxim, *Dulce periculum sequi Deum.* (Sweet the peril of following God.) That describes the misgiving of the peril and the conviction that the call is an irresistible leading of God and yet points a sweetness in it in leaning upon the sufficiency of God which is unquestionable. And it is part of that sweetness to feel a glow of rosy idealism at the outlook of things one would like to do. Of course some of them may be impracticable, some utopian, some premature and some bound for disappointment. It has been said that an Idealist may easily become "the victim of his ideals."

Experience verified most of these contingencies for early ideals, both on spiritual and material lines. But

some that were forecast in my annual address of 1892 over and above such pressing matters as Division of the Diocese previously noted were these: "Though perhaps the time has not yet come for the initiation of any direct steps towards them, other needs for substantial money endowments should be in our prayers and in our thoughts if we are to rise to the privileges and responsibilities of Churchmen for the times and for the opportunities of California, notably provisions for the establishment of a Training School for students in Theology and for the making a beginning of a Cathedral enterprise worthy of the Church and of the Greater San Francisco."

Again in 1895 in my Annual Address were noted: "These following specific steps seem to me to be before us to take up in the immediate future: (1) To make two Dioceses where there is now one; (2) To provide for the increase of general missionary work by Convocational effort and by general missionaries; (3) To develop city missionary work in all the larger cities by Auxiliary Committees to the Board of Missions, and (4) To increase the sense of individual responsibility in baptism for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ."

Probably the most noteworthy registration of growth was in the two Divisions of the Diocese, the setting apart of the Diocese of Los Angeles in 1895 already referred to and the creation of the District of San Joaquin in 1910. The ripeness of such action has been signally certified. Southern California has far more than fulfilled its then promise of influx of population and material prosperity. And under the able and devoted administration of its first Bishop, Bishop Johnson, and now his worthy Coadjutor, Bishop Stevens, the daughter Diocese of Los Angeles has outgrown the Mother Diocese in Church statistics. When that Division came it did not seem probable that another Division would fall in the years of my episcopate. But in 1908 it began to dawn upon me that the growth of population around San Francisco Bay, as well as in the interior

DEAN'S COTTAGE
Ordination Day of First Divinity School Class and Planting of Class Palm, 1897

FIRST BUILDING OF THE CHURCH DIVINITY SCHOOL OF THE PACIFIC
San Mateo

counties of the Diocese, must be reckoned with for adequate administration. Accordingly in my Convention Address of that year I called attention to the fact that "every interest for true progress and provision dictated alertness in the matter at least to the extent of a preliminary survey of the possibilities," and a committee of clergy and laity representative of all parts of the Diocese was appointed to "study and report upon the whole question." Ample time was given for preparing the Report which was deferred and after full publicity, was presented in 1910 to the Convention preceding the General Convention from which permission and creation of a new field might be found. With virtual unanimity all steps in the Diocesan and General Conventions were taken and the District of San Joaquin marked the third Division of the original Diocese of California. At the Diocesan Convention the suggestion was made in the Report of the Committee that the name of the Mother Diocese be changed to the Diocese of San Francisco, but it failed to carry. There were now four Sees in the State where Bishop Kip came to but one in 1854. The first to be set off was the District of Northern California in 1874 under Bishop Wingfield covering the Counties of Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Sacramento, Amador and El Dorado and the counties north of them, leaving territory covered by some thirty-two counties in the old Diocese. The second Division subtracted eight counties to make the Diocese of Los Angeles. The third Division, that is the separation of the District of San Joaquin in 1910 took fourteen counties from the remaining twenty-four, leaving ten for the present Diocese of California. And that District has enjoyed the efficiency and enterprise of its first Bishop, Bishop Sanford, who with his ardent missionary spirit came as a Deacon to one of its mission fields and was there ordained by me to the Priesthood. There is every promise with its sound and steady development of its reaching Diocesan status before many years. Meanwhile, with all its depletions of area and statistics

the old Diocese has about the same strength that it had in the period preceding Division. It has, however, been a case like that of the oft-repeated Alice, who "had to keep running just as fast as she could to stay where she was!"

While the Mother Diocese can rejoice and feel a maternal pride in all the advance made by the daughter Sees and be thankful for her own blessings of gain and welfare she has never lacked the challenge of problems nor the consciousness of great opportunity. To illustrate this as well as to single them out for especial treatment and as well for their encouragement of outcome, several developments from our Diocesan history will be given later chapters to themselves. Some of them may be claimed as locally featuring the Diocese. But continuing here to follow the ordinary annals of Diocesan growth, at the end of the first decade of my episcopate in my Convention Address of 1900 I ventured upon a summary of accomplishments which seemed to mark the headway then. In any such estimate there could easily be listed many things which had not been accomplished and if it is not included here it will safely be taken for granted by anyone at all interested in these *Days of My Age*. The summary of 1900 was as follows:

"These projects which, from time to time, during the decade have been noted in annual addresses have been carried into effect, viz:

"1. The beginning of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific in 1893 and the meeting of Pacific Coast Bishops in its interest in 1896.

"2. The initiation of a Cathedral system and the growing work of the Cathedral Mission.

"3. The Division of the Diocese for the erection of the Diocese of Los Angeles in 1895.

"4. The invitation to the General Convention to meet in San Francisco in 1901 and its acceptance, promising the first General Convention of the twentieth century on the Pacific Coast, as an object lesson of Church extension.

"5. The erection of the Prayer Book Cross, in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, as a historic mark of the first use of the Book of Common Prayer in the present territory of the United States, and so of the primary event of the American Church.

"6. The constituting the Bishop a corporation sole to make secure holdings of Institutions and also those of encumbered Mission property until ready to be turned over to the corporation of the Diocese without encumbrance, and to facilitate the readier handling of some of the business of the Church.

"7. The functions and advantages of an Archdeacon have had demonstration as those in the main of a General Missionary and Aid to the Bishop. I venture to hope that at this Convention provision may be made, in accordance with the Canons, for the support of this office which has been found so helpful and has, probably, already more than paid for itself in its direct agency in increasing revenues and properties for the Church.

"8. Forty-four church buildings have been acquired in the last decade. This includes eleven before division in the territory now forming the Diocese of Los Angeles. It is an interesting fact that, in the city of San Francisco, during the ten years, five of the eight old parishes have built costly new churches, besides four new churches for new work, averaging nearly one building for each year of the decade. There are sixteen points in San Francisco where regular Sunday services are held. I am satisfied that the passage of the carefully drawn proposed amendment to the State Constitution will facilitate church building."

Any Chapter of Diocesan Experiences would be a sad travesty on that "Psalm of Life," the thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, if it counted lines of development without taking cognizance of the only true moving cause of them all. Without their prompting and energizing by love of Christ and the Church, and our fellow man, there would be the sounding of brass and the

clanging of a cymbal all through such a Chapter of hollowness. Material standards and big showings are an obsession of success of the age. California from its very history of

"The Days of old
The Days of Gold,"

is especially susceptible to it. Religion and the Church move in an atmosphere of an infection of mammon worship. They are exposed to its deadening influences. And our own Diocesan development has been no exception. We have as a Diocese been most fortunate in having for an Historiographer one who under God made no unimportant part of the History he wrote, especially in its pioneering Chapters. The late Rev. Douglas Ottinger Kelley in 1915 published his "History of the Diocese of California, from 1849 to 1914," which has well realized the hope he expressed in his Preface that it might be "in some sort an authority regarding the early annals of the Church in California, so far at least as the gathering of them together for convenient reference." There has been many a phase of it to hamper our progress and to repress us into regret and repentance, not to say into arrested development at times. But we have not been without a consciousness of its failures. We have tried to be obedient to the vision of a spiritual *elan* as the critical feature of our life. Missions, and Quiet Days and Retreats and emphases of the devotional and sacramental verities have been resorted to for their stimulus to the "things that matter" back of the things that measure. And this we hope has tempered somewhat our human craving for notoriety to be reckoned among "the biggest" or "the first" to make any goal of running record. However faultily we have developed toward it, as a Diocese, there has at least been the yearning towards that pristine ideal that "the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And this is an aim which we trust we can in all humility read "between

the lines" as we proceed to some following Chapters which treat in more detail of the development of some of the special projects that have taken shape in these *Days of My Age.*

CHAPTER XI

THE CHURCH DIVINITY SCHOOL OF THE PACIFIC

(I reprint here with modifications the historical sketch I prepared at the time of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Divinity School, from the *Pacific Churchman* of October, 1918. There are also added reminiscences after twenty-five years by the Rev. Griffin Marshall Cutting, the first undergraduate to report for the beginning of the School.)

THE OPENING service of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific was held in San Mateo in the rooms set apart for a chapel in the first building, on St. Luke's Day, October 18, 1893. It was a celebration of the Holy Communion by the Bishop who made an address, with the Rev. James Otis Lincoln, Gospeller, and the Rev. William Ingraham Kip, 3rd, Epistoler. Besides these were present the Rev. J. DeWolfe Cowie, the Rev. William A. Brewer, the Rev. Geo. Wallace, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. J. O. Lincoln and Mrs. H. R. Judah. The morning sunlight flooded the altar auspiciously for the hope in the venture of faith to find for the Divinity School an interpretation of its chosen text, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." Bishop Kip in his problems of finding clergy to man the vast field committed to him, had referred in his charge to the Diocese of 1867 to "the necessity for a Training School for our Candidates for Orders." In 1868 the Rev. Dr. Breck in his second instinct to go to the regions which lie beyond, with his Divinity Students brought from the East made a Divinity School part of the plan he initiated at Benicia and it continued till 1870. In 1892, in my Convention address, I made as already stated a forecast among other needs, for the establishment of a Training School for Students in Theology. Conditions became more and most insistent for such a Training School as the need for clergy increased and as the distance and expense of sending Candidates East, and the advantage of having an In-

stitution on the Coast to suggest and foster vocation and train workers for the marked characteristics of our "Pacific Slope" fields, became more and more obvious. I have thought a good many times since of a significant question asked me at the time by an experienced educator of the East: "Do you realize what you are undertaking?"

The steps which more immediately led up to the opening service and indeed made it possible, are of interest here. In May, 1892, Mr. George W. Gibbs of noble memory and the Rev. Robert C. Foute, then Rector of Grace Church, San Francisco, who themselves had a keen realization of the need, with the Bishop visited various points to survey their availability for the site of such a School. But in the meantime Mr. Gibbs had purchased and presented to the Armitage Boys' Orphanage a new and enlarged domain in San Mateo. That left vacant the four and more acres with the buildings previously occupied by the Orphanage. On Tuesday, November 29, 1892, Mr. Gibbs offered to the Bishop the relinquished Orphanage site for the site of the proposed Divinity School, which was promptly accepted. When I was in attendance at the General Convention in Baltimore of 1892, with Bishop John Williams and other Bishops, the guest of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and in a conversation in which Mr. Morgan was asking about the proposed Divinity School on Monday, October 25, 1892, he volunteered to give twenty thousand dollars toward the endowment of a professorship to be known as the Bishop John Williams Professorship. On Sunday, June 25, 1893, Mr. George W. Gibbs announced his intention to add to his gift of the site, a further provision towards the endowment fund of twenty thousand dollars of the stock of the George W. Gibbs Co., worth far more than fifty thousand dollars of endowment, material provision seemed then to justify the definite fixing of a date to open the School as above noted. Though there could only be small beginnings there was enough in sight to make them secure and "the launching out into the deep"

of future growth and problems thickening about Training Schools, after all, did not make as much demand on faith as that at the starting of some of the older Eastern Seminaries. We are told for example that when the General Theological Seminary began its work in 1819, more than a hundred years ago, the two Professors met the six students in a small apartment over the Vestry Room of St. Paul's Chapel, New York City, until the approach of cold weather compelled them to remove to the Vestry Room, where "they remained until one day they found the doors locked and were informed by the sexton that they would not be allowed to continue to use the room unless the professors would supply the fuel necessary to warm it!"

With an initial building site and start towards endowment, the life to be housed became a first consideration. The Rev. James Otis Lincoln, a graduate of Harvard and of the Berkeley Divinity School, accepted the call to be the first Professor on the ground. The Rev. William Ingraham Kip 3rd, grandson of the first Bishop of California and graduate of the University of California and of the General Theological Seminary, together with the Bishop, who became Dean, constituted the original Faculty.

The first student to appear was Griffin Marshall Cutting, with others soon following for the courses of those first years. George Nelson Deyo, Harmon Chamberlin St. Clair, Charles Joseph French for special courses, and David Charles Gardner, Edward Morgan, Charles Carlisle Paine and Frank Alfred Ruth for full courses. One or two others were temporary students and Messrs. Cutting, Gardner and Morgan graduated in 1897 and the names above given include the earliest on the list of the School. All soon formed a family life in the original building and caught something of a pioneering spirit in making the best of the day of small things and limitations, entering earnestly into the curriculum and under the leadership of Professor Lincoln taking their stint in putting and keeping in shape the grounds which disuse

after the Orphanage had left, had brought into sad neglect. To this day some of them can recognize their own handiwork in planting the hedge or otherwise. And after ten years the three members of the first class to take the whole course were photographed under the flourishing palm they had planted on the day of their graduation.

Among matters mooted at gatherings of Bishops and Deputies from the Pacific Slope at the General Conventions of 1892 and 1895 an interest was shown in the proposition to start the Divinity School which well justified the hope and aim in its forming to have it serve, so far as might be, the supply of clergy throughout the whole region. Accordingly a "Document No. 1" was issued as a prospectus for the School, signed by all the following Bishops then having jurisdiction in these parts, viz.: Bishop Morris of Oregon, Bishop Wingfield of Northern California, Bishop Talbot of Wyoming and Idaho, Bishop Leonard of Nevada and Utah, Bishop Kendrick of New Mexico and Arizona, Bishop Nichols of California, Bishop Barker of Olympia and Bishop Wells of Spokane. In that document they made the following statement:

"1. Every consideration of wise Church policy for the present and the future in the judgment of the signers of this, points to the necessity for a center for thorough theological training on the Pacific Coast.

"2. We believe that by a united effort, with proper provision for co-operation in the management, resource and equipment can be found and used to the best advantage in building up a strong and worthy institution.

"3. By the generous gifts of two laymen, the beginning of what may become such an institution, has already been made at San Mateo, which has a pleasant location on San Francisco Bay, practically suburban to San Francisco, and within easy reach of California's two notable universities, the State University at Berkeley and the Leland Stanford Junior University at

Palo Alto. A San Francisco layman has given (a) a site of four acres admirably situated and adequate for all future buildings of the Divinity School. (b) A building now occupied for the purposes of the school, and (c) an invested fund towards the endowment, approximating $30,000 in value. An Eastern layman gave an addition of $20,000 to the endowment fund, making nearly $50,000 of endowment now actually in hand and securely invested.

"4. Good men are offering themselves for the work of the ministry in our respective fields to whom oftentimes the expense of travel to Eastern institutions is prohibitory, but who need the best possible education to enable them to cope with the exacting conditions of our fields."

In 1896 a Committee of the then Bishops covering the same field reiterated this statement in substance and since that time the Bishops of what is now the Province of the Pacific have well sustained their interest by sending candidates as they had opportunity in their widely isolated fields, preaching Ordination Sermons and otherwise. We shall see later that in the distribution of our Alumni this relation to the Province in general has been in evidence to make the School in fact as in name "of the Pacific."

One indirect encouragement for the founding of the School was the existence of a Fund in the Diocese of California which provides for a number of Scholarships each year. This Fund came from the late Robert K. Eastman in 1882 and is known as the "Eastman Educational Fund." The grants made from it have enabled many students, with some self-help from Lay-Reading and Teaching, to meet the expense of their course. By the terms of the gift one-tenth of the income each year is added to the principal so that the fund increases as time goes on, and the whole is held in trust, subject to grants by the Bishop and Standing Committee of the Diocese of California. Provision is made, however, for grants throughout the Province when practicable. From

the first, the effort has been constant at the School to co-operate with the Trustees in carrying out the intent of the gift to make it possible for fit men to study for the ministry as the nation does for its army and navy at West Point and Annapolis, and is now arranging for our younger drafted men at our many universities and colleges.

And the record shows that such effort has not been misplaced. From time to time gifts have been made for this purpose. If it had not been for such provision it is difficult to see how some of our most successful men in the ministry could have accomplished their aims. It is a "hasty generalization" to conclude from the misfit of some scholarships that all are a mistake.

Year has followed year since that opening service and all have had their ordinary School routine, never lacking interest to those sharing in it, but not affording data that we need dwell upon here, save on some special lines to be now noted. There have been the inevitable changes in the Faculty. The Rev. Dr. Herbert H. Powell came to us in 1900. The Rev. Canon Kip was taken from all the earthly promise of his young life and was succeeded by the Rev. Dan Lewis who in turn was called by death. The Rev. Henry H. Haynes was with us for a while, leaving his work as Professor of Semitics to the Rev. Francis C. Murgotten, the first Alumnus to occupy a chair. The Rev. J. DeWolfe Cowie also for a time was on the Faculty and the Rev. A. A. Mackenzie, the Rev. Canon Hayes and others for short periods have served as Instructors. The Very Rev. Dr. Gresham is continuing the membership in the Faculty he undertook some time since and the Bishops of San Joaquin and of Oregon, the Rev. Dr. E. L. Parsons, now Bishop Coadjutor, Archdeacon Emery and others have been Lecturers. Later changes need not be noted here. Dr. H. R. Fairclough of Stanford University and Dr. William A. Morris of the University of California, among others, have brought to the Faculty the width of scholarship and efficiency of modern University teaching and have made

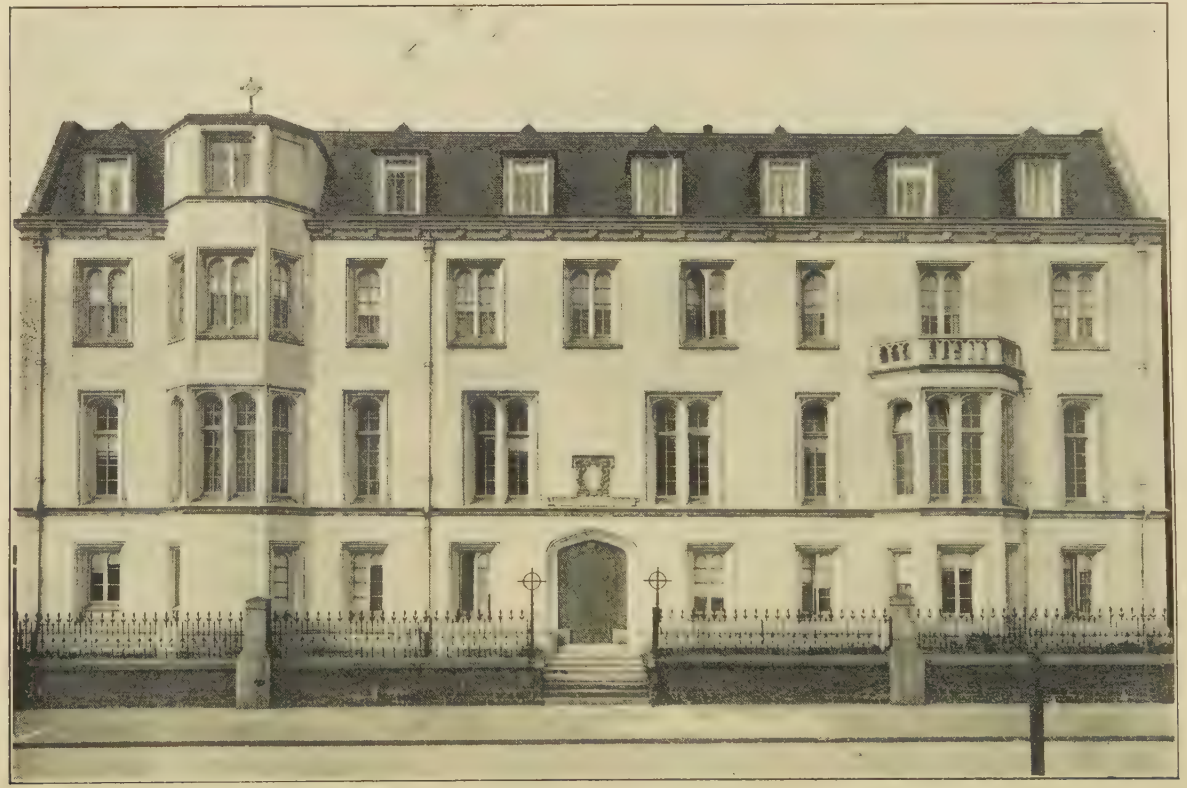
operative a real University affiliation. The School has been fortunate in the fidelity and loyalty to its interests and aims of those who have filled its chairs. Most of them have known what it was to practice the self-denials of the pioneer days and that not grudgingly but as cheerful promoters.

The building in which the opening service was held —formerly the Home of the Armitage Orphanage—was thoroughly refitted to house the Divinity School and was known as "Gibbs Hall." In 1895 two new cottages were occupied as residences of the Dean and Professor Lincoln respectively. In 1901 a dining hall and rooms for students were added to Gibbs Hall. In the same year with notable ceremony, a large delegation of Bishops and Deputies from the General Convention held in San Francisco that year sharing in the event, the corner-stone of a projected new Divinity School group of buildings was laid.

A beginning of a quadrangle of stone and brick had been made, principally through the generous provision of Mrs. George W. Gibbs, but the earthquake of 1906 affected it seriously, especially as it was under construction.

The Divinity School was removed November 17, 1911, to the spacious Cathedral block in San Francisco, to form part of the quadrangle of the Cathedral close, for which a complete plan has been drawn so that memorial buildings may be erected as a part of one symmetrical whole. The first building is a spacious hall of stone and steel construction to be known as "The George William Gibbs Memorial Hall," the noble gift of Mrs. Gibbs, who laid the corner-stone.

While in San Mateo the School was remembered by many friends in California and the East with Chapel Memorials and gifts for buildings and furnishings and for improvement of grounds, notably for the first intalment of the new Chapel which was wrecked by the earthquake, and for special courses of instruction and for running expenses. Economy of management and



THE GEORGE WILLIAM GIBBS MEMORIAL HALL of the Church Divinity School

appreciation of securities together with the patient continuance under small salaries of the paid staff have ever kept the School out of debt. In her lifetime habitually making and securing rich gifts and showing her interest in the School in many ways we should remember the late Miss Augusta Hart Williams, a former parishioner of the Bishop at Christ Church, Hartford, Conn. She died in 1913 and in her will she made generous provision for an addition to the endowment of the School of about thirty-five thousand dollars which has been named "the Augusta Hart Williams Fund."

In 1923 the San Mateo property was sold and the amount received, some $25,000, was added to the endowment. A Library nearing 10,000 volumes has been accumulated, much of it from gifts of libraries of departed alumni and other clergy and friends.

The list of Alumni shows nearly a hundred names in all, scattered throughout the Church in its foreign and domestic fields, several holding important positions in New York City. China, Japan, the Hawaiian Islands and far off Tonga number them on their clergy lists.

The offering at the first service was taken for foreign Missions and the first to be enrolled as a student gave his earliest years in the ministry to a foreign field. Many are officiating in the fields of the Province of the Pacific, keeping true to the Pacific title of the School. And the Alumni are represented in six out of the eight Provinces of the Church. One Alumnus is Dean of a Theological School and has declined a nomination to the episcopate, two are Deans of Cathedrals, and there is already a fair representation of Alumni among Deputies to General Convention—the Alumni at the General Convention in Portland, Oregon, in 1922 having an enjoyable dinner together—and Synods and in Diocesan Offices. The record of the quarter century then very generally speaking is that of Alumni "making good" in their ministry, in character and in work. Through their Association acting jointly with the School for Christian Service and Deaconess Training School of the Pacific,

they send out annually an Advent appeal for the better observance of Ember Seasons and the emphasis of the vocation to the Ministry, addressing it to every clergyman in the Province of the Pacific.

For its earlier years it had seemed wise to keep the inclusion of the Corporate entity in the "Corporation Sole" functions of the Bishop of California. Accordingly the property interests were vested in that corporation. Diplomas have been granted to those who took the courses of the School, and twenty-five years passed in a conservatism in granting Degrees which looked to a proper standardizing of Degree values out of an extended experience, before proceeding to any empowerment to confer them. As marking the turning point into a second quarter of a century however, steps for further Corporate privileges were taken for due chartering by the State of a Board of Trustees which among other powers has the authority to grant Degrees, and three Honorary Degrees of Doctor in Divinity have been granted. As we have but one other Church institution in the Province so far as at present advised, competent to do that, our clergy and distinguished laity far removed from the Eastern institutions, have scant honorary recognition in such decoration and many of our students in Theology, if the Degrees in Course are guarded for their worth while, might be stimulated to advanced studies for such Degrees. The by-laws provide for the co-operation of a committee of the Bishops of the Province to be Advisory in all such Degrees as well as in the Administration and Policy of the School itself. In the Constitution of the Board of nine Trustees three of the Alumni are included to be elected by the Alumni Association. The hope is that while for quorum for ordinary business a local Board seems the more practicable, in the more vital matters the wider interest and counsel of the Bishops of the Province and the Alumni can be made efficient. This is all the more timely since training methods for the ministry and courses and general conditions themselves are in the melting pot.

Our hope is in the Church Divinity School to be ready for all wise readjustments to meet results in our Province.

The clergy and laity of the Province and all friends of the School have been asked to have this at heart and on anniversaries of St. Luke's Day, its birthday, and at other times to remember the Divinity School with its Prayer published with this, and in its effort to find and to teach "Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life."

A Prayer for the School

Almighty God, Who hast purchased to Thyself an Universal Church by the precious blood of Thy dear Son, and therein hast appointed the ministry of reconciliation; we beseech Thee mercifully to bless all institutions earnestly contending for the Faith once delivered unto the Saints, and especially this Church Divinity School and all its members and benefactors, and to establish it to all generations to Thy honor and glory. Bring to it whatever it may need in endowment, in library, in instruction, and in all other ways to carry its good designs into effect. To those to whom are committed the duties of administration and instruction, give Thy Heavenly Grace, that they may perceive what things they ought to do and may also have strength and power faithfully to fulfill the same. And to those who are here to be trained up for the sacred ministry of Thy Church give an awful sense of the honor and danger of the trust to which they are to be called; endue them with sound minds and moderated desires; fill them with a spirit of holy zeal and self-denial; and grant that they may so faithfully labor in their day and generation that when they are called to give an account of their stewardship they may not be found unprofitable servants. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

From the earliest student:

I have been asked, I presume because I am the pioneer student of the Church Divinity School, to give some reminiscences of the early days.

There is one incident connected with the opening service that is worth recording. The School was opened on St. Luke's Day, 1893, without a single student being in residence, and an offering was taken for the Divinity School in Tokio, Japan. I had planned to arrive in time for the service, but in journeying from Pasadena—and perhaps it is worthy of noting just here, that of the six men who made up the first class to complete the full course, all came from what is now the Diocese of Los Angeles—my train was late, and I arrived just as the service was concluded. In this respect the opening of our Divinity School was not unlike the launching of a similar school at Cuddesdon in the Diocese of Oxford. On that occasion the sermon was preached by Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand from the text, "A little one shall become a thousand." The number of students at that time was exactly one, who was afterwards known as "the little one." But that "little one" while still hale and hearty had the pleasure of shaking hands with the thousandth one to register. While our Divinity School has not been blessed to that extent, others will, no doubt, be able to tell the story of how our graduates have multiplied and gone forth, so that today "Their sound has gone out into all lands, and their voices to the ends of the world."

Those early days were days of small things both as regards students and buildings. I know that they were days of plain living, even if it does not become me to say, that they were marked by high thinking. The idea of the Founder was not to open a Theological College Subscription with a Flourish of Trumpets and a Building, but rather to let that material garb grow up around the actual spiritual-educational work, which was first organized. Body was to follow upon spirit. And so it did. When I think of the manner of our living in that first building, and of the real hardships which it sometimes entailed; and of the Chapel, which was Chapel, library and lecture room combined, and of which it could truthfully be said, that there was nothing about it,

either architecturally or ecclesiologically to attract, or impress with reverence, or lead us to remember it with attachment; and then compare such with the splendid buildings already erected on the Cathedral block, and which in God's own appointed time will be completed, I appreciate how the idea of our Founder has been realized, and that body has followed upon spirit.

But my recollections are all of the San Mateo days. It was an ideal spot for a Divinity School. And my four years at San Mateo, what a host of recollections the words bring back! The time when that enthusiasm hidden, half stifled it may be, yet always stored up in young hearts, was first roused; the awakening of the soul to a vision of an ideal worth living for; the first stirrings of the sense of gratitude to God; the first springing up of the great desire to dedicate his best to God; and the opening consciousness of a growing enthusiasm for humanity, those are the memories that come back today.

I believe that at San Mateo we did realize a social ideal; for the Common Room became that center of social life which is one of the most potent influences of a theological school, and of which nothing can take the place; a brotherly spirit of sympathy; of rivalry in good things; of well directed chaff, so good for rubbing off one's corners.

And though today I cannot say that I have the enthusiasm of those early days, yet I would not exchange my solid certainties and firm convictions of today for all the warmer enthusiasm of those San Mateo days; and I can and do, thankfully affirm that that is so, because of the foundation under which God's grace was laid and fostered by the spirituality of the Dean, the patient, loving faithfulness of the Chaplain, and the saintly example and intellect of that young instructor—our senior by only a few years—and who was so soon lost to the School, but who has helped by his memory, and we trust by his unhampered intercessions.

G. M. Cutting, '97.

CHAPTER XII

GRACE CATHEDRAL

(A reprint from my Address to the Diocesan Convention of 1913.)

IN THE BISHOP'S OFFICE there are three remaining copies, others being burned in the fire that destroyed Grace Church, San Francisco, of fond memory, of the Prayer Book of an edition dating back to about the middle of the last century, which had marked on them in large gilt letters "Grace Cathedral." Prophetic as the inscription was, it had stood for nearly forty years a survival of a brief period in the history of Grace Church during which Bishop Kip formally took the Parish Church as his Episcopal Seat while practically acting as the Rector of the Parish at a critical time in its finances. One of the earliest and most studious writers upon an American Cathedral System, the late Hon. James M. Woolworth, LL. D., for many years Chancellor of the Diocese of Nebraska, refers to this as an attempt "made to engraft the Cathedral upon the organization of the Church," and says, "Not long after he was sent out to California, Bishop Kip placed his Episcopal Chair in Grace Church of San Francisco and called that Church his Cathedral. He did this in his right as rector of the Parish and when his incumbency ceased the name Cathedral was dropped. He afterwards held the rectorship of the Church of the Advent and there again set up his Episcopal Seat and gave its edifice the same name and withdrew both when he resigned the position." In another writing Chancellor Woolworth accords to Bishop Kip the explicit credit of his being the first in our American Church to thus actually and formally designate a Cathedral Seat. Whatever earlier thought of the traditional system of the Mother Church may appear in Cathedral aspirations and utterances from our American Churchmen, Chancellor Woolworth and others bearing their witness to it, right here in our Dio-

cese and in the Grace Church which was directly antecedent to our Grace Cathedral, was the real Cathedral origin in our national Church. We may ourselves have not fully appraised this fact at its face value, for us locally and for the national Church historically. There certainly is in it a good deal to captivate the sentiment of a California Churchman. And there is a datum to be more widely recognized and honored and accredited to the Pacific Coast in the *Cathedraliana* now so notably finding vogue throughout the Dioceses and Districts. All our American Church histories now begin with that other initiative in our Diocesan borders, the first service in the English tongue within what constitutes the present boundaries of the United States. That was the first use of the Book of Common Prayer in our country. It is ours to realize that by a striking providence of God, history must record a second event of signal significance as occurring not amid the memorable and continuous Atlantic antecedents of the Church, but on our far Pacific Seaboard. That event was the first use of a Prayer Book with the truly proprietary word "Cathedral" stamped on it in our Grace Church, San Francisco, as the Cathedral Seat of Bishop Kip. A "Double Witness" indeed for the Church it all presents and that in quite another way than that in which the Church was dowered by the epochal book of our first Bishop. On the Seal happily designed by the President of our Standing Committee, the Rev. Dr. Bakewell, and presented to the Cathedral Chapter, there is an episcopal throne with the legend Θεοῦ Χάριτι καθεδ. ἐπισκ.: which we in thanksgiving, if in humility, might freely interpret: *By the grace of God the first Cathedral Seat in our National Church.*

But through the *Cathedra* was with that priority so carried into act and embodied in the style "Grace Cathedral" for the building, and in the printed matter of the Congregation as well as in the terminology used in the Convention Journals of the Diocese for the years 1863, 1864, 1865 and 1866, Bishop Kip's references to it and

other *data* in reports show the limitations under which it existed and finally came into abeyance. And if the evidence points to a starting point here, all honor should be given to leaders in the Church in the half century since, Bishop Whipple, Bishop Doane of Albany, Bishop Perry of Iowa, Bishops Horatio and Henry C. Potter and Bishop Satterlee, not to mention others in the Episcopate, and Presbyters like Drs. William R. Huntington and John Fulton, and laity like Chancellor Woolworth, who have assiduously promoted and adapted the idea to our American institutions. It was due to the patient pioneering of such men that we are now reaching a period where an appreciation of the practical value of the Cathedral system seems to be popularized. We here are entering into our labors and owe them much as we have the systems and statutes they have worked out to give us points for our own.

Bishop Kip had fostered the feeble infant congregation of Grace Church by becoming its rector within the first month after his arrival in San Francisco in 1854, and the satisfactory outcome of that had prepared the way for the further step when the more imposing second building for the Parish was consecrated. He speaks of the XV. Sunday after Trinity, September 28, 1863, as his "first Sunday in the new Grace Cathedral," and the report from the officers of that year say "The plan of the Cathedral contemplates the congregation being placed under charge of a clergyman as Dean with other clergy, the Bishop of the Diocese being the nominal Head." This official designation of the Episcopal Seat and the name Cathedral continued as has been stated, in Congregation and Convention records, until 1867. Then in name and in fact the status reverted to that of Grace Church and was so recognized by the Bishop himself in his official references. And though later (1879-1882) his temporary assumption of the rectorship of the Church of the Advent, San Francisco, in order to help it out of its difficulties, gave that also a *quasi* Cathedral aspect for the time being as the place

of his Episcopal Seat, still it is evident that the Cathedral idea had reached an "arrested development," as in 1876 the Bishop pleads in his Convention Address for a "Bishop's Church," saying:

"I refer to the necessity of the Bishop having some Church or Chapel, with which he is known to be connected, and where, when in the city, he can be found at stated times.

"There are now ten congregations in this city, yet without any union except the common one of connection with the Church. Each walks along in its own district in a spirit of congregationalism. The Diocese has no central point or headquarters. The 'Church Union' was created to supply this obvious want. They even hired a room where the Bishop could be found at certain times; but this was an expedient outside of the Church to supply a want within it, and it could only partially succeed in removing the difficulty. It can only be done fully and properly by a Bishop's Church, recognized as his home, and from whence the missionary efforts of the Diocese can emanate. This is the way contemplated by the Church.

"To this conclusion experience has long since brought the great body of the Church, and in most Dioceses, on the election of a Bishop, one of the first steps taken was to provide him with an ecclestiastical home. I believe this is the only Diocese west of the Mississippi where such is not the case. During the rainy season on this coast but few visitations can be made, and therefore during the whole winter the Bishop is obliged to be in this city. Here, he belongs everywhere and nowhere. No congregation has any personal connection with him. Should a foreign Bishop visit here, (as has several times occurred) he has no place in which to ask him to officiate, except he first makes arrangement with some parish rector. Should he be requested to perform the baptismal or marriage service, he must borrow from some clergyman the use of his church. Courtesy, at all events, obliges him to pursue this course. Except while in a

Parish, during a brief visitation, he has no particular connection."

Some attempt was made toward fuller Cathedral realization in 1878 and 1879, but with no result.

At the opening of the present Episcopate it was obvious that the time was still not quite ripe for moving further in the matter, but it was one of the first forethoughts that was prompted by a survey of the field. In the Convention Address of 1892 this was intimated in these words:

"If we are to rise to the privileges and responsibilities of Churchmen for the times and for the opportunities of California, notably, provisions for the establishment of a Training School for students in Theology, and for the making a beginning of a Cathedral enterprise, worthy of the Church and of the greater San Francisco."

In 1896 a "Cathedral forecast" was outlined in the Annual Address, in the course of which it was said:

"I am convinced that our Church in its best and most vigorous work has a place for the Cathedral, and my revered predecessor long ago spoke of it in his addresses to Convention. This is not to say that here and now we should begin to make it an urgent project. It is not even to say that the present Episcopate can realize it. Indeed, there is especial need of going slowly. We have no desire for short and easy roads to it. Cathedral organization should interpret the best interplay of clerical and lay functions in our American Church life and find right adjustment to Diocese and to noble worship and work for Christ's poor and Christ's rich. Cathedral building should be typical of the best architectural genius and of the consecration of outpoured riches for its cost. All this takes time."

The Bishop and Standing Committee being duly empowered to act in the matter, the next year this first stage of development of intrinsic Cathedral organization was reported, and I venture to quote it more fully from my Annual Address of 1897 in this connection as

it serves to fix some fundamental principles on which the development has thus far proceeded and so contributes to the completeness of this resume of Cathedral *data.*

"Pursuant to a forecast which I ventured to make at our last meeting, some simple steps have been taken looking toward a proper Cathedral development. As stated then, all true steps will probably have to be for some time, at any rate, slow and deliberate, and so far as outward exhibit is concerned. modest and with little of that "lo! here," or "lo! there," on people's tongues, which our Lord in the Gospel calls "observation." But the first thing to be secured is a true Diocesan status for such a movement. To meet the real functions of an American Cathedral, it is not adequate, as I take it, for a Parish to formally call itself a Cathedral, however carefully prepared the masquerade. Nor yet does it seem to gain much towards the ideal to have a substitute, which amounts to an Episcopal private chapel. The one attempt, because it is simply Parochial, must lack Cathedral touch with the Diocese at large, if not with the Bishop. The other, because it is practically vested in the Bishop alone, will be likely to need more touch with the full periphery of the field. It is a problem, and one which our American Church must still work upon. However, much has already been contributed to its solution at several points, where great abilities of practical Church statesmanship have been applied to it. If we proceed wisely we shall get the benefit of all real progress in the matter. In the meantime, the step, which we are already able to report, is one which gives an entirely Diocesan and representative character to the inconspicuous beginning made. In the turning over the Mission of the Good Samaritan in San Francisco to the Bishop and Standing Committee, a thoroughly general work is found to befit a thoroughly Diocesan body. The Mission, which has had such marked blessing—and that in a part of the city left by the uptown movement, for which strong and widely interested

Cathedral energy would seem to be the very specific—has been fairly fostered as the work of the united Church by the City Missionary Board. It has been the work of no one Parish or Mission, but of all in point of fact, and so comes with peculiar credentials of being Cathedral-like. Then in the Bishop and Standing Committee there is a Board of Management—than which none could be more fully or immediately representative of the whole Diocese. If there then be nothing more than a germ—and more is not claimed for it—the germ seems both genuine and indigenous, and to have within it the possibilities of right and healthy growth. Let us all work and pray that it may increase, as St. Paul says of the Church, 'with the increase of God.' Future Conventions, I trust, will not be without something of it from time to time."

This looking towards a Cathedral system still perpetuated in the wide and growing work of the Cathedral Mission of the Good Samaritan was evolved into another and more essential stage of development after the fire and earthquake of 1906, made possible by the benefaction that is so well known to you, the value and significance of which for the Church in all time, we in this generation can hardly attempt to adequately measure. To make the acquisition of it a matter of record here, I venture to quote what I wrote elsewhere in *A Father's Story of the Earthquake and Fire,* soon after the great gift was made:

"In counting up the mercies, perhaps it may be of interest here for me to sketch briefly some of the steps which led up to one more epochal result of the fire for the Church. It will be germane to tell something here of the noble gift of the Cathedral site. The question of a down-town site for such a purpose had been for several years in my thoughts and prayers, as well as in the mind of others. Some steps had been taken in 1904, indeed, through the co-operation of Eastern friends, to learn whether there would be any encouragement to hope that another point on California Street, the Hunt-

ington block, might be available. Under the changed conditions of the fire, the matter was revived, but without favorable result. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker having been confidentially informed as to the quest, with a promptitude which was noteworthy as it was munificent, interested themselves in it and felt that some such use would happily perpetuate the sacred family circle associations with the site of their own beautiful home, now in ruins. Without delay they tendered for the purpose the part of the Crocker block owned by them. Then I went East to confer with other heirs of the late Charles Crocker, who were with Mr. William H. Crocker, jointly interested in the remainder of the block bounded by California, Taylor, Sacramento, and Jones Streets. The first one I could communicate with was Mrs. Alexander, who received me most kindly at her home in New York, and with Mr. Alexander joined in asking me to accompany them the same afternoon—Thursday, June 26, 1906, was the memorable date—on their steam yacht, "Elsa II," when I could meet Mr. George Crocker and Miss Jennie Crocker, and be landed after an hour or so at City Island (as the yacht was bound for points on the New England coast), from which I could return the same afternoon to New York. With such ready and considerate provision for presenting my suggestion, I was enabled to talk the matter over fully with them. And as the yacht glided along under the sunny sky, with every prospect pleasing out over the water and the shore lines, the right hand of the Lord did seem to bring mighty things to pass for the future of our Diocese. After showing photographs after the fire, a rough outline of possible buildings, etc., and explaining various points as they occurred to Mr. Crocker, I went off with Mr. Alexander to look over the yacht, take the view from the bridge, etc., and was gone perhaps some twenty minutes. On my return, Mr. George Crocker said: "The Crockers make up their minds quickly, Bishop, and, after consultation among ourselves, I am prepared to say that we are ready to make

the gift of the home lot for the site of the Cathedral and other buildings as proposed!' How quickly the generous mind was made up will become the more apparent when it is remembered that there had been no opportunity to put the matter at all before Mrs. Alexander until some four hours before, and to Mr. George Crocker until a single hour before the joyous announcement was made. Miss Jennie Crocker, who was of the group, had instantly assented, Mr. Templeton Crocker later cordially joined, and Mr. Francis Burton Harrison for himself, and he and Mr. Henry Scott as co-executor, and Mr. Charles Green as adviser, also when the matter reached them and their attorneys, promised in every way to co-operate for the children in the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Harrison. It was part of the suggestion that the Cathedral proper should cover some of the actual site of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, and that the inner court of the proposed quadrangle should be known as 'Crocker Court,' with some memorial tablet to mark the connection of the site with the associations of the old family home."

Under the careful direction of the then Chancellor, the late Mr. A. N. Drown, a Cathedral Corporation was duly constituted on lines more comprehensive than specific, with the purpose of infolding in its powers all that, as time and experience demonstrate needs, it may be desired to unfold in more detail of statutes. The date of the incorporation was February 2, 1907.

The commanding site secured, no time was lost in the aim to find a worthy interpretation for its use in Cathedral construction. Dr. George F. Bodley, *facile princeps* as an architect in English Gothic, was selected and his last work before his death was upon the first plan submitted for Grace Cathedral. His successor, Mr. Cecil G. Hare, made a skillful revision in furtherance of suggestions of minor changes forwarded to him after examination of the plans here. Then Mr. Lewis P. Hobart, who had been from the first chosen as a co-worker in San Francisco, adapted the plans to the conditions of

the site and further revised the design and made a careful study for the quadrangles to be included in the Cathedral precincts, covering the whole city block. It may be of future interest to preserve here the pictures of the successive buildings of the Church in San Francisco bearing the name Grace.

(A succession of half-tones followed in the Convention Journal for 1913, including that of the elevation hereafter presented.)

The cornerstone was laid with imposing ceremony at the opening of Convention week on Monday, January 24, 1910, the Governor of California and Lieutenant-Governor of the State taking part and the Bishops of Los Angeles, Sacramento and Kyoto, as well as the Bishop of the Diocese, officiating. The city block has since been graded to fit it for the buildings to be erected on it. An extensive concrete and steel retaining wall to protect the building level for the northwest corner has been constructed. The first study for the Cathedral was for a site across the block along Jones Street from California to Sacramento Streets, but later detail work upon the plans showed convincingly the advantage of placing the Cathedral along California Street from Jones toward Taylor Street.

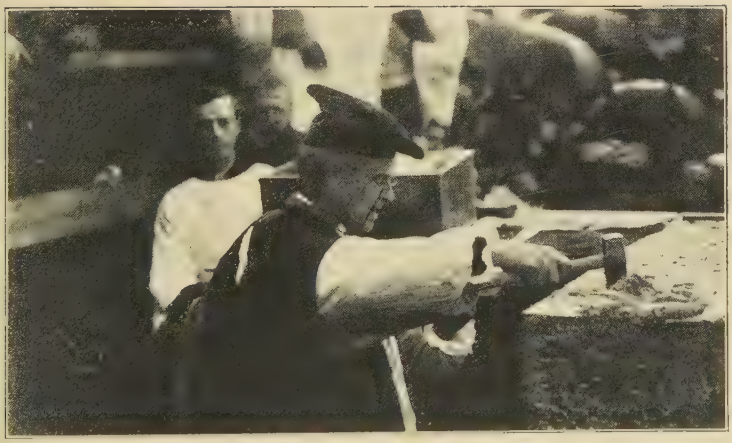
It is further proper to note here what has been done in the way of Cathedral organization to make the corporate body one of true Cathedral ministration. As has been already stated the preamble was advisedly framed in general terms after the careful investigation of many sets of Cathedral statutes, including all that were available in our American Church, as well as some of the newer and more pertinent foundations of the old country. I put it on record here in full:

"Whereas, More than the statutory time allowed for adopting By-Laws will be required for the development and due framing of such statutes and such fuller Code of By-Laws for the government of this corporation as shall properly interpret and provide for its functions,

both as a civil entity to hold and manage the property and business affairs of said corporation, and as a religious body having in trust the Cathedral Church and Foundations for the Glory of God and the accomplishment of its distinctive objects, including (1), the construction, appropriation and devotion of a Cathedral Church to God's Honor and worship, free to all people; (2) the provision of the *status* of the Cathedral as a duly constituted Bishop's Church; and (3) the establishment and maintenance of such an administrative cathedral center for ecclesiastical, educational, charitable, missionary and other purposes as are contemplated in and by the Articles of Incorporation, we, the members of said corporation, pending the preparation of more full and complete statutes and by-laws, now and hereby assent to and adopt the following as a Code of By-Laws for the government of said GRACE CATHEDRAL CORPORATION."

The first By-Laws were cast in a simple and flexible form, providing merely for matters of immediate routine and leaving open their elaboration for further study and experience. A recent revision has registered one stage of advance in making more explicit what was implicitly guarded at the very beginning by committing the Cathedral enterprise to the Bishop and Standing Committee, and that was the insuring *ab initio* for it a status thoroughly representative of the Diocese. The provision as it now reads, is as follows:

"1. The membership of this Corporation, which shall be known as the CHAPTER OF GRACE CATHEDRAL CORPORATION, shall consist of the Bishop of that Diocese of THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES, in which shall be the City and County of San Francisco and eleven other persons, all of whom shall be citizens of the State of California, resident within said Diocese and communicants in said Church in said Diocese, five of whom shall be clergymen and canonically and actually resident in said Diocese as follows: The Dean of the Cathedral, the Archdeacon of the Diocese and the two senior by service of the Clerical members of the



LAYING OF CORNER STONE OF GRACE CATHEDRAL
San Francisco, Monday, January 24, 1910

Standing Committee other than the Dean and Archdeacon, should they or either of them be members of said Standing Committee, *ex officio*, and one to be annually elected, unless there should happen to be a Bishop Coadjutor in the Diocese, when he shall be *ex officio* the sixth clerical member; and six who shall be laymen of said Church as follows: The Chancellor of the Diocese, as soon as a vacancy shall exist in the present three *non-ex-officio* members, when he shall become a member; the Treasurer of the Diocese and the two senior by service of the lay members of the Standing Committee other than the Chancellor and Treasurer, should they or either of them be members of said Standing Committee, and Messrs. Wm. H. Crocker, Archibald C. Kains, and Louis F. Monteagle, until such time as they or either of them may become *ex-officio* members, or for any cause cease to be members, in which case, the Chancellor of the Diocese having previously become a member, there shall be elected annually one or two from the number worshiping regularly at the Cathedral."

"If at any time the question should arise as to which of any two or three members of either order of the Standing Committee is the one entitled to office by reason of their equal length of service, the same shall be decided by lot."

"3. Vacancies in the membership shall be filled by the remaining members at their annual meeting or at a special meeting to be called for that purpose. The Bishop of said Diocese shall nominate one clergyman for each clerical vacancy and the Standing Committee shall nominate a layman for each lay vacancy; if the persons nominated shall not be elected by the members, the Bishop, or the Standing Committee, as the case may be, shall make further nominations until an election shall be effected."

It will be noted that in *administration* the representative provision is reduced to a small and practicable number. In the *work* of the Cathedral, however, it is

purposed to widen the representation by forming groups of clergy and laity around specific agencies—Cathedral Missions and the like; such groups to constitute really Cathedral committees.

From this it will be seen that besides the Bishop's office, which by virtue of his order as well as of his election includes distinctly a representative function, the chapter is for the most part constituted by those who have had direct Diocesan election or appointment, and are the free and current choice of the clergy and laity either by their own voice or by the delegated voice of those they have made their representatives. This follows in some measure the provision on a larger scale, at the seat of our American Government and so has good precedent for Cathedral development under republican institutions. The District of Columbia as the seat of government in its own affairs has its relation established to the United States as a whole by being governed by the representatives of representatives. The Federal Government makes it, so to speak, a true Federal sphere by vesting its powers in three commissioners appointed by the President of the United States and confirmed by the United States Senate. On the side then of the country at large it is recognized as belonging to the whole because it is the seat of the centralized representation of the whole. On the side of jurisidiction over the local affairs of the resident citizens a difference between their *status* in the District and that in the United States is that they are governed by the general government acting through deputies rather than by the result of local elections, by the representatives of representatives rather than by first-hand representatives. The District of Columbia is a Federal unit rather than a State unit. In a word, our American system of representation establishes a precedent at the seat of government of what might be called focus *status* which draws its rays as it were from all the constituent States and yet is not exactly the same thing as any one ray. And this analogy is also carried out in the provision of the

By-Law for the worshippers who attend the Cathedral services by which the Chapter is ever to include in its membership at least two from their number nominated by the Standing Committee of the Diocese. Just as the citizens of the District of Columbia do not constitute a unit like that of a State, but a Federal unit, so the worshippers at the Cathedral are associated with a federate Diocesan unit instead of with that of a Parish, with the necessary adjustments of *status*. To effect that important distinction, with the cordial and intelligent appreciation of it, the authorities of the former Grace Parish carefully took the steps to disincorporate in order to prepare the way for the federate entity of the Cathedral Corporation proper. I may add here that it was something of a sense of the validity of the distinction as bearing upon the evolution of a true American Cathedral if it is to rise to visionful Cathedral efficiency, that led me not to encourage overtures for Cathedral use that came so cordially to me from several of our Parishes in the earlier years of my Episcopate.

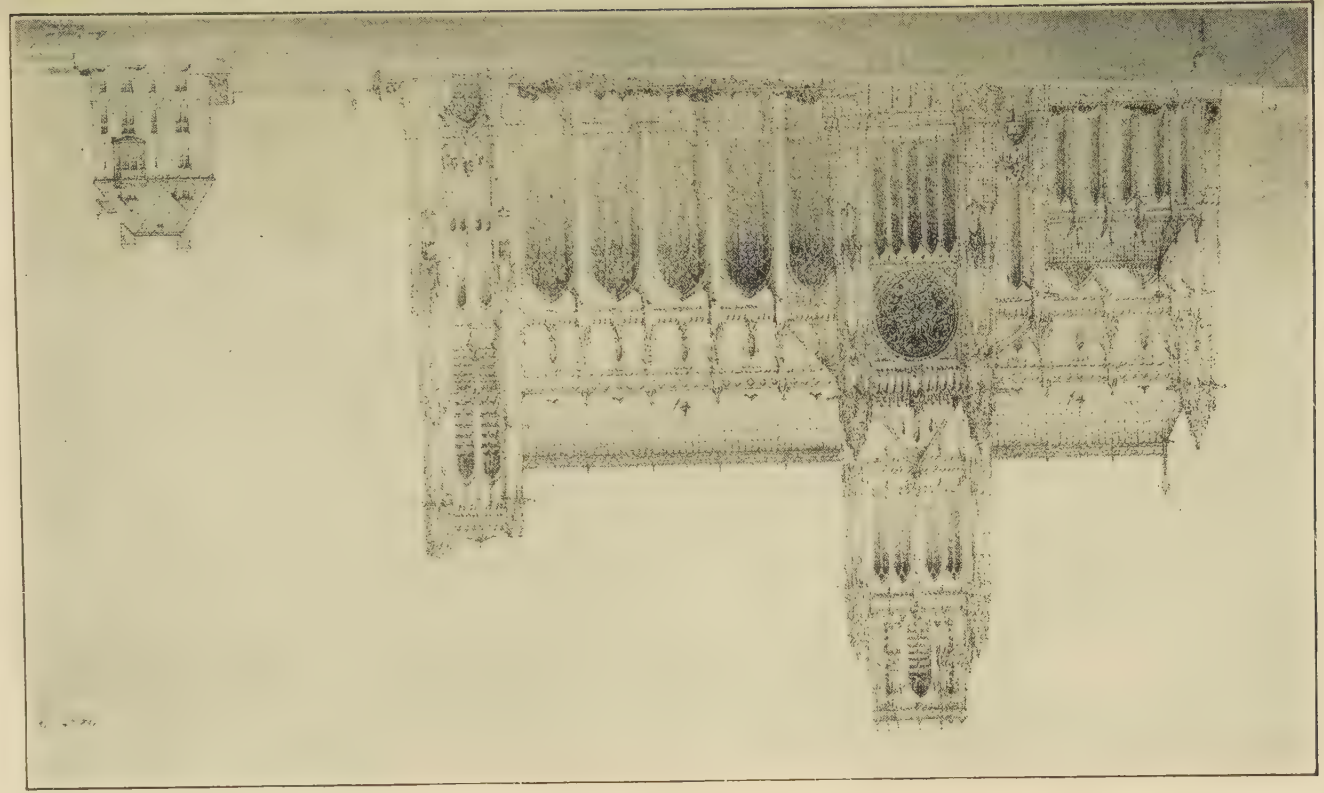
And it need only be noted here that being the Seat of Ministration, there is a sense in which it is the Bishop's Church, but while this is both in theory and in practice an essential of the situation to symbolize the official seat of duly constituted authority, still the Cathedral, thank God, is more of a sphere for moving than for sitting down in a seat, for service than for session, for ministration than for administration, for *nomen oneris* than for *nomen honoris*. And I believe the only Bishops you will find joined hard and fast to Cathedral thrones as their idols are those effigied and moulded or chiselled to their seats in bronze or marble, as memorials.

Thus far we have tried to recall what has been done. We have simply dealt with the part of the dream that has "come true." As long as we do that we stand on sure ground. The century and especially the Californian asks for results. And that is a good policy to pursue in Church as well as in other affairs. Study all around a matter, experiment, keep truly about what

you think ought to be done and can be done and when anything is really demonstrated to tell of it but let the equations and processes go. So with vision. If you think you see a thing or two do not stop to argue about it with all the queries and fancies and formidable things that get in the way, but go ahead without fuss, quietly and constructively, and see whether any of the vision can be made actual. If not, try to think of another practical outcome. If the vision proves itself, nothing more need be said. And a great many things in the Church with a fair trial "explain themselves." With many helpful volumes written of what might, could, would or should be done with Cathedrals there is steady progress in what is done. We might cite the sagacious estimate made over forty years ago by Bishop Westcott of Cathedral opportunity, and we remember he was a seer who had the familiar maxim: *Vita hominis visio Dei!*

"Four great principles," he says, "as it seems underlie the constitution which is outlined in all Cathedral statutes. Two contain the theory of Cathedral life; two contain the theory of Cathedral work. The life is framed on the basis of *systematic devotion* and *corporate action;* the work is regulated by the requirements of *theological study* and *religious education.*"

Here in epitome is the real genius of Cathedral aspiration. And the best achievements to justify the Cathedral systems to modern as well as to earlier generations could easily be shown to be those on the four lines indicated. These fourfold aims affords the working theory as they give the clue for the validity and efficiency of statute making. They are, as it were, the very cellular tissue for healthy Cathedral growth. They carry the life properties of the very Sunshine of God's presence into the vital needs of humanity. And Cathedral ideals which move on any less aspiring plane will lose much and be criticized much, but those which lift themselves to this true elevation will find negligible no content of a worshiping vision of God nor of high enthusiasm for



man, and so disarm and win the critic. And so a *true Cathedral life* as a vision must be far and above everything else, our utmost concern in this whole Cathedral outlook and our most cherished possession as a Cathedral consciousness. By the blessing of God we can house that in a Crypt as well as in the greater fane. Plans there are which can be detailed later for using it for church and civic unity and promotion, and so making it a true Cathedral rallying point in fact and in the estimation of our fellow Christians and fellow citizens.

And by His blessing we can patiently wait and work for its fuller and fuller manifestation on the great lines of worship and work we have indicated. And with such an ideal of worship inspiring work and word expressing worship, with such a true blending of the Λειτουργία of the Sanctuary and the διακονία of service to fellow man, we need not stop to discuss whether Cathedrals are not superfluous in this practical utilitarian age, or whether they are not in danger of becoming an Episcopal fetich.

Sentiment is already building itself into the foundation walls of the Cathedral, as it made potent the princely gift of the site. Together with the religious sentiment which is to invest all the structure, family sentiment is expressing itself in making the Crypt a "Founders Crypt" by associating suggestively the Cathedral Foundations with the names of founders of our Church and commonwealth in California and friends now interested, by generous gifts towards the building fund, to be noted in the crypt itself and in the Cathedral *Book of Remembrance.* Members of the following families have already heartily co-operated in this (and other families have it under consideration), viz.: the Allen, Arundel, Bourn, Brown, Carolan, Crocker, Mintzer, and Tevis families.* In a few months we hope to occupy the Crypt, which will provide both for worship and for meetings for other purposes when large space is needed. With that unit of construction the building

*For full list see note at end of Chapter.

operation must rest for the present. And if for some of us it must rest there during our earthly days we can well be content and thankful for what God has already wrought. But for the San Francisco that is to be and the Church in it that is to be, one day will come the glad realization of unit after unit of the successive parts of the plan until the whole picture prophecy of the elevation crowns this acropolis with its beauty. Out against the sky-line at Assisi stands boldly the first Gothic church built in Italy. It is fitting that in the city which bears the very name of that Church, San Francisco, another Gothic symbol of religious aspiration should be in lofty projection. Every signal tribute to religion that can stand out among the other landmarks of commerce or art or pleasure or home is a direct civic accrediting. Dr. Bushnell, whose traditions were those of the plainer houses of worship in New England, was so affected by his visits to Cathedrals of the old world that he said, "I have observed a hundred times that the sublime requires the unknown as an element. A Cathedral should never be finished." How many in the years to come may find impressions that last as they are able to lift up their eyes from bay or boulevard to Cathedral by day and luminous cross by night. We cannot expect now to see how it is all to be accomplished, but large-hearted Churchmen can be depended upon to do large things. The old Grace Church itself had many evidences of that. By the happy thought of the Rector at the time of the great fire, the Rev. David Evans, fragments of the marble altar of Grace Church were gathered out of the ruins after the destruction and inserted in the altar before us in the Pro-Cathedral. That altar, as some of you will recall, was one of the most costly in the country, originally made to exhibit at a great exposition. An interesting fact connected with it is illustrative of what I believe will be found as typical of others of large means of our Church people in their generation. The late Mrs. Emily Josephine Scott Wilson, of loving memory, when travelling abroad was asked by her husband,

the late Mr. Samuel Wilson, one of the most distinguished members of the San Francisco bar, to purchase for herself, as an anniversary gift, a necklace of rare jewels. "May I use the same sum to put a new altar in Grace Church?" was her response. And with ready acquiescence on her husband's part her wish was gratified, and the altar wonderfully beautified both the Sanctuary and her thought for her Church. That spirit will build Grace Cathedral in good time.

"*Prove all things, hold fast that which is good*" must apply in Cathedral progress as well as that of the individual. It must demonstrate its helpfulness to every congregation in the Diocese more than it theorizes about it. It must show, as I believe it can, with an intelligent and ingenuous attitude towards its real aims and province, that on the one part it is competent to strengthen the hands of every clergyman in the Diocese, and on the other part that it can be made, as Sabatier says of Cathedrals of an earlier period "A great lay Church."

We might say pursuant to the Scriptural metaphor, If there is good heart action all the members will rejoice with it. Young and old in the Diocese should come to regard this as their common possession and common hearthstone pride, the central Parish of every parishioner loyal to his own immediate Altar, the sanctuary in solidarity for every priest and pastor.

One who in his time was in many respects the leading Presbyter and Rector in the American Church as well as a most hospitable and earnest student, advocate and promoter of our principal American Cathedral—the late Dr. William R. Huntington—wrote of one kind of Cathedral opportunity (which may be in evidence of many other practical points of view), especially true of this city and immediate vicinity covered over with apartment houses: "In all our large cities there is a steadily increasing population of unattached Christians. They live for the most part concealed in flats and are exceedingly inaccessible to the shepherds of souls. I believe that the Cathedrals which are springing up all

over the country have a special ministry of their lost sheep and will draw them out of their hiding places more effectively than any magnet that has yet been tried." And he speaks in the same connection of "the ecclesiastical hospitality which somehow the word Cathedral suggests."

If at this time of our first meeting in Cathedral precincts I have felt it opportune to give this pertinent topic extended attention to the exclusion of questions of a general character, and followed briefer references to it in former addresses with this fuller Cathedral record, it is the exception to the usual tenor of my Annual Address to take up all the time upon local matters. Justified as it seems to me both by the occasion and by the fact that the best Cathedral instinct itself looks for the ultimate provision among other things of positions of leisurely scholarship for experts especially trained to deal with those very passing questions. And it is no mere dream to look forward to a time when in successive generations vital messages will be heard by multitudes within those walls upon their vital issues. Then in evidence of one far famed California interest there is the colossal Prayer Book Cross in Golden Gate Park to stand as a way-mark for the wider Church. So our Cathedral will be monumental of the earliest fixing of a Cathedral seat for our whole Church in this land, and there should be, and undoubtedly will be some permanent record of the fact built within its walls.

The very name we should treasure. By the grace of God we are what we are, is full of corporate as well as personal assurance. In all humility we have leaned upon that grace. In all confidence we turn to it for so much that remains to be accomplished, relying upon its sufficiency if we do our present part. *Grace* Cathedral it most assuredly is - Grace Cathedral it can ever hope to be.

"And so on us at whiles it falls, to claim
Powers that we dread, or dare some forward part
Nor must we shrink as cravens from the blame
Of pride in common eyes, or purpose deep;

But with pure thoughts look up to God, and keep
Our secret in our heart."

In appealing for a renewal of Cathedral Building Interest in my address to the Diocesan Convention of 1922 I reverted to the following data of Cathedral progress in general outline brought down to that time in evidence of the prime credential of a Cathedral that it should be above all things a *spiritual* stronghold, viz:

Turning now to a stage of Diocesan progress which in itself may be made significant of resourceful piety, the time seems to have come to give earnest attention to a further mobilizing of the Diocese for renewal of our Cathedral building enterprise in these commanding precincts. It is now nearing sixteen years since the noble benefaction of the Crocker family dowered the Diocese with this their paternal home site. Soon after the first temporary buildings, the Diocesan House and Chapel were erected. It is almost exactly fifteen years since the incorporation of the Cathedral to take the place of that of old Grace Church, was effected. It is nearly fifteen years since the first celebration of the Holy Communion and first public Church service was held on this Cathedral site in the temporary Chapel on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1907. It is twelve years since in Convention Week the corner stone of this Cathedral was laid with worthy ceremony. And it is now eight years since this crypt was opened for use by the Convention Eucharist on Tuesday the 27th day of January, 1914. In the mean time a true Cathedral consciousness has come to it from the Diocese realizing a forecast made in treating of the whole question of a cathedral at the Convention of 1913 in this aspiration: "Young and old in the Diocese should come to regard this as their common possession and common hearthstone pride, the central Parish of every parishioner loyal to his own immediate altar, the sanctuary in solidarity for every priest and pastor." Moreover a large and growing and self-supporting body of worshippers, many of them visitors in passing, is found every Sunday for which

this spacious nave is growing none too ambitious And on special occasions it is often found inadequate even with the choir capacity added for the people that come to it. It also, as anticipatory of the future Cathedral Hall, has in many ways associated our Community with it in its reverent use for religious and civic public occasions. It is but fair to accredit the clerical and lay members and those of the Cathedral Chapter and Committee with their faithful co-operation in this encouraging result. But mainly instrumental in it has been our first Dean, Dr. Gresham, who has declined one election to the Episcopate, and forestalled another, in his loyalty to the ideals we are working out. His leadership, his messages from the pulpit, his warm-hearted shepherding the flock, his patience and his self-eliminating devotion and his consecration, in all which Mrs. Gresham too has our like affectionate tribute, I cannot omit in this connection. Fortunate too have we been in the staff of Cathedral clergy and laywomen associated with them.

We have expended nearly a quarter of a million dollars in building and improvements around the Cathedral Close which would probably double that cost now, and have added somewhat to the Cathedral Endowment Funds. We have no debt on the property and running revenues keep good pace with rising expenses, though in this we have been aided by generous subsidies from time to time from those, who feel the measure of responsibility the whole Diocese should feel as well as the immediate body of worshippers, for the upkeep of proper corporate Cathedral status and expansion. Recent years with their many calls and financial re-adjustments have not been favorable for initiating a renewal of our building operations.

But now as a matter of right momentum on our part and as an answer to that question which some of our interested citizens are asking, it would appear that we ought to be thinking about some next steps. "When are you to carry forward towards better adornment of the

conspicuous coign of vantage you occupy, your feature of the handsome rebuilding of San Francisco all around you?" is an application of a *noblesse oblige* we cannot well wish to evade. And a feeling at times that I have not been without, that I should be thankful and satisfied with what God hath already wrought here in my time, has given place to the conviction that we need not and ought not settle down to a standstill of development any longer. Building conditions have become more favorable. Large devisings for Church and for religious philanthropy and charity are in evidence elsewhere and why should we wait? O course whatever we can begin upon, much or little, the perspective of full Cathedral completion must be one of many years. But let us make a start. The original plans blocked out successive units of construction which may be taken up one at a time. Without contemplating the final cost, expenditures in installments are practicable. The point is to see here *something moving* structurally.

And may we confidentally hope that something will move especially if we can touch initiative for such action in the spontaneous piety of our people. In the Office for the Consecration of a Church when the people have been moved either by the express command of God, or by the secret inspiration of the Blessed Spirit, acting agreeably to their own reason and sense of the natural decency of things to erect Houses for the public worship of God, such acts are called by the Prayer Book "pious works." Those who enter into such courts are said to "enjoy the benefit of this pious work." And that piety which is so put into the hearts of the promoters of building for God may be the two-fold piety towards God and of piety towards those of tender earthly ties and memories. Yonder tablet betokens the rising of these walls as they were helped in great part by the ties and memories of Founders of the Church, and commemorated here, to give this crypt its name of "Founders' Crypt." Units of future construction for this notable landmark of a metropolitan Acropolis await but the

moving tender touch of inspiration to associate the memories of parents or kin with the uprearing of nave portions of choir, of sanctuary, of side Chapel, of tower, of window, of manifold ornament and adornment to meet any scale of means, and afford their profound joy of the giving, to any life or to any legacy. Endowments will follow as the good deeds that live after our living here. A Cathedral may be made a monument lavished from the dearest loves of life.

PRAYER FOR PROGRESSIVE BUILDING
GRACE CATHEDRAL, SAN FRANCISCO

O Almighty God, with Whom a thousand years are as one day and one day as a thousand years, we render Thee high praise and hearty thanks that Thou didst put it into the hearts of Thy servants to dower our Diocese with the acropolis site and Founder's Crypt of Grace Cathedral. We beseech Thee to stir up the wills of Thy people to carry the building on to further stages of its worthy uprearing for Thy Glory and the worship and welfare of Thy Church and of this community. Sanctify tender memories of the past to the making them monumental within these walls. Enshrine here generous gifts both from the abundance and the modest means of our people. Instil into their minds the blessedness and permanency of sentiment and memorials built into these walls for Thy glory. Move them to give preference to it by devoting distribution to it while living as well as by legacy. Fill the Commission having it in charge and all who may co-operate with them with a high and holy service of consecration to make this enterprise historic for Thy honor, the welfare of successive generations and a landmark of Thy glory and of service to our city of saintly name. We ask this for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

(Inscription on Bronze Tablet)

IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE CHURCH AND STATE IN CALIFORNIA AND OF GIFTS OF THEIR FAMILIES AND OTHERS FOR THE PROVISIONS OF THIS FOUNDERS' CRYPT, GRACE CATHEDRAL ANNO DOMINI, MDMXIII

Charles Beatty Alexander, Harriet Crocker Alexander, Lucius Hamilton Allen, Sarah deWitt Allen, John G. Arundel, Lillian Arundel, Antoine Auguste Borel, Grace Cantrot Borel, William Bowers Bourn, Sarah Esther Bourn, William Bowers Bourn, Jr., Agnes Moody Bourn, Mary Leonard Brown, Francis Carolan, Harriett Pullman Carolan, Charles Crocker, Mary A. Deming Crocker, Charles Frederick Crocker, Jennie Marine Easton Crocker, George Crocker, Ethel Sperry Crocker, Stephen Dudley Field, Charles Dwight Haven, William Mintzer, Eugenia Tewkesbury Mintzer, Louis Findlay Monteagle, Lydia Paige Monteagle, Horace John Moody, Elizabeth William Gantz Moody, Timothy Paige and Mary Warren Paige, George Mortimer Pullman, Harriet Sanger Pullman, Henry Tiffany Scott, Elsie Horsley Scott, Simon Willard Sperry, Caroline A. Barker Sperry, Lloyd Tevis, Susan Gano Tevis, Emily Sutton Tewkesbury, A Liberal Friend.

CHAPTER XIII

THE HOUSE OF CHURCHWOMEN

In dwelling upon origins of new matter in my episcopate most grateful recognition should be made of what was already high accomplishment as an inheritance. One most blessed and far-reaching agency was and is the Woman's Auxiliary ever mobilizing our women for the spiritual as well as for the practical side of woman's sphere in Church progress. Fortunate in its leaders, Mrs. Susan S. Lawver, its first Secretary and in its successive Presidents, Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy, Mrs. R. W. Heath, Mrs. James Newlands, Mrs. L. F. Monteagle, and in the present officers, Mrs. L. C. Lance, President, and Miss Mary A. Hawley, Secretary, as well as the officers associated with them, it is ever an incalculable Diocesan asset. Besides fostering the beginning of our Deaconess Movement in the setting apart of our first Deaconess Sister Helen Reed, it has cooperated from the first in the establishment under the Rev. Dr. Parsons, now Bishop Coadjutor, and Deaconess Hodgkin and their efficient associates of what is now The School for Christian Service and Deaconess Training School which has done and is doing its fine work for our Province of the Pacific. And without the groundwork of the Woman's Auxiliary it is difficult to see how the House of Churchwomen could have been created as described in this Chapter.

In his valued history of the Diocese of California the Histographer, the Rev. Douglas Ottinger Kelley of blessed memory, recalls how "Those who were attendants at conventions of the Diocese as far back as 1875 and afterwards will remember with more or less amusement the regularity with which the then venerable Senior Warden of St. Peter's Church, San Francisco, Mr. Samuel Graves, moved an amendment to the canons to provide "that women as well as men should be entitled to vote at parish meetings, and the equal regu-

larity with which it was not adopted." There was some discussion of it in the Convention of 1894 but it came to something of a culmination in 1895 at the Convention providing for the creation of the Diocese of Los Angeles when after considerable debate the word "male" was stricken out from the prescribed qualifications of voters at parish and mission elections. A noteworthy feature of the promotion of the matter was that even when in that Convention held in Los Angeles leading ladies of the Diocese like Mrs. S. S. Lawver, one of the noblest workers, were asked to take part in the discussion, they reflected a sentiment that a referendum to the women of the congregation in general would be desirable before taking action. She is quoted as saying: "If asked to vote, when right the women will obey the voice of the Church." The emphasis seems to have come from the men proponents, the Rev. Mardon D. Wilson introducing the matter at that Convention. In a word there was no element of clamor from the Church womanhood but of characteristic loyalty to the leading of the Church and that has been the promising feature of the process in all its stages since.

In the "try-out" there resulted the raising of a constitutional question involved which was submitted to the Chancellor, Mr. A. N. Drown, who after a careful review rendered his decision that the amendment of 1895 was not accordant with the Constitution. This was laid before the Convention of 1904, together with a suggestion forecasting the House of Churchwomen which was submitted to a Committee of eight with the chief women. This Committee reported in 1905 and Bishop as Chairman, four of whom were some of our submitted a proposed canon for the formal creation of a "House of Churchwomen." The names of that Committee were, besides the Bishop: Messrs. A. N. Drown, W. A. M. VanBokkelen, Vincent Neale, John A. Wright—the last named rendering invaluable service from his legal acumen in formulating the draft of the canon—Mrs. S. S. Lawver, Mrs. James A. New-

lands, Mrs. Thomas Flint, Jr., and Mrs. Charles H. Norris, the last three representing our Churchwomen in their respective convocations. The report and the proposed Canon were spread in full before the Diocese sometime before the meeting of the Convention so that all publicity might be assured. What followed perhaps can best be summarized by quoting somewhat from the first Journal of the House of Churchwomen some of the documents, the first in order preparatory and the rest for the opening meeting:

Bishop's Rooms, Diocesan House, 731 California Street,
San Francisco, January 1, 1906.

To the Delegates for the House of Churchwomen:

There being no precedent to go by, you will naturally find yourselves asking, "What is the first meeting of the House of Churchwomen to be called upon to do?"

1. Under the provisions of Section 574 of Canon XXIII (and the whole Canon should be carefully read beforehand, see pages 72 to 75 in the "Manual of the Diocese of California") the first business will be to take steps to elect a President and Secretary and to adopt rules of order.

2. Under the Provision of the Constitution of the Diocese, Section 25 of Article VI (see page 8 of the "Manual"), the province of the House of Churchwomen is defined, "subject at all times to the Constitution and Canons of the Diocese, to legislate for the conduct of woman's work in the Church, and to act in a consultative capacity upon such other matters as the Convention may from time to time submit to it for its opinion." Obviously an immediate step in intelligent aid to woman's work will be for the House to carefully inform itself about the various kinds of woman's agency so well already in active evidence in the Diocese. There is nothing then that could be better as the business of the House after organization than to give a hearing

to chosen spokesmen for the several interests in which our churchwomen are now engaged in the Diocese. Representatives of such interests will be asked to prepare succinct statements of their respective aims and achievements, to be ready to lay before the House full data at its bidding at given hours to be designated by the House if it is so disposed. The effect of that will be to familiarize our ladies throughout the Diocese promptly and at first hand with a showing of woman's work that from the necessity of the case is now a good deal confined to those carrying—though with no little yearning for the more general sharing of it—the closer responsibility relegated to them as officers.

3. The House once organized and started, and with the assuring showing of present results and possibilities of our women's work before it, there will be no lack of spontaneity of business on its part. No dull hours may be dreaded when our collective Church womanhood catches the enthusiasm of its new opportunity in the warmth of the wider range and touch of the common loyalty and counselling for the Church, and discovers for itself a new Diocesan sense of

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love."

4. One outcome of such business, developed "as it goes," by the House will be the appointment of committees to report upon various matters. Some committees will have reports to make at the first session itself. Other committees will need time for deliberation and study, and will report to subsequent sessions. As the pathways of progress of the House are untried, such committees may be made especially helpful in clarifying the scope of the House itself as it gains experience and in pioneering its way to the best self-interpretation of more specific definition of its province within the lines wisely made general under the phrase "conduct of woman's work in the Church." In all path-finding a sense of general direction is the primary instinct. Then follows the "blazing of the way."

THE HOUSE OF CHURCHWOMEN

At the time of the opening of your session I hope to lay before you some further considerations bearing upon the initiation of the House and its possibilities. Problems and difficulties we must expect. But Californians need least of all be reminded of the sturdy spirit of pioneer women. Obstacles and tests of character need only make us humble and the more reliant upon the guiding, strengthening peace of God. We have no "flourish of trumpets" about it, but rather the Psalmist's harp-strings of mercy and help. We have no idea of a strange, novel, thrusting into unfeminine perspective our Church womanhood, but only of an effort towards its larger and more truly orbital "fitting into sphere." Let us approach the primary meeting of the House of Churchwomen with the Convention prayer frequently in our devotions, and above all with a committing of it all to the Great Head of the Church in the opening Eucharist of the Convention

Very faithfully your Bishop,

WILLIAM F. NICHOLS.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

To the Ladies of the House of Churchwomen:

The primary meeting of the House of Churchwomen humbly, but confidently, invokes the Triune Name over this opening of its proceedings. In no vaunting mood nor pride of originality did our early California pioneers make their beginnings. They were too much occupied with their pathfindings and their meeting new tests of resourcefulness, and solving new questions of survival and success, to have time or thought for anything like posing as pioneers. And whatever of outside comment has seemed to make this disclaimer proper, you who are gathered here in this original body of Churchwomen, formally constituted on truly American lines of representation, I am sure, find yourselves only the more sobered by the very sense that you are pioneers in the responsibilities, as well as the privileges,

of your untried field. There is sound caution as well as zest at the outset of the experiment. In the courage of making a new departure there is the wholesome dread of making mistakes. When a woman's needle was transferred from the finger-tips to the needle-bar of the sewing machine, and new mechanism distributed the wear of the work and manifold results, a good many other things than thimbles had to be reckoned with as safeguards. And so it is ever with progressive Church mechanism.

But it is well for us to recall the real conservatism of our Diocese in its leading up to this organization. There have been three well marked stages of development. First, there was a period of thirty-five years when from time to time, with intervals, the question was urged at annual Conventions of giving the women of the Church the same voting power as men in our Parishes and Missions. This period of discussion led, in 1895, to the adoption of a measure admitting the Churchwomen of the Diocese to that franchise. Then began the second stage. By an inference, which was not at first questioned, our Churchwomen soon began to take their places with other delegates in the annual Conventions. And this showed rapid increase until some of our legal authorities queried the validity, under the Constitution of the Diocese, of the inference upon which such membership in Convention rested. This led to a request for a formal opinion on that point from the Chancellor of the Diocese, and after a careful examination he gave it as his opinion that the needed steps to constitute women as delegates to convention, beyond electors in their several congregations, had not been taken under the Constitution. As a result of that opinion, and from the experience in the meantime, it was thought that the creation of this House of Churchwomen would better promise to meet the present conditions than any other practical expedient; and so this marks a third stage, the whole movement covering a period of considerably more than a generation.

It is important to note in this connection some matters which tend to clarify the position of the House of Churchwomen: *First,* it is obvious that this is not an initiative among us of woman's franchise in the Diocese. That we made over ten years ago, and as our Churchwomen have been voting in our congregations all the decade, I could point to many results which have justified the wisdom of the measure, and have yet to learn of any serious wish to have the action reversed. So we need have no counsels of timidity about that.

Next, the franchise is now followed by valid and true constitutional representation. By a method of full and free choice the Canons provide for the selection on the part of our Churchwomen, in every Parish and Mission, of women communicants to represent them here. The interest that has already shown in the choice of complete delegations, and your attendance at this first session, an attendance which is large when we remember the long distances many of you have to travel, indicate a realization of the value and possibilities of such representation.

Further, you represent the whole body of Churchwomen in the Diocese, both as their spokesmen and as their legislators in "the conduct of woman's work." And from some little familiarity with the sentiment of our Churchwomen upon Church matters, as I have had opportunity to know it in my journeyings around the Diocese, I am disposed to think that the Church will be much the gainer to have some public channel like this House for the wider voicing and hearing of our typical Churchwoman's "wit" upon many Church topics. The "standing up and speaking before people" here, the "bugbear of Parliamentary law," the tradition of "all talking at once," will only prove far less formidable than many a difficulty which our good women are constantly brushing aside in meeting the ordinary questions of their own Church work in their home congregations. Indeed, one of the most noticeable developments of the last score of years in the Church at large

is the way in which our Churchwomen have, from their devotion to missionary and other Church work, learned to address and preside at meetings—of Woman's Auxiliaries and other women's institutions—most convincingly and skillfully—the very mention of which undertaking would have brought protest, and affected the caloric condition of the nervous system, a short time before. And just as that development has been so helpful to the Church, and so much in character with the true womanly bearing and Scriptural ideal of our best Church womanhood, we need have no "closure" precautions in stock to shut off loud, or viragic members, as if Tennyson's "Princess" were at once to invade the House with Amazonian cohorts!

But, further, we come to the most important end in view, which is, to find a handy and effective sphere for united woman's influence to tell the best advantage upon the well-being and well-doing of the Church in the Diocese. The aim is, in the two ways specified in the constitutional charter, so to speak, of this House, (a) "to legislate for the conduct of woman's work in the Church," and (b) "to act in a consultive capacity."

That the simple organization of this House will be found easily adjustable to our other Diocesan machinery will be a matter for time to show. Of course, "trial trips" may show some attention needed to its working here and there. And further development of its principle may naturally be called for, as its scope is better disclosed and occupied. But the beauty of our woman's work in the Church hitherto, is that it is always superior to organization and "does things," whether there is organization or not, while it is ever responsive to the advantage and economy of co-operation—just as good housekeeping is a trait, whether in the cabin, or the home with all the modern conveniences. You welcome this, then, as you have welcomed the Woman's Auxiliary in its way—and its noble way has done not a little to prepare for your body here—because it promises help to mutual counseling and Church interest.

That this House will be effective in bringing woman's influence to bear more cogently on the welfare of the Church of course remains to be seen. But I do not hesitate to note some signs of promise that it will prove even more effective than if your delegates were scattered here and there among the male delegates in their seats in the Convention of the Diocese. The experiment of that, so far as it was tried, gave no great indication of especial effectiveness of woman's influence under those conditions. It is a pretty well established fact, of our Church womanhood at any rate, that it has different ways of doing things from our men. Abundant evidence of this could be found, if it were needed, in comparing Guild with Vestry methods, though the group of women in the one case are trying to pay the same bills, or make the same headway for the congregation, as the group of men in the other case. "Humanity," says Bishop Westcott, "would be impoverished if women were to set themselves to do all that men do as their rivals and not their helpmates." Now, the House of Churchwomen is simply the homogeneous body of women thinking and acting for the Church, on a large scale, in their own way. And "whenever the Convention shall submit any matter to the House of Churchwomen for its opinion," and whenever the House shall submit any matter to the Convention, or pass any enactment or resolutions, the "sacredness of united counsel" here will, I submit, have far more point and weight than if women were voicing and voting—individually and distributively—on the floor of the Convention. Our Churchwomen for the most part have opinions, and have a right to have opinions, on Church matters, in which they are always to the fore as helpers and standbys. Here there is a place provided where those opinions may be compared and formulated. What is now home table-talk or Guild sentiment, or, perhaps, the prompting to Vestryman or delegate to rise up and speak by proxy, or is on the lip, or pen, of many a Churchwomen to say—but never said—will be the very "house-warming" of this new ven-

ture. And if this is indirect, rather than immediate, in shaping Church policy and legislation, we remember that woman's influence upon the very progress of Christianity itself has been historical at its best when it was indirect

If, further, more may be ultimately needed than this House now provides, we remember that the principle of the Church of God is always to be progressive in its human expedients. We have reached this present point by successive stages. Those who are following the whole contemporary movement for representation in the Church of England note its moving on from stage to stage, first excluding women, next, determining not wholly to exclude them, and, now, a scheme of representation has been proposed which made provision for "persons of the female sex" to be admitted with certain special qualifications. To be wise and workable there must be gradual progress, and this House will be competent, no doubt, to enter into all that is wise and workable.

All that is needed is for the House, under God, to believe in itself and in its future.

Christian Womanhood, then, which in itself is one of the greatest results of Christianity may use such agencies to continue to be one of the greatest helps to Christianity. We shall fail of the chief hope of this House of Churchwomen if it does not become a chief factor in spiritual leadership in the Diocese, till the whole is leavened. Says a recent Bampton lecture: "It seemed natural to the Teutonic races to respect womanhood, but how immeasurably was the respect transfigured by the teaching of the Gospel of the Virgin's Son. Long before the reverence paid to His Mother grew till it seemed to threaten the homage which is due to God alone, the Church had helped men to learn how highly and holy was the work of women in the conservation of the world."

Though at first what Mr. Kelley called "the initiative of a California peculiar," the name was taken up in

several other Sees and in at least one Province, and if our organizing *idea* did not always seem to be caught and in some instances local effectiveness did not follow, in our Diocese, at any rate, there have been many indubitable indications that the exploitation of this "next step" in woman's sphere for Church progress has in itself had its part in awakening the Church to face this Church question, so inevitable in the transitional modern sentiment about women in legislation. It has had its plan already on the floor of the General Convention through the Report of a Special Committee after a thorough effort to canvass our American Churchwomen, and while conservatism there has shown that any ultimate adjustment of it must have that wise and wholesome deliberation indispensable for best result, it is obvious that in the mind of a very considerable number of our Churchwomen at large—especially of the newer generation—who are by no means radical or superficial, this question must be some day fairly met, settled and settled aright. In the meantime our Diocesan House of Churchwomen has had many advantages, a chief one of which has been the rare presiding and executive ability of its successive Presidents, as well as of its other officers, Mrs. G. H. Kellogg, Mrs. Kate A. Bulkley, and now Mrs. H. M. Sherman. And whatever be the ultimate provision of the Church for our womanhood in its legislative sphere, anyone who knows of the spirit and working of our House cannot fail to see in it something of an important way station to that destination.

Excerpts from articles in the Church Press may help to show the later impressions and working motif and results of this experiment. In the *Living Church* of June 2, 1917, appeared the following paragraphs in an article I wrote on "The Churchwomen in Convention."

"It is well to recall some of these periods in which womanhood has, under God, given a shaping to whole eras of progress for the Catholic Church. To cite a few from our own line of Catholic continuity, we remember that it was the Queen Clotilda to whose stand for Chris-

tian faith Clovis and the Franks a good deal owed their conversion to Christ; in like manner it was to Bertha's steadfastness in the faith that Ethelbert and the South Saxons were brought to Christianity; it was to Ethelburga that Edwin and the North Saxons owed their first turning to the Gospel; and two of the longest and most epochal modern reigns have been given the distinguishing names of Elizabethan and Victorian eras. It would be interesting and not difficult study to show how in all of those periods the woman's way was definitely characteristic and different from the man's way. Probably each of these historic women herself realized this, as we find Queen Victoria naïvely avowing it in one of her letters:

'We women are not made for governing . . . we must dislike these masculine occupations; but there are times which force one to take interest in them *mal gre bon gre*, and I do, of course, intensely.'

"Now, if there ever existed any doubt as to the qualifying of womanhood in matters of parliamentary procedure and debate, women's clubs everywhere, and our Church Auxiliary and guilds, have demonstrated the readiness and efficiency that come with actual experience. And the forensic equality of women with men as a credential for admission to our legislative bodies is not the point upon which most of our thoughtful people will make up their minds in the matter. What would seem to be worthy of especial consideration is whether some recognition be not required of the fact that equality does not necessarily mean identity, and that, while the qualifications may be beyond question, there may be the advantage of a different point of view of womanhood, as such, to be conserved in its admission to coordinate powers of legislation in the Church. Something of the sort seems to be more than implied in the two parables of the Kingdom of Heaven, those of the Mustard Seed and the Leaven. It is significant that, in their bearing upon the outward extension and the inward influence, it is the seed that a man took, in the one

parable, and it is the leaven which a woman took, in the other parable, as if recognizing spheres on lines of equality but not identity. While neither the Greek nor the context will allow this to be pressed too far, still in the light of actual accomplishment it is true to history. An underlying principle of the centuries has been much in evidence that womanhood in its way has as widely influenced the Church as has manhood in its way. The working may not have made equality of values as plain as it might but it has hitherto clearly shown typical lines of non-identity."

The article was reprinted in the *Pacific Churchman* of July, 1918, with the following introduction:

(The growing interest in the question of representation of our Church womanhood in Church legislation has incidentally put our California "House of Churchwomen" somewhat into the limelight. There is always the possibility of missing our "point of view" in such publicity. Some may unintentionally mistake our progressive experiment as claiming a patent for finality. There may be the radical righteous who will "smite it friendly." "Let not their precious balms break its head." It is only unassumingly –but by no means unassuredly – a try-out of representation on lines of equality but not identity. It is working *toward* equality though not yet in the fullest stage of that development. To make this plainer of its recognition of a man fashion and a "woman fashion" and to avoid misconception of its motif or present status by any who may be disposed to pay it the flattery of imitation, the following article is reproduced from the *Living Church* of June 2, 1917.)

For the *Churchman* of a still later date the present President, Mrs. H. M. Sherman, contributed an illuminating estimate of the progress and findings of the experiment in California from which the following *data* are taken:

"An enumeration of the concrete results of the past fifteen years would be merely local interest, but the outstanding features recognizable by all have been,

first: A uniting of the Diocese in sympathy and mutual interest and a breaking down of parochialism. Second: The fostering of true spiritual growth because of the brief daily services usually conducted by women. Also the great stimulus received from addresses by noted speakers, clerical and lay, male and female. There are always two or three of these addresses during each convention; eminent members of the faculties of our Universities or some well-known publicist speaking of the Church in its relation to general problems and giving an incalculable breadth and impulse to our efforts. Third: Making known to a large number of people the needs of our diocesan institutions, in a way that printed reports fail to do. Very frequently delegates and visitors have learned for the first time of certain branches of the Church's work and have been moved to join the few laborers who are toiling in the great fields white with harvest. Fourth: Women have been educated to think clearly, to express themselves concisely and forcibly and to act unitedly. At the last meeting, when at the request of the Bishop, the subject of Women's status was brought up for discussion, the many men who took care to be present as visitors, declared that the speeches are noteworthy for their logical thought, lucidity and absence of personal feeling or acrimonious expression, though indicative of strong conviction."

It is admitted that the House, invaluable as it has proved itself, is but a half-measure. Sentiment in favor of full representation has grown but slowly among the women and until recently has not found expression, their devotion having found vent in carrying burdens and not seeking rights, but when a year ago they realized that in the vital matters of voting for a Bishop Coadjutor they could have no voice, that in the choice of one who was to be the leader of all their efforts for years to come they could but submit silently, the necessity for a change swept over them, and a large number are apparently now convinced that if the Church hopes to claim the younger women, especially the more earn-

est and large-hearted college graduates, she must accord them all the opportunities for service which their powers can command."

CHAPTER XIV

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE DAYS OF 1906

(Reprinted from a pamphlet published and sold for the benefit of our Chinese Mission from MS. written "for my children" and entitled, "A Father's Story of the Earthquake and Fire in San Francisco April 18, 19, 20, 1906.")

Wednesday, April 18.

Jolt—jolt—jolt, sway—sway—sway, rattle—rattle—rattle over big, age-like tens of seconds with a deep diapason of rumbling, and then a great ugly, last BANG—to something like that, was the rousing from sleep at thirteen minutes past five in the morning of Wednesday, April 18th, 1906. We had been in the new Bishop's House, 2515 Webster St., San Francisco, about three weeks, having celebrated your Mother's birthday, the 29th of March, by our going into residence and having the first dinner in the house. At the time of the earthquake, Clare and Peggy had gone to San Mateo to visit Mary and Philip, and they all, as well as the others in the house at the time, each have their own memories to tell, as the experience was one of the sort in which Mother Earth in these parts left no one out. Remaining in bed—it can hardly be said "quietly," with all the throbbing of the house—until the shock had passed, wondering and commenting on what was happening outside and how it was affecting the tall buildings down town, and whether it might bind our doors so that we could not get out of our room, all the time with a calming subconsciousness of the good providence of Almighty God as our "Refuge, though the earth be moved," I arose and made a hasty inspection, calling to Billy, inquiring of Mr. Ancell, Missionary from China, who was stopping with us, and finding all was well with all the inmates. The house had stood solidly, though as developed later, one chimney had tossed out so that the top went through our roof, and the center through the

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE
2515 Webster St., San Francisco

Beaver's roof next door; the other two chimney tops were moved from the base, and several courses of bricks were thrown out of the front gable, caroming on the stone parapet in front of Clare's room and going through the open window into her room, fortunately all choosing that open entrance rather than the two closed windows beside it, and so breaking no glass. Billy's books were all thrown out of their shelves, pictures in several places tumbled off mantel pieces, some vases, etc., fell over in the dining room, and small cracks appeared in many places in the plastering, though none of them were serious, and later, one man in half a day repaired all those that were the more marked. Mr. Faville, the architect, examined the house a few days after the earthquake and said it had stood remarkably well, there being no structural damage, owing to its good foundation, and strong and honest construction.

A look out of the windows brought evidence of the disasters abroad, in streets littered with fallen bricks, tall chimney stacks toppled over, the streets ominously astir with refugees from houses, and a general sort of anxiety in the air. And when I went to take my bath and no water ran, another phase of what had happened dawned on me. But all in due time sat down to breakfast, taking it all in a strangely matter-of-fact way, with probably something of exhilaration of excitement, and something of a profound sense of gratitude for preservation to account for it. After prayers, which seemed at best but feebly to express the latter, each member of the household went his own way. Your Mother and I joined some of our neighbors in the street somewhere about eight o'clock, and while recounting experiences, our neighbor, Mrs. Beaver, saying "We have part of your chimney on our roof," another shock came, very marked, but not as severe as the first. About that time one of our friends from another part of the city drove up in her carriage, showing decided nervousness and telling of havoc done with dwellings she had already visited, and saying, "The worst of it is, there is to be a

severer shock at eleven o'clock, and probably the most serious of all at four o'clock this afternoon." We assured her that no one knew anything about it, and that California precedents showed that the worst tremors generally were the first, but her credulity is mentioned as significant of a not uncommon frame of mind at the moment, worked upon by such wild, if not positively heartless prognostications. It may be mentioned that after-shocks, as was to be expected, were experienced during the day, and at longer or shorter intervals through succeeding months; indeed still continuing at this writing, fourteen months after, but none of them so serious as to justify the forebodings caused by those senseless predictions.

Rumors of the destruction done soon began to fly thick and fast, and with no telephone and no street cars running, I had a desire to know as soon as possible how our stone and brick churches had stood the shock, and started to walk around the city to view them. First at St. Paul's, on California St., I found the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Reilly, standing near the building, the stone front of which had suffered much, many stones being loosened and threatening to fall, and others already on the ground. The interior, which had been recently redecorated, was also badly damaged, the eagle lectern thrown over, with the eagle's beak penetrating the floor, the new font with its pieces displaced—curiously enough, an after-shock in great measure threw them into place again—the plastering everywhere cracked and covered with hieroglyphic-like characters, as if to register the groaning of the building in its spasms. Next going down by Trinity Church, on Gough and Bush Sts., that massive building showed little evidence of harm except a pinnacle missing and a small crack in the central tower. Fortunately, the steel frame held that tower, as the steel frame held the new Jewish Synagogue on California St., which I noticed in passing had sustained but little injury. Then I went on to St. Luke's on Van Ness Ave., where the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Weeden, and

some of the congregation were sadly contemplating the ruined front, the greater part of the wall facing the Avenue having toppled over. Grace Church, on California and Stockton, on the contrary I found firm and almost scathless, justifying the earth-quake proof expenditure put upon it in earlier days in the heavy brick buttressing and iron coring of its inner columns. There were only some slight marks of disturbance on the finials and gables. My way to the Church of the Advent took me past the St. Francis Hotel, which had well survived the shock, and to Market St., which at that time was more like Pandemonium than anything I witnessed during the dire days. Sidewalks were thronged with people treading over the shattered glass from show windows,—the wares of which were in many places all open to the public,—over the debris from fallen walls, cornices, etc., vehicles of all sorts were cluttering up the streets, soldiers, policemen, rushing ambulances, all mingling in the mass and making the semblance of greater confusion from the very shoutings and gallopings to try to evolve order. Then ominous smoke clouds, of which more later, seemed to create a horizon of new horror, as fire engines and wagons hurrying with odd lots of belongings snatched from burning and threatening buildings added to the general melee. On Market St., I met the Rev. Mr. Venables, and soon learned that the great Mechanics Pavilion, owing to the destruction of the Emergency Hospital, had been taken for the temporary hospital, and after going for a hasty look at the Church of the Advent on Eleventh St., and noting the havoc wrought there by a falling wall, and feeling I ought not to take further time to go on to St. John's on Fifteenth St., which was not so badly damaged, I joined the others, who were caring for the wounded and dying at the Mechanics Pavilion. There were there perhaps between two and three hundred lying on cots, mattresses, and even on the floor, with a number of clergymen, including our own Messrs. Lathrop—he being the first clergyman on the ground—and Kelley, nurses, physi-

cians and attendants, the operating tables and medicines, all out in the great open space, and everything conducted with calmness and order, and gentle devotion to the alleviation of suffering and nervous shock. Most pathetic cases came under my own observation as I passed from cot to cot and from one to another, lying everywhere on the floor of the great Pavilion; one man suffering more from anxiety as to what had become of his wife than from his own injuries; another who told me his son had been stricken dead by his side in the early morning; another to whose side I was hurriedly called by a nurse as just passing away from the promise of robust manhood; others groaning from the pain and heartache of permanent maiming; others dazed and oblivious of their peril or predicament. And yet, with it all, the effect seemed to be more of suppression than of expression of the sense of crowding calamity, as those who had come through mercifully preserved tried to show quietly and tenderly their gratitude by ministering to those who had suffered. But when around and over the afflicted, to the number of which ambulances constantly arriving were adding, there was beginning to be something like soothing and well-ordered "first-aid," a subdued but startling whisper goes from one ministrant to another, "Every patient here must instantly be removed to some place of safety, as the fire is only a short distance off and sweeping this way." It was a time for dread panic and dismay, but never in my experience have I witnessed coolness and intelligence, and readiness of expedient equal to that which met the almost thrilling emergency. Here were hundreds of helpless patients in that mammoth, open, wooden structure, that would be kindling wood the moment the full surge of the flame tide struck it. So awful were the possibilities that rumors actually went abroad and were wildly credited, that in mercy many of the patients were chloroformed in order to save them from the worse death of a hopeless holocaust. But there was nothing of the sort. All kinds of vehicles were quickly grouped

around every exit. All the ministrants within instantly resolved themselves into an ambulance corps to rapidly collect the patients around the doorways, and put them into the waiting automobiles, wagons, etc., as speedily as possible. The patients themselves were wonderfully calm. While one of them was waiting his turn, and a cinder lodging in some of the light work of the great roof caused a flame to break out, which some heroic firemen were trying to reach, he said to me very composedly, "Do you think you will get us all out?" I could assure him most confidently that we would. Some hobbled with help, some had to be carried, cots were pushed, mattressses with their unconscious burdens lifted, but all were safely and gently transferred to other hospitals removed from the fire, and not only was every patient taken away, but operating tables, medicines, and a good deal of emergency equipment were in the short time saved, and the ashes a few hours later of the huge hall of so many associations—and the last the saddest—had nothing human in them except the blood stains they obliterated.

Returning to the house in the early afternoon I found we had been able to welcome some of our Eastern friends as refugees from the St. Francis and other points and after a short rest I started out again to note the progress of the new peril threatening the city. Since the early morning the smoke had been spreading and thickening, indicating the starting points of many fires, and the headway gained by the flames. The able Chief of the Fire Department had been fatally injured in the earthquake. The water-mains were broken, and the hopelessness of checking the conflagration by the ordinary measures had but become only too menacingly apparent. I found I could get as far as Sansome and Bush to find a fire line there, by the middle of the afternoon, then to Montgomery and almost to Market St., then to California and Kearny, the flames nearing California from Kearny, and having reached a point near the Hall of Justice. The First National Bank Building,

corner Bush and Sansome, though scorched, was still practically intact, and in passing the barber shop under the Occidental Hotel, the porter enabled me to look in to see how the earthquake had shattered the ceiling, and there were many marks of the earthquake thereabouts, especially fallen debris from the Lick House. By this time the streets were well patrolled by soldiers, General Funston having promptly co-operated with the city authorities in placing them around the city. I saw Tom Selfridge, Billy's classmate at West Point, at the head of his mounted artillerymen, marching down town. Though the city was never under martial law, this reinforcement of the police force was most timely to protect the city from disorderly and looting element, and the first few nights double guards paced the streets around our residence portion—many of the houses being practically deserted for the time from the fear of further shocks, and other causes. The citizens in some sections freely furnished the soldiers with stimulants in their extra duty and fatigue, and at first there were a few instances of unfortunate results. While at the fire-line on Montgomery Street this first afternoon, where there was more or less excitement, two young women, who had studios in that neighborhood, from which the fire had driven them, came to me, calling me by name, and complaining that a drunken soldier had insulted them. But such incidents were rare and to be expected under all the circumstances; and, taken all in all, the conduct of the soldiers was worthy of the highest commendation, and their agency assuring and calming. Out by the Palace Hotel, at the time I was in that neighborhood, all that was aflame. Mr. Ancell and I after a little went to the California St. hill, and stayed for some time on California St., between Kearny St. and Grant Ave., watching the advance of the fire. The burning of the tall Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co. Building was most spectacular. Unlike the steel frame, fire-proof buildings in which the fire burned by rooms, as it were in compartments, this building, though tall and of brick,

was of wood in the interior, and so made practically a big chimney, with one solid mass of flame working up through it. Dynamiting had already then begun, but seemed to be ineffective. Though from the buildings immediately fringing the fire, they were busily removing such furniture as they could, it did not then occur to me that the old Diocesan House and Grace Church were in jeopardy, especially as the fire seemed to be working toward Montgomery St., from Kearny rather than in our direction. But somewhere about two o'clock the next (Thursday) morning, both the Diocesan House and Grace Church were burned, very little being saved from either, except that as I have since been very glad to learn, the exquisite and very costly Communion Service of Grace Church, dating back to the Rectorship of Bishop Kip in 1856, together with the priceless records of the parish, were removed from the church late on Wednesday afternoon, and carried to a place of safety by the Rector, Mr. Evans; the principal loss from the Diocesan House being that of the Archives and of various photographs, etc., in my rooms, which had especial associations.

Returning home somewhat footsore after so much tramping, there were many who stopped in during the evening, including the Misses Heath, Mr. Sidney Van Wyck, Rev. Frank Stone, and others. And we had many things to think of, as there were many most startling rumors of disaster elsewhere, in Chicago, Salt Lake, Los Angeles, which proved to be without foundation, and with little or no communication with the outside world, there was no means of verifying them. And there we were wondering how they were faring in San Mateo, from which as yet we had heard nothing.

Thursday, April 19.

The night was a-light with the spreading conflagration, but, all things considered, we had a good rest, and Thursday morning, Billy, Dr. Brooks and I walked down California Street to the Fairmont Hotel, around

which on all sides the flames were leaping. Going along Mason Street, between the Fairmont and the Flood home, with the heat uncomfortable, we found the spacious lawn of the Flood home covered with paintings and other art treasures from the Hopkins Art Gallery across California Street. Some marines from the war ships were thickly posted in that neighborhood, and we saw here and there men throwing stones at the front windows of the large residences on the south side of California Street to break them, and so prevent the flames from bursting them out. All immediately south of that, on Pine, Bush and Sutter Streets, seemed seethed in fire. The large frame house on the northeast corner of Mason and Sacramento Streets was burning and the fire tongues were forking out across the street to the Fairmont and just igniting the outer scaffolding and light wooden work there. Retracing our steps out Sacramento Street, we saw isolated buildings on fire, caught from the flying cinders, and soon reached a zone of stirring exodus, as the population to the westward along Taylor, Jones, and the slope towards Polk Street realized that they were to be soon "burned out of house and home." All sorts of excited groups were in front of the houses pitching together what they hoped to save, tossing odds and ends of their house belongings on the sidewalk, here and there fortunate enough to have a wagon, but improvising all kinds of transportation on baby carriages, step-ladder sled-like arrangements, dragging trunks on their castors, burdening backs with far more than they could hope to carry, and generally trying to communicate hopeless motion to inert furniture.

I saw one man with some bulky thing under each arm, another bundle hanging from his neck, and a sort of harness around his shoulders, with which he was pulling a big trunk along the sidewalk. Another poor elderly colored woman was clutching a small picture with both hands, over which was carefully spread a napkin, and she was hastening eargerly along with it

as the only apparent salvage she had. It suggested a portrait of priceless associations.

Going further along in the Western Addition, this nondescript phase of an exodus took other forms—fine carriages filled with stuff snatched from the burning, handsomely dressed ladies mounted on ramshackle express wagons of goods, etc. Indeed, the question of transportation was beginning to be acute in the matter of carrying the members as well as the material things of the menaced houses to places of refuge.

Mrs. Brooks, from Greenwich, Conn., and Dr. Brooks, whom we were glad to welcome from the St. Francis Hotel, Mrs. Lawver and Mr. Ancell were all fortunate in securing conveyance to the ferry to take trains to their respective destinations. Miss Noah, from the Japan Mission, brought to us by Deaconess Drant, also found some way of communicating with the steamer on which she afterward sailed. And here I may mention that by this time there had come such a vast congestion of telegrams that they could neither be delivered nor sent except in comparatively inconsiderable numbers. We accordingly gave a number, including several to family and friends in the East and to Jack, in Mr. Ancell's care, to send at the first available point on his journey to Oregon. This proved to be Red Bluff, about two hundred miles from San Francisco, causing Jack to wonder if we had been obliged to refugee there.

It was no small comfort during the day to hear through Mr. Chandler, one of the Divinity Students, who rode up on his wheel, that, while the shock was severe in San Mateo, doing much damage to the new buildings, all were safe at the cottage there.

As the day wore on, it became evident that we ourselves might have to be thinking of some way of leaving Webster Street, and I hailed, only to find them preempted, a good many carriages, after having gone to the livery stable and having been told that they had everything out and were themselves ordered out, as the stable was to be dynamited in an hour! Billy went out

to the Presidio, hoping to secure from some of his officer friends there a Government wagon, but there were none available. Toward the middle of the afternoon, when cinders, some of them two inches long, were dropping thickly around us, the word came that we must prepare to leave the house, as the fire was becoming more and more threatening in our direction, having defied the desperate efforts to stay it at Van Ness Avenue. We adjusted ourselves to what seemed the inevitable—and one of the many "whirlgigs" of those days that we can now look back upon with some wonderment was the fitting ourselves to the necessities as if it were an everyday matter—and soon busied ourselves with the concerns of our domestic exodus. Billy and Nelson, our man, proceeded to dig a place in the yard—and somewhat adamantine they found it—where they buried our silver and a few other things. Then they found easier "sapping and mining" in a neighboring yard—Mr. Otis' —where in some recent terracing another trench was dug and more committed to it, typewriter, glass, etc., etc.

In the mean time, your mother and I were going over the house, taking something of a last survey, as we then felt it to be, of possessions having the sentiment of our thirty years of married life, including my library, which, with other things, seemed to have just moved up from San Mateo to be burned. But we acted as if there were no time to linger over such musings or over regrets at the probability of the new Bishop's House soon becoming a ruin, and the new furnishings, so associated with the generous thought of the House of Churchwomen and the Diocese, doomed to ashes. We went from room to room to condense what should survive down to the filling of three suitcases. I went to Clare's and Peggy's rooms, bulging my pockets with rings and bits of jewelry I thought they might wish to save, and when the suit cases were closed, they contained about the selection and condensation of "worldly goods" that I think we would choose again. It is interesting now to look back to it and review what it was like to feel on the verge of

"starting anew" with household effects. We had planned to cut out of its frame the fine old painting of your mother as a child with her mother. As it happened, the only article we really lost was our old "claw-foot" mahogany sofa, which was burnt at the upholsterer's where it had been sent for a new covering.

Late in the afternoon, meeting with Mr. Mintzer and Mr. Beaver, our neighbors on either side, we agreed that we would not actually withdraw from our houses until the menace of the fire made it peremptory, as there was no immediate danger except from cinders, and a way of escape would always be open to us down Webster Street to Fort Mason, where there were already so many houseless folk gathered. Then I happened to meet Mr. Monteagle, who had just come from Van Ness Avenue, and he brought more hopeful tidings of the possibility of the turning of the course of the fire from our direction after all. At one time we had some thought of trying to walk to the Valencia Street station, as we heard occasional trains were running to San Mateo; but that soon appeared impracticable. However, we had put everything in readiness for prompt retreat, and the outlook growing somewhat more favorable from hour to hour, along in the evening, your mother, Billy, and I, leaving Nelson and Mary, the cook, in the house, walked as we could toward the fire line, going down Pacific Avenue nearly to Polk Street which was then ablaze and further south the fire had already crossed Van Ness Avenue.

After strolling through several streets in the neighborhood, we climbed to an elevation in Lafayette Square, where we found the hill almost black with people, some coming to it as a place of refuge, others, like ourselves, to take in the full spectacular effect of the fire. And here I reach an experience which is simply indescribable. We sat there hour after hour, saying little, but awed by the almost incredible panorama before our eyes. There was nearly a semi-circle of furious flame, and a sky of smoke receding from the immediate

foreground as far as the eye could reach. Over there on the hill, a cloud of flame would swoop down with cyclonic force upon a whole block of frame buildings and engulf them as in a furnace. On the far horizon, darting masses of fire would throw radiance against the sky with startling searchlight effect. Just below us there would be periodical detonations of dynamite, followed by upshoots of burning timbers and sparks, as the fierce battle to keep back the fire went on. Figures of fire-fighters could now and then be discerned, and as it all suggested the holocaust of homes and business blocks, and humanity beaten about all around us, and beyond the fires and desperately disputing for the preservation of the whole Western Addition, inferno-like as to one with troubled dreams it all seemed to be. In that immediate foreground, as I afterwards learned, one of our Rectors, the Rev. Dr. Clampett, was then vainly struggling to save his sermons from his burning home, and one of those explosions of dynamite, as it collapsed a building near Trinity Church, shattered everywhere the windows of the Church.

As long as the present San Francisco generation lives, there will be those to tell thrilling tales of their personal experience under that lurid sky of Thursday night. But by a merciful Providence the battle was won through heroic deeds and brave skill—some priests went up into the tower of St. Mary's Cathedral and, at the risk of their lives, extinguished the fires that had caught there, when even the firemen thought it hopeless. One gentleman paid a man to ascend to a cupola and check the flame as it was just catching at a central point. The wind veered around so that it changed from our Webster Street direction.

Your mother, Billy, and I some time after midnight wended our way around the square towards home, picking our pathway among the worn and sleeping refugees, who were, some under tents or other hastily constructed covering and some out in the open, overspreading the hilltop and sides. It was still almost light enough

for reading print from the glare of the fires, and we went to our rest, lying down in our day clothes and with our suit cases within ready reach, as the time of danger had not entirely passed, for a refreshing sleep.

And so passed Thursday, the 19th.

CHAPTER XV

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE DAYS OF 1906

(CONCLUDED)

FRIDAY, APRIL 20.

THOUGH the red glare of the burning city lighted up the windows around the curtains, like sunlight, the night passed away quietly in our immediate neighborhood, with the thickly posted sentinels pacing the street, and we had a fairly good sleep and rest. Indeed, it was notable how physically comfortable, with all the nerve-thrumming sights and experiences, people were. By this time house and city conveniences had been reduced to decidedly rural, not to say rudimentary conditions. There were no street cars running, no telephone, practically for most people no way of getting about except by walking, no provision stores open, no lights allowed in the houses at night and no fires, the only running water available in our section from a faucet several blocks off near Fillmore Street, and consequently all our house plumbing disorganized and out of commission. For a while there were no letters, though the postmen were around again with remarkable promptitude, and for several days letters were accepted at the street boxes and forwarded without stamps. The morning papers were intermitted at our doors, though the very next morning after the earthquake, the 19th, they combined in a sheet, "The Call-Chronicle-Examiner," published in Oakland, and soon found separate continuity. Many of these earlier issues were largely taken up with pathetic advertisements of scattered members of families and individuals trying to find each other.

One of the extraordinary measures taken was to close tight all the saloons, and in many instances to destroy their stock. Walking up Fillmore Street, I saw several blocks of what I supposed was water running

SAN FRANCISCO FIRE SWEPT
1906

over the sidewalk, and wondered how any one could be so wasteful as to be washing the walks with water when we were all on such short supplies, until by nostril I soon perceived that it was whisky literally running the streets, and reaching the point, I saw soldiers demolishing bottles on the shelves with the butt ends of their muskets, breaking in the heads of barrels, etc. The saloons were kept closed until the early part of July, and, it strikingly enough, practically left the police courts with nothing to do. I prepared a petition, which was signed by Archbishops Riordan and Montgomery, Rabbi Voorsanger, Dr. Hemphill, and others, besides myself, joining in with other movements to keep the saloons closed longer, and conferred in person with Mayor Schmitz about it; but he could not resist the pressure of those who wished to open the saloons.

In connection with the short supply of water there were some "amenities," as indeed there were with almost every phase of the days of disaster. In one household they had by diligent water-carrying stored up more than the immediate need, and had found a carefully cleaned bathtub an excellent reservoir. It so happened that the same day they took in a refugee guest and put him up for the night. Their astonishment was more capable of genuineness than of expression when he came down in the morning and reported that he had found such a delightful refreshing bath in a tub all ready for him, the same being the laboriously hoarded necessity of life.

For a while on this Friday we were again under a menace of fire, as the flames east of Van Ness Avenue and in the section nearer the bay made considerable progress towards the Western Addition. There was considerable anxiety, but it was allayed later in the day, and word was passed around, to the relief of the whole city, that the conflagration had at last been really checked, after having covered between four and five square miles of area, including almost all the business section, and having burned almost all the hotels, banks,

and "sky-scraper" buildings, the Kohl Building, northwest corner of California and Montgomery Streets, being the only one of the latter class that escaped, and that apparently due only to some curious freak of the fire, which had raged all around it. The loss ran up into the hundreds of millions, but it is no part of this story to deal with statistics—indeed, the losses of libraries, art treasures, curios, antiques, to say nothing of articles with associations, simply defy any computation. Probably city ashes have never at one time represented destruction equal to the value of that so destroyed; the loss caused by the crashes of the earthquake were a small percentage, as one versed in insurance estimates told me later, to that as had been indicated by some pertinent calculations.

Friday morning passed quickly with desk work and various interviews, and later I went out and succeeded in finding the General Relief Committee of Fifty, appointed by the Mayor, of which I was a member. I was advised of a proposed meeting at the Fairmont Thursday morning, but, as I have already noted, the Fairmont was already nearly surrounded by fires when I reached Mason Street in the forenoon. And the Relief Committee had been obliged to change its place of meeting several times, driven by the fire, before it could settle upon the hall, Franklin Hall, where I found them on Fillmore Street, near Bush. A busy scene it was, the later more orderly department desks had not yet been evolved, and the committee was standing around generally. Seeing Judge Slack and Mr. McEnerney, I spoke to them of the propriety of our recognizing in such a committee the sense of the protecting Providence in our perils. They readily acquiesced, and Mr. McEnerney said he would ask Coadjutor Archbishop Montgomery, Archbishop Riordan being in the East, to come to the afternoon session and cooperate in the passing of some fitting resolution. Before the hour for the afternoon session, I had prepared the draft for such a resolution, and on assembling submitted it to Archbishop Mont-

gomery and Rabbi Voorsanger, both of whom agreed to it. As the Mayor was detained elsewhere, adjournment to the evening became necessary. Billy went over with me in the evening. The hall was filled with the committee and interested citizens. Reports were received from the various sub-committees—on Water, Light, Transportation, Feeding the Hungry, etc.—and there was the same grasp and calm deliberation that there might have been if the alarming situation had been in China instead of at our doors. In due time the Mayor called upon me, and the following resolution was passed with considerable enthusiasm, being seconded by Archbishop Montgomery and Rabbi Voorsanger, each with a few well-chosen words:

"While applying itself to the immediate relief of the most pressing needs of our citizens, this Committee commends to the religious people of our city bearing the Saint's name, at their earliest services of public worship, an expression of Thanksgiving for the many mercies of preservation and of faith for all that lies before them. The Committee would recommend the holding of open-air services when practicable, especially for those who have lost their houses of worship, in our parks and squares, after due consultation with the park authorities and between those arranging for such services."

As typical of the sort of reports received and efficient emergency work done, I remember to have heard Rabbi Voorsanger say, so far as I can recall his words: "I have made thorough examination throughout the city today and can, I believe, confidently affirm that through the efforts of my committee there is not a hungry mouth in San Francisco tonight." No one can estimate how much suffering and anxiety were saved by this alert meeting of the unprecedented municipal conditions on the part of those who, while the fires were burning and in many instances while their own offices and homes were burning, applied themselves—doctors, soldiers, firemen, policemen, authorities, and committeemen—

to meet the perils of earthquake, fire, famine, looting, pestilence and stampede, and all the ills coming so thick and fast to nearly half a million of people. For awhile, over two hundred thousand stood in bread lines, after all the provisions were so appropriated that nothing was to be bought at markets and groceries. The quick adaptation of the organization of the army exploited its value in the calamities of peace. The earthquake was scarcely two hours old before sentinels patrolled the streets and assured order. The Commissary Department fed the city as it would the hosts of an army and proved to have at hand the machinery for turning to account not only great reserves of army supplies, but the gifts which soon began to pour in by boat loads and train loads from the generous State and nation. As to our own pantry, it may interest you, my children, to know that, the first day, Billy, Mr. Ancell, Nelson, our man, and I went to our grocers, the Bibo, Newman Company, and gathered in a stock of canned goods, crackers, etc., as much as we could carry, for our larder. Matters were in dire confusion at the grocer's. The jams, fruits, pickles, and other canned and bottled supplies on the shelving on one side of the store had all been thrown in one mess of broken glass and sticky matter, say three feet deep, and was a sight until the fire that night happily disposed of it. Then Billy, who assisted some of his army friends in distributing to bread lines, was enabled to bring us a daily supply and to help us out in many ways, as, for example, in happening upon a small oil stove when down town the first day, much to our advantage. When with me at the evening Relief Committee steps were taken to swear in a number of special policemen, he wanted at once to lend a hand there, but I persuaded him that there would be more than enough, as it proved, to respond to that call, and that he, as it also proved, could lend a hand better in other ways. And though our menu was not Sybaritic, and we lived somewhat from hand to mouth and were anxious to provide meals for all we could at our table, and were

able to welcome a table full at almost every meal and had through it all what some called "a disreputable appetite," we all along had "bread enough to spare." But we did enjoy as a luxury a good cut of beefsteak that our Mr. Macon, of Trinity Church, Oakland, thoughtfully brought to us, and some strawberries and other delicacies purveyed to us by our Mr. Parsons, of Berkeley, and others. It was not long before, like everybody else, we had our kitchen duly installed in the shape of a brick fireplace in the street, and Mary, the cook, in spite of adverse draughts and now and then rain drops, well met the challenge of our hunger from that "coign of disadvantage." And so it went for several weeks with our "cuisine."

I have rambled about in the story of the three most eventful days, keeping, however, more or less to the continuity of the experiences.

The Further Story.

I will not try to further follow the days one after another, but will cluster a few of the memories around occurrences without further reference to their exact dates than to note that they were all either directly associated with those first three days or with the days immediately following them.

Sunday night, the 22nd, hearing some one moving in the house, I investigated and found that Archdeacon Emery, who was occupying Clare's room, had been aroused by water leaking through his ceiling. At first I supposed that the earthquake had broken some of the water pipes and that the water had begun to run in them again, but soon discovered that it was raining hard and that the top of our chimney, which had fallen, had broken a great hole in our roof, snapping a large rafter in two like a lath and lodging on the floor beams. The chimney had been so shaken that part had bulged out and broken in the neighboring roof. While the leakage did some damage and stained some of our new wall tints, it brought but comparatively small dis-

comfort. And again we realized how much more favored we were than the thousands, many absolutely without shelter, who were out in the pitiless rain, including some of our clergy and their families, whose full stories, if told, would have some thrilling chapters of peril and hardship and solicitude bravely met by husband and wife. With the Bishop's House almost intact, we felt it no little privilege to be able in some measure to keep "open house" and lodge and have around our table those who could stop with us or drop in upon us. And soon we found the advantage, too, of having a Church Relief Station for the administration of the generous funds that began to pour in upon us, and as well the Relief boxes.

Archdeacon Emery immediately began his duties as Assistant Treasurer of the Bishop's Church Relief Funds. Mr. William H. Crocker, of the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank, consented to act as Treasurer, and the group, who worked early and late in my "den" with the Archdeacon, including Billy with his typewriter, Clare, Peggy, mother and self, will not soon forget those stirring days of receiving and acknowledging checks and money orders. Later your mother organized a Committee of Ladies, representing the various congregations of San Francisco, and, with the help of Mr. Bours, soon brought order and efficiency into the distribution of the hundreds of boxes that came with timely supplies for our Church people. The full account of those boxes would make a story by itself. Then for some months the congregations of Grace and St. Peter's Parishes held services in our spacious library, which had not yet been furnished, we having succeeded in getting folding chairs from Oakland. On Saturday morning, the 21st, we had a meeting of the clergy of the city in the library, and, after prayer and thanksgiving for deliverance, arranged for Sunday services in the various parks with refugees, for inserting advertisements in the press of the addresses of the respective clergy, that their parishioners might know where to

reach them, for using the columns of the newspapers to try to turn aright the mind of our people from time to time, and for counseling among ourselves from week to week upon the best means of helping the Church conditions. Sunday morning, I took the assignment for the Presidio refugees and, assisted by Mr. Lee, of St. James, and his choir, held services with those gathered near the Golf Club house out in the open, preaching upon St. Matthew 5:14 (last part). The afternoon of Sunday I spent in arranging for the removal from the city of the children of the Maria Kip Orphanage, Mr. Hooke taking me around in his automobile to various city relief authorities and to confer with Mrs. Fox, the children being in tents on the lot adjoining the Orphanage building, which had been badly shattered. Some contagious diseases had already broken out among refugees of the neighborhood, and it was important to get the children away at the earliest possible moment, which was Monday morning.

One of the pleasant memories of those "upset days" was that of our visitors, including Bishop Moreland, who came down from Sacramento with a committee of citizens, bringing a cargo of supplies; Bishop Rowe, Mr. John W. Wood, of New York, who came to familiarize himself with the conditions, and who afterwards did so much to carefully inform the Board of Missions and the Church by his pen in the "Spirit of Missions" and his spoken words; Mr. George Parsons, of Los Angeles, who most thoughtfully gathered up $500 in small bills and came on at once representing the Los Angeles Church Relief Committee with this first installment of the larger sums to follow, in order that I might have the cash for emergency distribution; the Rev. William Wilkinson, Wall Street Missioner from the East, who rendered most effective relief service in Oakland; and others, as our Rev. Mr. Kelley and Mr. Van Bokkelen, Mr. Cubery, and Rev. Messrs. Gardner, Brookman, Stone, and Collison. And on the Sunday morning after the earthquake, Low Sunday, at eight o'clock, we had the first celebra-

tion in our little Oratory, so full of the special Easter suggestions of our week's experiences of life out of death, at which there were present, I being the Celebrant, your mother, Rev. and Mrs. Mardon D. Wilson and their daughter, Miss Alice, Rev. and Mrs. Bours, and Rev. Messrs. Stone and Collison of the Seamen's Institute. The first wedding in the new house was that of the Rev. Cecil M. Marrack whom I had confirmed and ordained both to the Diaconate and Priesthood, to Miss Febiger, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Lea Febiger, of the regular army, on Wednesday, April 25th. And we had happy illustrations of the capacity of the house in our being able to include and enjoy as members of our household for some weeks Rev. and Mrs. Bours, Rev. Mr. Turner, and Sister Alice, who had lost their homes and belongings in the fire.

It may well be believed we had much to talk about around the social table, and as one and another contributed to the general stock of experiences and hearsay, it was by no means of a dismal sort, as the two or three following instances will show. We heard of one excited individual across the bay who was so jarred by the earthquake that he rushed down stairs and out of doors in slight attire, ran three times around his house, and alertly climbed a tree. Another stranger within our San Francisco gates being caught, though not particularly injured, in a collapsed building, kept shouting at the top of his voice to the rescuers at hand: "I say, do help me out quickly; help me out first; help me out right away; I am only a visitor in these parts; I am not *used* to this kind of thing!" Then there was the tale of the man and wife and little girl who were compelled so suddenly to leave their home by the rush of the flames that the father only had time to gather up his papers and put them in a leather hat-box, and then leaving that for the moment with his wife and child in the lower hall, while he made a hurried run through the rooms to take a last look, to hasten his family to a place of refuge. Having seduously guarded the hat-box, he later opened

it to take out one of his papers, and the lifting of the lid disclosed its full inventory of contents to consist of two small kittens! When some one asked him afterwards what he did when his little girl explained that, "while he was upstairs, her kittens appeared, and that she was not going to have them burned and just saw the hat-box, which had nothing in it but a few old papers, and so she just threw out the old papers and put her kittens in," he replied, "Oh, her mother would not let me."

There was the story of the Chinaman wrestling with the difficulties of an extemporized outdoor kitchen, to whom some one brought the rumor in the morning of the earthquake that "there was to be a worse one at eleven o'clock"—and these disquieting rumors were flying around thickly—which would probably make it unnecessary to get any more meals, said, "Who say that?" When the distinguished authority was named, the philosophical Chinaman replied, with more emphasis than I will venture to record, "Why ——— he not tellee about first one?" Then there was the story of the parrot—and they were much in evidence in the surging lines of refugeeism—enlivening the proceedings with the constant refrain, "Ain't this the limit? Ain't this the limit?"

The table talk relieved the somberness of the situation, as it greeted our eyes everywhere out of doors, and, I believe, sent us out with cheerier face to the problems. There was no lack of suggestion of sobering considerations. To go to such a place as Van Ness Avenue, near Broadway and Vallejo Streets, on the morning of the earthquake and see the evidences of earth-throes in the "buckled" sidewalks, the tilted houses, the great gaps in the "made ground," out of which was gushing a small river of water from a broken main, and later after the fire to walk down California Street, as your mother and I did, over granite pavement stones flaked by the flame and superheated air, with little heaps of ashes where collections of trunks had

been piled for safety, only to be overtaken and consumed by the fire, to see burned frames of automobiles that had been caught, and disabled fire engines, and then, above it all, to note, as there was on one of the high chimneys left standing from the Hopkins Art Gallery, some of the metallic roof material still clinging, as it was swayed by the breeze playing a sort of weird clanging requiem over the omnipresent destruction—the Grace Church ruin standing out as if beautiful in a shroud,—these and like scenes and suggestions could hardly let us forget to be sober minded. And all sorts of wild rumors, many of them, as it happily proved, with little or no foundation, were rife, about thousands of unknown lost, about shooting and stringing up to lamp posts many looters south of Market Street who were caught despoiling the dead! The providence and marvel of it all was that the number of those killed and unaccounted for did not seem to reach more than six or seven hundred. If the earthquake had occurred at another time, it appals the imagination to think of what the record would have been in our city, estimated to have a population well on towards half a million, and it was not a little comfort to me, as it was in so many other households, that it came at a time when the immediate members of the household were together indoors.

(A memorable instance of God's Providence in bringing strength to the Diocese "out of weakness" was included here in the story of the noble and epochal gift by the Crocker family of the acropolis-like site for the Cathedral. As its natural place now is in the Chapter about the Cathedral [Chapter XII] it is transferred there and omitted here.)

Not unnaturally my "den" in the Webster Street house had its associations with our own experiences, the little groups keeping late hours in acknowledging the relief checks and money orders coming in "like the leaves of Vallambrosa," trying to keep warm from lamplight when fires were banned, Billy with his typewriter learning to "take dictation" as under difficulties I was preparing a Baccalaureate Sermon for the Class

of 1906 of the University of California, Peggy with the "thump, thump," on the floor of her game of "jackstones" with staid clergymen, etc., etc. Then we gathered there some relics as reminders of the sad havoc, photographs of the burned district and of the freak predicament in which the earthquake left the heroic statue of Professor Agassiz at Stanford University, tossed from its elevated pedestal and inverted in the fall so that it was buried up to the shoulders in the concrete walk, with the feet and base pointing upward; calcined pieces of the $15,000 marble altar of Grace Church, and also of the costly altar of St. Luke's Church, which I picked from the respective ruins. But the most suggestive of all was the half-tone of a leaf from a hymnal, charred into oval shape, possibly from some St. Luke's book which had been used in the last Easter Service, the curious story of which is printed as follows, on the back:

"This wind-blown bit of charred music was found at Fort Mason, San Francisco, the morning of the third day of the conflagration, April 20, 1906, while the finder was picking up bits of wood to make a fire for an early cup of coffee. The thousands of refugees there awoke that morning feeling that the strife was ended and that they were safe, for the wind had changed and the terrible shower of ashes was being blown back towards the burnt city."

The words on the leaf, which are plainly preserved, are:

"Al-le-lu-ia!
The strife is o'er, the battle done!
The song of triumph has begun.
"The powers of Death have—
But Christ their legions—
Let shouts of holy joy—
"The three sad days—
He rises glorious"—

Other blessings I will refer to, such as the birth of our dear little granddaughter, Evelyn, May 4th, and Mary's preservation amid all the perils; the many let-

ters of personal sympathy which poured in upon us from all over the country, the generous checks sent for our personal home use from our Eastern friends —none the less appreciated from the fact that we did not have to withhold any of them from the General Relief Fund, through the characteristic thought of our own Diocese in forestalling the necessity—the kindness of our people who were in distant lands, especially Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Suffice it to say that if we had very close consciousness of the uncertainty of life and of all earthly things, we had also very vivid realization of the verses: "God is our hope and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea."

There were hours when we thought we were taking our last look of the new home, but out of them there only came the more signal answer to the prayer from the old Sixth Century Communion Office, which is made the legend over the family fireplace, "*Tu Domine, benedic hanc familiam tuam.*" For our own family ties, "the mother of us all" being as ever calm and sustaining in it all, so precious in the past of your childhood, and never more precious than now, though some of you are far from us in your stations of duty, my dear children, and for the hearthstone of the Diocesan family it is a story, after all, of the Heavenly Father's blessing and great mercy.

CHAPTER XVI

SOME CONVENTION DAYS—DIOCESAN AND GENERAL

As the Private Secretary of Bishop Williams, my experience with the "business end" of Conventions began early in my Connecticut Ministry. My good friend of many years, then Secretary of Convention, the Rev. Henry W. Nelson, Jr., appointed me his assistant and upon his leaving the Diocese I acted as Secretary until his successor was elected, feeling it necessary to decline the nomination for the office, though gratified to have such a veteran as the Rev. Dr. Jacob L. Clark, of Waterbury, nominate me. Later, from 1882 until my Call to Philadelphia in 1887, I served on the Standing Committee, one of the very few Standing Committees having no laymen in its membership from its earliest traditions. When transferred from the floor to the Chair of Diocesan Conventions on coming to California I confess to some misgivings, especially as a few of the then more recent Conventions of the Diocese of California had no striking repute for serenity and had been to me characterized more by the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter in modo*. And the first one over which I was to preside, I had called for its meeting in Los Angeles with an especial leaning upon the guardianship of some of the good angels implied in the name of the proposed Convention city. Moreover it had for one of its "tackles" the adoption of an entirely new Constitution for the Diocese! But it proved most considerate of its tenderfoot President, "calm and serene" was it's "frame" and in all the thirty-two successive Conventions of the Diocese over which I have been permitted to preside, owing no doubt in large measure to that same forbearance, there was not one appeal moved over the decision of the chair, while there has been no lack of warming issues and strong individualities, nor I may well add, of fallibilities in the Chair.

Our Church Conventions, however much they may function as of the human, humanly, are, I believe, generally speaking the freest as well as the most representative religious legislative bodies in the land and an extended experience of them leaves with me the impression that they allow for and justify the appeal in the Convention prayer for God to "direct, sanctify and govern them in their work" in a singularly apostolic and American way. That prayer, so auspiciously adapted from the old Whitsuntide Homily, is instinct with that fundamental tenet of the Church that the Holy Ghost is the true "Vicar of Christ" to effect His promised Presence with His Church. Would that there might be deeper appreciation in our congregations and more fervent use of the Prayer in public and private in the weeks preceding our Convention meetings. It would temper many a forecast and allay many an anxiety and shape both the big talk and the small talk as well as that of "Mrs. Church Grundy" before Conventions. Then too, the leaning upon the assuring reference in the Prayer to that presiding by the Holy Spirit in the Council of the Blessed Apostles, is no small contribution to the girding of the Chair for the good running of the sessions. That leaning led me to refrain as a principle from consciously trying to use official influence upon forensic measures, however much I might have opinions and concern for them, otherwise than by leaving the chair to express my views upon the floor in open Convention. The successive Journals of the California Conventions and my Annual Addresses reflect passing conditions and issues, naturally many of them local and accompanied with much that is merely routine. As I look back upon them, two lingering memories come to me; one of the faces so many of which have passed from earth and the other of that real brotherliness, clerical and lay, which, in all the greater measures like the two Divisions of the Diocese, as a betokening of the Holy Spirit, made men of one mind in our household of faith. In all the sharp issues sometimes involved in

those matters of moment as in such others like the Cathedral legislation, the securing a Bishop Coadjutor, there has been a blessed freedom from jarring and unhandsome incident and an outcome of rare unanimity.

In General Convention attendance it was also my Secretaryship to Bishop Williams that gave me contact with its sessions before my membership in either House. The General Convention of 1874 which met in old St. John's Chapel, New York, marked in some respects, a turning point in our American Church. That of 1871 had been something of a "storm center" over what was known as Ritualism, with the featuring of the stirring speech of the Rev. Dr. James de Koven. A committee of Bishops had presented a Report which they had kept in confidence until so presented and which from the fact that I was called upon to write out the copies for their use from the original, was probably known to me alone, outside of the Committee, until made public. This controversy was stiffly carried over into the General Convention of 1874. In those days the respective Committees on Canons each had a Secretary not a member, and my Secretaryship was that of the Committee on Canons of the House of Bishops of which Bishop Williams was Chairman and Bishops Horatio Potter, Stevens, Bedell and Atkinson were other members. To meet with what seemed to me to be that august Body—little did I dream that one day I for awhile should be Chairman of that same Committee—was something of an education in itself. Incidentally it offered opportunity to witness historic scenes, like that in the Vestry Room of Trinity Chapel, New York. The Committees on Canons met there one evening in joint session to try to frame an ultimate "Ritual Canon" out of various proposed drafts. The Rev. Dr. Harrison of Troy, Secretary for the House of Deputies Committee on Canons and I as onlookers saw what seemed to us the break of the storm. And there was in the vociferous, if strictly parliamentary, interchanges dark rumblings, if not heat lightning, for clearing the ecclesiastical atmosphere.

The same Convention will be remembered as the one which refused in the House of Deputies after extended sessions with closed doors to confirm Doctor, afterwards Bishop Seymour's choice for the Episcopate of Illinois. The House of Bishops wrestled with the deposition of Bishop Cummins of Kentucky who had formed the "Reformed Episcopal Church." The distinguished Bishop Selwyn was a visitor from England and there was certainly enough to wide-open the eyes of one in the first months of his priesthood to the "mighty interesting doings" of a General Convention. This initial learning what a Convention was like, it may be surmised, lost nothing of its felicity, in my chronicling here that it was during the Convention that the young priest became engaged, leading to a honeymoon which still exists and is in sight of a full Golden "phase" in 1926. Conventions do have their compensation.

The next General Convention of which I was to know something was that of 1886 which met in Chicago and during which I was one of the Assistant Secretaries in the House of Bishops to the Rev. Dr. Tatlock, the prominent Rector and fine old-school gentleman of St. John's Church, Stamford, Connecticut, the Rev. Dr. George F. Nelson of New York, himself later Secretary, being then the first Assistant Secretary. My especial assignment was to keep the Minutes in the House of Bishops of the Revision of the Prayer Book then in process, which I found highly interesting and instructive as the debates went on. There can be no betrayal of confidence now especially as the outcome brought a far more effective choice, in recalling a personal episode of those days. The Secretary as is customary carried the messages to the House of Deputies in person, but one day he came to me and asked me to take a message for him. Looking at it and finding it apparently not urgent I delayed briefly to finish a memorandum on which I was occupied. Then he came again and expedited my going. On my return it appeared that the occasion of his act was his effort to get me out of the

way while Bishop Tuttle was talking against time to submit my name in nomination for the vacant Missionary District of Wyoming and Idaho. Bishop Williams however, had, before my knowledge of anything of the kind intervened, so that the nomination was practically withdrawn. Among other absorbing topics I heard discussed in the then House of Bishops was that landmark of progress towards Church Unity—*The Chicago Declaration.*

In 1889 I first occupied a seat in the General Convention, having been chosen to succeed the Rev. Dr. Davies in the Deputation from Pennsylvania upon his consecration as Bishop of Michigan during the session of that Convention. My own consecration in 1890 transferred me to the House of Bishops in the next General Convention, that of 1892, and from that I have not been absent from my seat in the House of Bishops in eleven General Conventions and have been privileged to attend in one capacity or another, fourteen in all.

How much could be noted here of changes that have come over the Church and its legislation in the period covered and of the personnel of the House of Bishops as I have been fortunate to know it. To look up to at the first there were such leaders as Bishop Williams, Presiding Bishop, and Bishops Whipple, Coxe, William Croswell Doane, Hare, Henry C. Potter, Phillips Brooks with others. And how well one remembers the statuesque Coxe, poetical and intense, dignity and fine fervor embodied. And with what scholarly unction, when the Committee on setting apart a new District in the State of Washington, probably wary of accentuating the then rivalry between Seattle and Tacoma, suggested the name of "Olympia" he exclaimed with outspreading gesture of both arms "Ye gods of Olympus!" The House, from a membership of seventy-three, has now grown to one hundred and forty, a growth which in itself has dictated "the open door" though I may be pardoned for the feeling that the old days of the smaller number and closed doors have not yet been proven to have been a "moss gathering" solitude.

But every General Convention requires a bulky volume to record its proceedings and we can only here refer to their manifold interests and issues with the reminder—Are they not written in the Books of the Journal Chronicles?

One meeting, however, which brought the General Convention to the Pacific Coast and San Francisco for the first time, that of October, 1901, we can properly single out for some further notice in these reminiscences. At the first General Convention I attended as Bishop, that of 1892, the Committee on the selection of the next place of meeting, of which I happened to be a member, settled upon San Francisco as a compromise between two rival cities aspiring for it. This was without our initiation or invitation—indeed we were then hardly prepared to provide for it. But finding the action taken, our representatives did what they could to further it. The House of Deputies voted for it and it was nearly carried in the House of Bishops, Minneapolis being ultimately chosen. That manifest desire, however, stimulated our hope to receive the Convention worthily at some later date. And to the meeting of 1898 went a hearty invitation from the Convention of the Diocese of California to signalize "The First General Convention of the Twentieth Century" by its first meeting on the Pacific Coast, and at San Francisco. The idea was promptly favored by such leaders as Bishop Doane and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and the vote for it was at the time described as a veritable "land slide." Early and active preparation began. The various departments of the undertakings were carefully blocked out with their Heads forming the Executive Committee. Budgets of probable expense were estimated by asking each Department to send in its own and the totals were submitted to a meeting of leading Churchmen and citizens who promptly took steps to provide funds on an adequate scale. The amount so calculated was fully subscribed before the Convention met and apportionments made to the several departments, it being understood

that the one Treasury should be for the whole and that no department would be called upon to canvass for itself. Indeed locally everything was alert and promising and auspicious of appreciation of the opportunity and privilege to "play the host." Something only to smile over now, though it had serious aspects at times, however developed to show us that practical unanimity in the General Convention voting to come to us had not overcome in some quarters of the Church an irresponsiveness to "going so far." There were indications which reached us in roundabout ways rather than directly of good men "who had their doots."

Good friends in the Eastern circles of the Church kept us posted, fortunately, and enabled us to meet openly the misgivings which arose in that "Mrs. Grundy" way of circulation not always ingenuous. It was for example intimated from some genial quarter that we had undertaken more than we could fulfill and would really be relieved if a change of place could be made. Later, by a sort of "Round Robin" a copy of which was not furnished us, put forth about Lenten time of 1901, some influential names were secured for a movement to have canonical steps taken to call the Session elsewhere. The general ground was given that the distance would be likely to prohibit the attendance of many of the older leaders, that many important matters were to come before the Convention and that slim Eastern deputations would presumably be overruled from the Pacific Coast where lukewarmness towards Chinese and Japanese Missionary interests were especially to be reckoned with, to say nothing of other "lions in the way." But the threatened effect of the final friendly smiting of the righteous for a time staggered even our most ardent promoters in the East. It was confidentially "whispered around on good authority" that "the Bubonic plague was rife in San Francisco and there was no telling what result might blast the Convention." This, like the other amenities was promptly and convincingly met. Through the interest of Mr. J.

Pierpont Morgan, with the co-operation of the Railroad authorities, invitingly low rates of transportation were secured. No doubt the lure of a California and Pacific Coast trip were added to that of attending a General Convention and the consequence was that there was a record attendance of both members and visitors. The deliberations were of a high order leading to some turning points in legislation, including a first step toward later radical organization of the Church. The Missionary Rally in the old Mechanics Pavilion was by far the largest ever held at a General Convention up to that time. The perplexing question of transferring the Church in Honolulu from English to American jurisdiction "to follow the flag" was settled with unanimity; six new Missionary Districts were established, two in foreign lands and one in China, and all this and more in the arid Church atmosphere of California. Incidentally two reciprocal benefits accrued to our National Church, the "demonstration in force" of the general leadership and struggle of the Church left a permanent impact on the consciousness and cheer of our California Churchmen and Community and the covering the width of the Continent in the great concourse of our Eastern membership revealed to it—as to a later generation of the notable meeting at Portland, Oregon, in 1922—the extent and opportunity of our country. Such "putting it across" was a true "Nation-Wide Campaign" in itself. And as a first practical application of the apportionment plan for missions was enacted at that San Francisco General Convention and coincident with the first spanning the Continent with our chief legislative body at the dawn of our Twentieth Century, may it not be auspicious of a veritable and hopeful Century development as we are now mobilizing for it, of a spiritually deep as well as a "Nation-wide" stirring for Christ and His Church, epochal and brought to pass by the mighty hand of the Lord?

Of various activities in Committees and on General Commissions of Conventions in which I have been

called upon to take active part I need not write further here. I can only say that they gave me not a little to do both during and between sessions and are recorded in the Journals and Reports of the Conventions. This includes membership on the Committees on Canons and its Chairman in 1910 until later I asked to be relieved from both, and the writing of such Reports as those of a joint Committee on "Despatch of Business, on the formation of a Seamen's Church Institute of America, on Army and Navy Chaplaincies, on Woman's Work in the Church, etc. Since my hospital experiences of 1915 and 1916 and my defect of hearing of these later years, I have felt it wise to withdraw much from such activities, though as stated above, I have been permitted to attend every Triennial Convention continuously since the first as a member of the House of Bishops, eleven in all (1892-1922) having been associated with three before that, 1874 as Secretary of the Bishops Committee on Canons, 1886 as an Assistant Secretary of the House of Bishops and 1889 as a Deputy from Pennsylvania in the House of Deputies. And I may add out of this extended experience that I have never had a greater sense of the high personnel and loyalty and ability of that truly free and progressive body of Churchmen, nor of its capacity for the guidance of the Holy Ghost as the earthly Vicar of Christ, than today.

CHAPTER XVII

LAMBETH CONFERENCE OF 1897—WORLD TRIP OF 1911

SOMEHOW seven years seem to mark off units of life and an invitation to the Lambeth Conference to assemble in London in 1897 introduced a new departure of episcopal experience. Diocesan absorptions had hitherto been so beset with opportunities, not to say problems, and so insistent for immediate attention that save sharing in some important General Convention interests, concentration upon our local concerns became almost a second nature. Such matters as the Division of the Diocese, the visitation of every part of the vast undivided field from which the advancing years of Bishop Kip had compelled him to curtail his noble pioneering activities, the adjustment of not a few differences not only those usual in parishes but those not surprising in a Diocese practically with two centers of distinct features of growth. San Francisco and Los Angeles, nearly five hundred miles apart, the manning vacant posts with supplies in the main from the outside, the consequent pressing need for a local Divinity School with its problems of financing and its fixed hours for Lectures to be taken out of the Bishop's time, the civic and community calls upon his office as well as the routine of office hours and correspondence and these with no Secretary nor type writing, all this it can readily be understood, however truly it may have brought, as it did, a zest and a joy of stirring days in the Ministry, tended to emphasize first aid to the Diocese as the duty in hand in the feeling that I must minimize acceptance of many outside proffers, both of responsibility and of pleasure.

This sense at first prevailed with me in acknowledging the Lambeth Conference invitation of 1897 and I was not disposed to attend it. But some of our good friends took the matter up, provided generous "ways

and means" and upon further reflection it seemed well to accept. As I look back upon it now, I can see that at the time it was really a leading to turn from the seven years of indispensable Diocesan local duty to a progressive and opportune widening of attention to the "things which lie beyond." Accordingly Mrs. Nichols and I accompanied by the Rev. Dr. McClure, as Chaplain, sailed from New York on June 22, 1987, on the *Aurania* of the Cunard Line, reaching London on June 30th in good time for the opening service of the Conference in Westminster Abbey, July 1. From that service at which the Archbishop of York, Dr. Maclagan, preached and from the first session of the Conference, July 5th, I was in constant attendance of the services and sessions of the Conference until its close on Monday, August 2, in St. Paul's Cathedral with a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple. The order at the Lambeth Conferences provides: 1. a full session of the Conference with the discussion of assigned subjects and reference of matter to Special Committees. 2. An interval for Committees to deal with their respective subjects and prepare reports, and, 3. A full session resumed to hear reports of the Committees and allow for debate upon them and in the shaping of resolutions and of an encyclical letter as the Report of the Conference as a whole. I found myself on the Committees on "Industrial Problems," on "Church Unity" on "Foreign Missions" and on "The Church in Relation to the colonies" and listened with edification especially to the experts as leaders in those Committees, personally "taking the floor" of Committee and Conference only in a few matters. The resultant proceedings were duly published and left their mark upon Church and world thought, and I need not dwell further upon them here. Indeed, the "high lights" of the Conference week outside of its direct business I cannot hope to cover in any proportionment of space for this Chapter. Some of them however twinkle yet in that memorable Conference trip. Was there ever a Presiding Officer just like Archbishop

Temple? Venerable in years, easily first in intellectual power and standing among the membership of the Conference, with an expressive countenance over which would play his pleasure or displeasure from the chair, as ripples overspread the lake surface, rugged in his transparent sincerity, lucid and laconic in speech, brusquely fair and yet warm-heartedly fraternal, and I having only had the experience of that one Conference, being unable to attend those of 1908 and 1920, I believe in him as it's Chairman we had a "feature" that no other Conference has possessed and which made that one unique. With a winning naïveté in his closing address he said it had seemed to him that the Conference had been a sort of "Sixth Form" with him as the Master and that sometimes he was "on top" and sometimes the Conference was "on top." An illustration of this all who were there will remember how he "called down" one of the very high-up English Bishops, who had prolonged a wearisome debate by asking the floor as he thought "to make a suggestion which would save time"—the said suggestion opening another half-hour's discussion—by remarking, "The best way to save time is to hold your tongue." How he dropped to his seat another brother, who, in his absoption in his talk had run well over the time limit the Archbishop had to give him under the rule when recognizing him, "You'd better sit down." How, in speaking on a missionary theme, the fire kindled and flamed into an eloquence which in a few minutes burned into the hearts and consciences of that usually phlegmatic body so that it was transformed into an enthusiastic standing and stirring and applauding auditory suggestive of very pentecostal power. Then there was his humor as, when after the Conference he happened to meet a nameless Bishop who had been on his feet so often in discussions of the Conferences that one of his witty brethren in the Conference said of him—"he is from Australia and Australia is the land of the kangaroo and the kangaroo cannot sit down." Arch-Bishop Temple asked him, "Are you tired?" "Oh, no,

your Grace." "Well, you ought to be." Then there was his gracious hospitality with that of Mrs. Temple, having the visitors at the Palace in successive relays and making their visits altogether delightful. At his table Mrs. Nichols recalls his amused reference to his colossal coffee cup—it held about a quart and to its encircling legend, "I am not greedy but I love a lot"—given to him by some of his Exeter folk. His capacity for work as an octogenarian was a marvel to us all. After dinner he would chat for a while with his guests, until prayers in that historic Lambeth Chapel—as we sat there we could visualize the consecration of our early American Bishop White and Provoost—when the gentlemen went to Cranmer's Tower and he went to his late evening work. He summarized for his masterly Encyclical, the work and resolutions of the Conference in one evening's writing at his desk. And how many good stories there were of that same Cranmer's Tower lighter vein of the Conference. Like that of a stalwart and otherwise historically sedate American brother of our Conference, who, having asked the courteous Domestic Chaplain if Cranmer's Tower was the same as when Cranmer lived, was told that it probably was so far as the outlines of the room in which they were sitting was concerned. Then said our proponent of new light on Cranmer, "Well, if there was no fireplace here then, as there is not now, and it was as chilly as this room is I can perfectly well understand as I never could before a readiness of Cranmer to go to the stake." But Archbishop Temple and Lambeth have left so many choice associations and anecdotes that we must leave them with these samples. Well could we believe all we heard of his strength of character and career, how he was from early years thrown upon his own resources, though a singularly dutiful son, how there was a time when he "could plow the straightest furrow" of any man in England; how at the University he took a "double first," though so narrowed in his means that to save expense he often studied by the hall light and this to the

detriment of his eye sight, how in his writings he was recognized as a foremost champion for the faith by the then evolutionary School in the mooted questions of "Science and Religion"—all this besides his steady advancement and accomplishment towards the highest office in the Church of England.

The selection of the date for this Conference, 1897, was a departure from the decade years of previous Lambeth Conferences, 1868, 1878, 1888, which would have made 1898 the Conference year, and for this reason: 1897 was the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the landing of St. Augustine in England and also as the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, her "Diamond Jubilee." In making the meeting of the Conference coincident with these epochal events, a rare and highly accessory setting was given it. On July 2nd, by special train, members of the Conference were taken to "Ebbsfleet" on the southern coast to visit the spot identified with St. Augustine's landing in 597. A short service was held significant of the sentiment of the visit. Then all to Richborough Castle where it's Roman associations were explained by Canon Routledge. The next day was set apart for a memorial atmosphering in Canterbury associations—Bishop Festing of St. Albans traced for me the movements of Thomas-a-Becket, which immediately preceeded his tragic death—with a great inspiring service in the Cathedral addressed by Archbishop Temple followed by a luncheon at St. Augustine's College and a Garden Party at Dean Farrar's. All of this had the flavor of long antiquity about it in recognizing the contribution of Augustine to Christian origins in Southern Britain in their relation to the larger influences which came from Columba in the north. Incidentally, too, the companying together helped the acquaintance of Conference members from their widely separated Sees.

Then many of the Bishops took part in the Queen's Jubilee Service at St. Paul's Cathedral just before the opening of the Conference, though we did not arrive in

time for that. The Queen however, graciously asked the Conference to Windsor and on July 13th, all went in a body. First there was a service in St. George's Chapel, followed by a regal luncheon in the Castle. Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton as Master of the Household wes present to tell us of various historic parts of the castle and we saw the collection of the Queen's rich Jubilee gifts of 1887, Library of Queen Elizabeth's time, the bullet preserved in velvet case that killed Lord Nelson and many other museum like possessions. The Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Davidson, now Archbishop of Canterbury, took some of us to see historic features of the Chapel. He was at one time Dean of Windsor and as such he had pointed out to us the points with which he was so familiar in my visit to Windsor with Bishop Williams in 1884. But of course the real event was the reception by Queen Victoria. Under a cloudless sky and on the typical English lawn at its best we assembled and she came in her carriage with the Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse and stopped to greet us, entering into conversation with a few nearest her, including our colored Bishop Ferguson of Liberia. Something of the glow of satisfaction of her Diamond Jubilee seemed to animate her face and the occasion of a greeting from a sovereign of England with a sixty years reign and one who has given her name to a modern era was unique, and we all I believe appreciated her thought in arranging for our visit.

There can only be a passing reference here to other crowding memories of those well-filled days. There was the Lord Mayor's Banquet with its quaint projection into customs of another century especially of the ceremonious loving cup, and dinner parties at hospitable homes. There was the Lambeth Garden Party given by Archbishop and Mrs. Temple, with the Prince and Princess of Wales—he shaking hands *more Americano* with the Bishops—Cardinal Vaughn, and London's highest. Another notable garden party was that given by the Baroness Coutts in her spacious domain at High-

gate, the attendance of royalty and nobility which lined the approaching streets with "glimpsers." There were Receptions at Archbishop Maclagan's of York; at Farnham Castle, Winchester, given by Bishop and Mrs. Davidson, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught present; at Ambassador and Mrs. Hays and elsewhere; Luncheon at Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's, he being Ambassador Extraordinary from the United States for the Jubilee Celebration. There were excursions to St. Albans (Bishop Festing) with a walk around some of the wall of ancient Verulam; to Reigate to visit Lady Henry Somerset's Home for Unfortunates, to the Glastonbury Abbey, a roofless ruin. There were personal opportunities to see Westminster Abbey and Deanery under the guidance of Dean Bradley; the work of the Church Army at St. Mary's-by-the Monument, Tower Hill and in Billingsgate under Rev. Mr. Carlile, the Assyrian and Egyptian rooms of the British Museum with the Rev. Dr. Kinn's archaeologist; Gray's Inn Chapel and Hall with the Rev. Dr. Lupton. We attended services besides those in the Abbey and St. Paul's at the Temple Church, at St. Dunstan's in the West, at St. Peter's, London Docks, associated with Father Lowder, at All Hallows, Barking, where Archbishop Laud's remains rested awhile after his execution. I preached in St. Paul's, Camden Square, in St. James, Clapham, the Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Lillingston, being the father of my early California friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. L. Lillingston, and in Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon, we spending a most enjoyable week-end at the Vicarage, the Vicar, the Rev. George Arbuthnot kindly taking us to points especially associated with Shakespeare in Stratford. Other recreation was that of hearing Irving and Terry in "Madame San Gene" and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Yeomen of the Guard" and of going to see Madame Tussaud's Collection. Brief visits with Canon Buckle at Wells, he being the father of one of the editorial staff of the *London Times*, and with our good California friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour who welcomed us

to their home in Birkenhead, meeting also Mr. and Mrs. Robert Forman of happy California associations, Mr. Williamson and Mr. and Mrs. Gray-hill who had a cottage overlooking Jerusalem and many oriental interests, we enjoyed just before sailing for New York. We remained in the East visiting relatives and friends some weeks, returning to San Francisco on November 12. While in England it was a suggestion of home to see in addition to those mentioned the Wigmores, the Gilsons, Uridges, Rev. Mr. Cowie and the Rev. Mr. Cutting, graduate of our Divinity School. We also had a re-union luncheon with Mrs. George Boker, one of my dear parishioners and friends of St. James, Philadelphia, days. And the whole effect of those Lambeth Conference Days as I look back upon them was to justify my making them as a sort of prompting to myself for correlating the Diocese with the fellowship of the Church in general. A full set of Conference documents has been preserved in a Conference Scrap Book, including the extended reports in the *London Times* kindly furnished me by their writer, and my Series of Letters written to the *Pacific Churchman.*

It was not until 1911 that we visited London again, our daughter Peggy going with us on the "World Trip" planned and provided for us by our bountiful Diocese in connection with other large hearted additions to the Diocesan funds in celebration of the Twentieth Anniversary of my consecration. The halcyon days of that Trip, however, have already been noted in my *World Circuit Saunterings* and much matter connected with it preserved in a scrap book, and I will only advert to it here to say that the great War and its change-about of maps and national boundaries and relations would make such a trip impracticable now. There is a different Germany, a different Russia and a different Siberia, indeed in many respects a different world. One story of the debacle in Russia came to me at first hand in a conversation with Mme. Batchkarova, Colonel of the "Battalion of Death," composed entirely of women. She

visited San Francisco after her escape from Russia and through her interpreter she told me of the "last stand" of her Regiment in defending the Winter Palace in which I found so much to interest me on our visit there in 1911. The Battalion is said by the Princess Cantacuzene in her *Revolutionary Days* to have stood up "magnificently through all her troubles" until the "Winter Palace had been stormed and taken, after a brave defense by the Woman's Battalion of Death which had lost half of its effectives in killed or wounded." The experience of that world trip accordingly, is all the more cherished and held as one of the events of my lifetime. It lasted from Saturday, February 4th, 1911, when we sailed from New York, to Thursday, August 24th, when we sailed through the Golden Gate.

CHAPTER XVIII

DAYS OF HONOLULU EPISCOPATE

When as a small boy introduced to the game known as "Philopena" and having winning occasion to use that catch-word and just about that time being fed up in my geography lessons with the names of islands in the Pacific, and further confusing the word of the game with the Philippine Islands, in my ardor of catching my oppoent I made a still further break and called out "Sandwich" instead of "Philopena" in a sad jumble of the said Pacific Islands. Little could I have dreamed then that it would come to pass that I should be twice acting as bishop over those same Sandwich, or as more recently known, Hawaiian Islands. It came about in this way: After the United States by Act of Congress, July 7, 1898, had annexed the Hawaiian Islands and had organized them into a Territory June 14, 1900, the question of transfer of jurisdiction of the See of the Church of England there to "follow the flag" and become a See of the "Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America," became inevitable. It had a Church tradition of singularly interesting and international associations with Queen Victoria, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, Miss Sellon of the Devonport Sisterhood and others in England and the Royal line of Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma in the Islands. Its first bishop was Bishop Staley. Miss Seldon became especially interested and sent out among others Sisters Beatrice and Albertina, who did a noble work and were at the Priory when I went to Honolulu. At the time of our Annexation it was under the administration of Bishop Alfred Willis and had an efficient staff of clergy and a laity numbering many of the leading people of the islands. Before the Annexation our American Church had through Bishop Kip, Bishop Alonzo Potter, Bishop Whipple, Bishop John Williams and others what might be called

a neighborly drawing towards the Church in the islands. The first General Convention that could legislate upon the matter of the transfer, though there were conferences and sometimes problematical forecasts, was that of 1901 which met in San Francisco. Following some natural preliminary correspondence, Bishop Willis fortunately was present at that Convention and the Committee of the House of Bishops, consisting of Bishop Whitaker, Chairman, Bishop Capers and myself in consultation with Bishop Willis soon adjusted details, with the result that it was unanimously approved that the formal transfer of jurisidiction should take place on the first day of April, 1902.

At a meeting of the House of Bishops held in connection with a meeting of the Missionary Council in St. Louis in October, 1899, there was some discussion of the coming Honolulu transfer not without sore perplexities of the House and in a merry mood which in no wise was meant to be seriously taken, but in full recognition of the sturdy and high-principled and able views of the situation of Bishop Willis guarding, under his conviction, the prerogatives of his See, as he felt they ought to be, I ventured upon a skit of the then aspect, by reminding the House that "this was not a case of 'Barkis is willin' but of 'Willis is barkin'." Somehow it leaked out and seemed to me to disqualify me from any direct connection with the transfer, especially as it had reached me that there was a preposterous impression abroad that the Diocese of California was hoping to "gobble up" the See of Honolulu instead of preserving its identity. Bishop Clark of Rhode Island being then the Presiding Bishop, to whom the formal transfer would be made was, owing to his advanced age, unable to visit Honolulu and to act in person. He seemed to think that as a sort of "residuary legatee" I should act for him and accordingly appointed me to that unhankered job, notifying me through Bishop Dudley, Chairman of the House of Bishops.

I advised with the Standing Committee as to my duty

THE FAMILY AT SAN MATEO, 1901

and they seeing it as I did, with my daughter Mary I sailed for Honolulu on the *Ventura* of the Oceanic Line, having for fellow passengers among others the wife of Captain, later Admiral, Sebree, and Miss Le Count, reaching that city March 2th and receiving a welcome at the wharf from Major Edward Davis—before the ship had fairly docked I heard him calling out my name from the crowd on the wharf—and others. I may say that in all his unqualified courtesies to me from the beginning, in his legal shaping of affairs and prompt co-operation in all the details of the transfer, even in some of them for which he was unprepared, in his assiduous care to acquaint me with all the conditions as he regarded them, in his personal hospitality as well as that of Mrs. Willis, his rigidity to his conviction of principles, his spirit of missionary self-sacrifice, his manifest Christian resignation to the relinquishment of a See to which he had given a rounded thirty years—a full generation—of his life, Bishop Willis left a permanent impression upon me and led to a friendship unbroken and valued to the end of his life. His after acceptance of the work in far-off Tonga and devotion to its new folk with activity notable for his advanced years, suggests that crown lustrous in any work for him that is faithful in that which is least, out of all failures to see eye to eye, which seem inseparable from our human Diocesan dealings.

At the same time there were distinct differences, some of them acute and from honored clergy and laity in the See of Honolulu which made the outlook on my arrival one of delicate and undoubtedly difficult solution. And it by no means dulled the waiting watchfulness of the Honolulu public to have appear in the principal newspaper anticipation of the transfer, first page cartoons bearing upon Church affairs as well as publicity given to my "confidential" skit in the House of Bishops referred to above. All of which at first dictated my going to a hotel and accepting the use of the office of Capt. Williamson in the Headquarters of the Quarter-

master's Department of the U. S. Army, in order to be on strictly "neutral ground." On Tuesday, April 1, 1902, in the churchly St. Andrew's Cathedral, with service and ceremony dignified and worthy of the occasion and in the presence of a large congregation, the transfer was duly effected. There were present of the clergy Dean Alexander Mackintosh, a leader in the Diocese, the Rev. John Usborne of St. Clement's, Honolulu, Canons Kitcat, Ault, Dr. Weymouth with other clergy and the laity in full force. After morning service, Bishop Willis called for the reading of various pertinent documents by the Diocesan Registrar, Mr. Edmund Stiles and then with his clear historical research detailed the successive steps taken by the "Diocesan Synod of the Anglican Church in Hawaii" leading up to the transfer including the acceptance of the resignation of the See by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then was read the commission of our Presiding Bishop authorizing the Bishop of California to act for him in receiving it, and Bishop Willis formally turned over the jurisdiction together with list of clergy, layreaders and property to the representative of our Presiding Bishop who, citing his commission to act, accepted it in behalf of the Presiding Bishop and American Church. My address in so receiving it referred to the steps taken for it by the American Church, the pleasure of meeting the clergy and laity and of conveying to them the warm welcome to their new affiliation and the cheery Godspeed of the whole American Church; touching upon the sentiment modulated into a minor key of the Bishop retiring with his tinge of tenderness at the sundering of ties of an episcopate of a full generation; recalling the efforts of the Kamehameha Kings to secure the services of the Church and concluding with a happy circumstance that the vessels for the Holy Communion to be used there were memorials of an American priest, the Rev. Dr. James de Koven and that the "Holy Communion of the altar was before, and is above and will far outlast all Annexations and all earthly changes." "There is no

transfer of jurisdiction in that Chief Bishopric of souls in Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever." The celebration of the Holy Communion followed. After service I met the clergy and addressed a few words of new comradeship with them and later in the day attended a reception happily given by Bishop and Mrs. Willis to enable me to meet our Church people. As indication of the impression produced by the service, I quote from the account of it given by *The Pacific Commercial Advertiser* of April 2—which, I cordially add, was most helpful in its publicity and comment of those transitional days and in the generous space given to Church affairs—as follows: "Throughout the entire service there was not a note which could be taken as indicative of any past which must be avoided in reference. There could be found nothing in either address which was out of harmony with a perfectly Christian spirit in the events of the day, and to its close all the men connected with the main ceremonial were drawn together as if by a common impulse, that of the glorification of the Church and its cause." That "common impulse" I believe was nothing else than the Spirit of God making men of one mind in an house. Legal and canonical continuity and authority were assured, by the care of Bishop Willis in having such changes made in the charter by the Territorial Authorities as changed the vesting of all the properties from that in "The Anglican Church in Hawaii" to that in "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the Hawaiian Islands." That being effective on the 15th of January, Bishop Willis arranged a *modus vivendi* for the interim before April 1st, the first date the Protestant Episcopal Church could canonically function in administration and on that date when it passed actually to such administration, the new American adjustments were made re-arranging, under the Bishop as acting Dean, the Statutes, with former Canons named in alphabetical order and installed, as a way of smoothing out certain wrinkles that had developed. Subsequent adaptations were soon made to cover the imme-

diate needs of the new organization. Clergy were received individually with the Constitutional Declaration into the American Church connection; two former Cathedral Congregations met as one with Finance Committee and with the especial promotion and efficiency of Mr. L. T. Peck, arranging for support of Cathedral; pastoral letters as Bishop-in-charge to the Cathedral congregation, to the clergy and people of the District, to the Hawaiian people; the disturbed affairs and status of St Clement's parish, Honolulu, were settled with apparent satisfaction to all concerned and provision for Rector and Vestry arranged; baptisms and confirmations were held; the continuity of the Priory School for girls and Iolani School for boys, consulting especially with Bishop Willis as to this, and the Missionary Map, were looked after. I gave three Lectures in explanation of variations of American Prayer Book from the English Prayer Book; licensed Lay Readers; took steps to organize a Seamen's Church Institute, a first offering for which had been made at a private communion service held at the Queen's Hospital, Honolulu, with Mrs. Sebree, our fellow passenger, who had sustained an injury on the ship; presided at Chapter and Corporation meetings and pending the coming of the Bishop to be elected, put all organization on a provisional basis, not wishing to anticipate his permanent choice of Constitution and Canons nor of personnel.

The way seemed propitious for me to telegraph Bishop Dudley—to be forwarded on mainland in time for meeting of the House of Bishops on April 16th, on which day in the Cathedral we had service and intercession for wise choice of Bishop, as follows: "Transfer made. Good feeling prevails. Cathedral unified. Seldom better property or promise to start Missionary District. Movement to provide house for new Bishop. Young Bishop would rally young lay helpers. Disastrous to delay election." Accordingly that meeting of the House of Bishops was enabled to proceed with the

election of a Bishop for the See and April 17th the choice fell upon the Rev. Henry Bond Restarick, Rector of St. Paul's Church, San Diego, in the Diocese of Los Angeles. My personal knowledge and valued friendship, deepened through six years when associated with him as a Presbyter of the Diocese of California before the creation and segregation from it of the Diocese of Los Angeles—his prominence as a pioneer in developing that Diocese and his strong nomination among those for its first Bishop—enabled me while in Honolulu to speak spontaneous words of commendation of the choice and to assure the clergy and laity of the promise of development I believed would follow his administration. Calling attention to his published words and offices in the Diocese of Los Angeles and in General Convention, among other things, I spoke of him in the Cathedral as follows: "Archdeacon Restarick is a man in the prime of life and of strong character, whose full score of years in his present field, St. Paul's Parish, San Diego, California, Diocese of Los Angeles, has shown the parish builder, the thoughtful and instructive preacher and writer, the moulder and leader of men, the sound and sympathetic counsellor, the trusted representtaive in Diocesan and General Conventions and the man of wide outlook upon the general affairs of the Church." He was consecrated in St. Paul's, San Diego, on July 2, 1902, and soon entered upon his work.

It would be a serious omission not to mention the social enjoyments of my daughter Mary and myself which filled in all the available time of our visit, though only the most general reference can be made to them here. There were brief stays at "Camp McKinley" with Major and Mrs. Davis, at "Craigside" with Mr. and Mrs. T. Clive Davies, at Mr. and Mrs. Von Holt's, "Sunnyslope" with Canon and Mrs. MacKintosh; receptions at Bishop and Mrs. Willis' home and at Camp McKinley, the Hawaiian Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Tenny's, Mr. and Mrs. Swansey's, of native Hawaiian people and

Prince and Princess David, Col. and Mrs. Samuel Parker; dinners and luncheons at Honolulu Club, Mr. and Mrs. William Castle's, the Messrs. Clive and George Davies, who in succession to their father were ever to the fore in fostering the interests of the Church; Mr. and Mrs. Eisenberg, and courtesies from many others, among whom the names of Ex-Governor Claghorne, Governor Dole, Damon, Dr. Cofer, Schaefer, Allen, McGrew, Prof. Alexander, historian; E. M. Stone, Dillingham, Maheula, Soper, Col. Chamberlain are recalled. Though my duties did not permit me to visit other islands, there were interesting trips to the "Punchbowl", the Pali, Diamond Head, Pearl Harbor and the great "Honolulu" Sugar Plantation and Waialua. Some memorable "experiences" were: of a *Luau* near Diamond Head given by Mr. Cecil Brown to meet Prince and Princess David; an Easter treat I gave to the Chinese Sunday School in Kapiolani Park at which I played ball with the boys—I may say how much impressed I was by all I saw of the St. Peter's congregation under the direction of the Rev. Yin Tet; of a night spent on Palehua as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. von Holt, a feature of which was a fire of sandal wood on the hearth, the branches of old sandal wood trees on the cattle range being preserved by the cowboys for this delectation of guests; a visit to a native Old People's Home, under Gen. and Mrs. Weaver, formerly of San Francisco, where we had an object lesson of the good old way of "fingered" disposal of "Poi"; visit to the unique South Sea Island curios in the "Bishop Museum" founded by my old San Francisco friend, "Banker of the Kings", Mr. Charles R. Bishop, with Prof. Brigham the expert Custodian; of pleasant conferences with the Bishop of Perth, who was stopping over at Honolulu; of a visit to the valley home of Mrs. Castle the elder, one of the noble band of Missionaries who came out in 1842; of an interview at the Moana Hotel with Mrs. Senator Stanford, with especial reference to her wishes in selecting the Rev. D. Charles

Gardner for the Chaplaincy of the Stanford University—in a later year her death occurred at the same hotel. It is worthy of note, too, that I saw not a little, though Mary saw more, of my highly esteemed future son-in-law, Mr. Philip Moylan Lansdale, while at Honolulu. The romance of the history of the Hawaiian people and rulers appealed to me. King Kamehamha IV had translated the Prayer Book into the Hawaiian language and written a Preface to it. And as I had occasion to look into Hawaiian annals I found Chapters of pathos as in the facility of the original language to turn the lament of Queen Emma when the King died, "the chief has fled", by the change of one letter into "all the chiefs have fled" when the little "Prince of Hawaii" for whom Queen Victoria had sent a cup, was taken. *Kaleleokalani,* by change of the second "k" into "n" became *Kaleleonalani.* And it was a strange incident that the last King, Kalakaua, died in San Francisco and his burial service was held at our Trinity Church there in 1891.

After such a busy and happy visit Mary and I sailed for home on May 7, with many friends at the wharf to see us off, loaded with *leis* and with the strains of the concert of the Hawaiian Band, customary at the steamer sailings, reaching San Francisco after a pleasant voyage on May 14th with a sense of many mercies and many blessings.

My next visit to Honolulu was on my return voyage from our World Trip in 1911, our ship stopping over at that port for a few hours on Friday, August 18. A wireless invitation received the day before to lunch with Bishop Restarick and Men's Club preceded our welcome and our use of the brief sojourn in meeting many old friends and new. Bishop and Mrs. Restarick, who had become real hosts of the Church at that "Cross Roads of the Pacific", General Davis and others of the clergy and laity gave us a hearty greeting and afforded me an opportunity to see how many progressive changes and accomplishments marked the nine years' interval, since

my previous visit, in the way of Church extension and growth and new buildings, including the completion of the worthy Cathedral Precincts. Recalling what there was as I found and left it in 1902, I could the better appreciate the "doing things" that had taken place. But I could not but also have the thought come to me that it had been somewhat at the cost of over-strenuous demands upon the nervous energy of Bishop and Mrs. Restarick. Indefatigable in thought and effort, night and day, for the field in which they were absorbed, always alert and magnifying their hospitality and time for the entertainment of streams of Church people passing through the islands, I had then the fear that the strain upon them both must sooner or later impair their health and lead to serious result. It did not come until considerably later, when in 1920 Bishop Restarick resigned the episcopate which had so much to show for his activities.

The resignation causing the jurisdiction to revert to the Presiding Bishop, Bishop Tuttle, he requested me to act for him in temporary administration and again I found myself acting Bishop of Honolulu. I had advised the Presiding Bishop of my inability in the then immediate future to leave for a personal visit to the islands, but as the interval before the election and consecration of the successor seemed to promise to be but a short one, he thought that a personal visit would not be required. The Rev. Dr. John D. La Mothe of Baltimore was elected, but a serious illness in his family delayed his consecration and prolonged my incumbency so that it lasted from November 12, 1920, to May 17, 1921. By the active and considerate co-operation of the Honolulu Standing Committee I was enabled to meet the purely official needs of the episcopate -some arranged by wireless telegraphy- -the first instance I believe of a bishop's administering his field by "wireless"— and when the approaching meeting of the Honolulu Convocation seemed to raise some questions as to presiding, etc., at my recommendation the Presiding Bishop appointed

Bishop Restarck in my stead, who kindly consented to act. Bishop La Mothe was consecrated June 29, 1921, bringing new and promising energy to the field, and my second Honolulu Days of Administration had ended on May 17th.

CHAPTER XIX

SAN FRANCISCO AND ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

BEFORE our steamer had docked on our arrival home from the World Trip in the early morning of St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1911, reporters of our San Francisco papers interviewed me about the trip and among other things quoted me as saying: "One of the most interesting places we visited was Assisi, the birth-place of St. Francis, after whom this city is named. . . . . In our exhibits at the Panama-Pacific Exposition we shall have a great deal to show the progress of the world. Think what a feature it would be to have on one of the islands of our bay or on the summit of one of our conspicuous peaks a colossal statue of St. Francis. In New York harbor they have at the Atlantic portal their statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. Why should not we have at the Pacific portal an equally great figure of our patron saint, St. Francis, symbolizing the ideal of 'Character Enlighten-the World'." The suggestion seemed to chord with a common sentiment and was taken up by the press in editorial commendation and by leading citizens like President Wheeler and architects and artists gave it approval. "From all sides from Churchmen and laymen, business men and men of the professions," said one of our daily papers, came the apparently unanimous opinion that San Francisco should accept the suggestion. The President of the Exposition, Mr. Charles C. Moore, was quoted as saying "it was one of the most interesting that had come before the World's Fair directors". Volunteer architects studied plans and prepared designs. Subscriptions were indicated. One business man proposed a special bond issue to accomplish it. From the Rev. Peter Wallischeck, O. F. M., Commissary and Head of the Franciscan Churches and Missions of the Pacific Coast, there was published a letter in which he wrote that he thought it was most

appropriate. Members of the "Third Order of St. Francis" interested themselves in it and held conferences with me, and the thought reached a publicity and appealed to the popular imagination far beyond anything I had anticipated in expressing it.

But that was some four years before the 1915 opening of the Exposition and in the meantime the Great War had broken out and in many ways affected the interests of that huge enterprise and not the least its early outlook for its financing. Though later its splendid management and stalwart courage carried it beyond such anxieties into a record of success unparalleled in a World Exposition, it was not surprising that a formidable appropriation for such a civic sentiment could not well be contemplated in the exigent questions of financing the actual ways and means of the earlier stages of the Exposition. Let us hope, however, that the sentiment is only in abeyance and that some day a way will be opened to realize it either by a monumental gift by an affluent citizen or by public provision. From my earliest Call to find my life and work as a citizen of this "no mean city" the pride in its name and the admiration for the character and influence through the centuries of the great St. Francis have grown upon me in the desire to promote in every way in my power the appreciation on the part of our citizenry of the invaluable and historical municipal asset we have in our name, if we would but know it.

The following was printed first in the columns of *The Living Church* and then put in leaflet form for distribution to the visitors to the Exposition. I reprint it here, though obviously drawn with Exposition *motif*, as furnishing an outline of the origin and then of the singular preservation, through two sets of circumstances threatening its forfeiture, of our city's "good name rather to be chosen than great riches."

A ST. FRANCIS EXPOSITION

CHARACTER ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

(First appearing in the columns of *The Living Church* in order to have it reach a wider Church constituency, this article is reprinted here further to express to visitors to our Exposition some of our reasons for prizing our Exposition City's patronymic. Incidentally it may perhaps also serve as a protest against the syncopating—not to say "losing consciousness"—in the slang "Frisco.")

It opens up rather a captivating vista in dreamland, to let the imagination run a little on the suggestion of what it might be if the Exposition *at* San Francisco could be made a real exposition *of* St. Francis—the city's name-saint. Some of its citizens prize the name out of all the polyglot and polymorphic list of post offices in our wide country, just because St. Francis of Assisi was so much and did so much for that thirteenth century of exactly the sort that we need in Christian evidence in this twentieth century. Indeed there are cosmopolitan phases of his life and influence that might well lead modern civilization as well as his Church to canonize him. And it might be well to refresh our minds with the witness to such traits which has come from those distinctively not of his own Church connection. It will at the outset relieve the matter of any such conservative view as that expressed in the challenge of an ardent, sensitive Californian who objected to this paramount claim for St. Francis by asking why we should honor him any more than Portola, or Fremont, or any other early or late pioneer Francis was never in California!

Dr. Schaff, Protestant historian, speaks of St. Francis as numbered among the "chief promoters of one of the most notable religious revivals that have ever swept over Europe." "Francis is the most unpretentious, gentle, and lovable of all monastic saints", "one of the most unselfish and pure minded men of the Christian centuries." Sabatier, his Protestant biographer, who is

said to have revolutionized the opinion of Protestants in regard to him, calls him "pre-eminently the saint of the Middle Ages," "truly *theodidact*." Harnack can be quoted: "If ever man practiced what he preached, that man was Francis." Lady Duff-Gordon, echoing Renan: "The great movement which he began and which spread throughout Europe in a very few years can only be likened to that witnessed by the lake of Galilee". Knox-Little: St. Francis' "work was a wonderful step to God's providential order for fashioning and forwarding the civilization of the West." Matthew Arnold: "St. Francis brought religion to the people." Dean Church: St. Francis "was the friend of everything that suffered and rejoiced. . . . he woke up a response at once in the hearts of laborers and scholars." Creighton: "One man raises human nature to a level which it never reached before;" and Milman might be quoted. We make no citations from works and writers of more direct mediaeval and modern Church lineage with St. Francis, as the fragrant *Little Flowers of St. Francis* (Fioretti), or of Dante, of whom it has been said, "Without Francis, no Dante," with his line of St. Francis, "All seraphical in ardor;" of Leo XIII, or of the host of his Church biographers, of whom Father Cuthbert of Oxford is one of the most recent. It is rather in our thought to show appreciation in quarters where it has been at times dimmed or withheld. And we have done this to leave no manner of doubt of the present world-wide valuation of St. Francis by the intelligent students of his character and career. Ruskin wrote letters from his monastery. A charming account of the life and work of a recent Presbyterian native Chinese missionary chooses the title, *A Chinese St. Francis.* The liberal thinker, Charles Eliot Norton, had as a favorite book, *The Little Flowers of St. Francis.*

The chain of circumstances which led to the possession of his name by our comparatively young American city of the Pacific Coast is in itself interesting.

Sebastian Rodriguez Carmênon, the navigator, acting

under orders from Spain to survey various Pacific harbors, while sailing down the coast of California in 1595, came into the same waters under Point Reyes not far north of the present city of San Francisco, where Francis Drake had spent some weeks in 1579, still known as "Drake's Bay." The day of Cermênon's arrival being either September 17th, the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis, or October 4th, the feast of St. Francis itself, the navigator named it the "Port of San Francisco." In 1769, as Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., tells us in his *Missions and Missionaries of California*, when Fr. Junipero Serra conferred with the inspector general about names and patrons for missions he was to found in Upper California, and noted that the name of the founder of the Franciscans was not on the list, he said, "And is there to be no mission for our Father San Francisco?" Don Galvez replied: "If San Francisco wants a mission, let him cause his port to be discovered and it will be placed there." The expedition under Portola, going by land, did discover the waters under Port Reyes, first visited by Drake and afterwards by Cermênon, named, as above stated, the Port of San Francisco. The name was used widely of the stretch of water extending outside the Golden Gate from Point Reyes to Point San Pedro and as far as the Farallone Islands. While the explorers first sighted that from an elevation, a few days later the expanse of water inside the Golden Gate was discovered. This was at first called only an "arm of the sea." But later the name San Francisco Bay was transferred from the roadsteads without the Golden Gate to the inner waters, and when the mission was founded in 1776, in accordance with the forecast for finding the "Port of our Father St. Francis, "as it was called in 1595 by Cermênon, the cherished name was its own. The misson of San Francisco stood by the waters of San Francisco, the name as first explained having been passed from the region now known as Drake's Bay to the inner great bay now known as San Francisco Bay.

But while the name of the mission, and presidio—or military post, part of the acreage of which is covered by the grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition—was so fixed, the pueblo—or town—was not immediately settled, though originally projected for the high table-land now included in the part of the city overlooking the Golden Gate, near the presidio. If the pueblo had materialized as a continuous center of population, it would undoubtedly have shared the name San Francisco with the mission and presidio, but the real origins in continuous line of the modern city were a cluster of houses which had grown up between 1836 and 1846 on the inner bay-side along a low curving beach. It was a trading place for shipping and was then known as Yerba Buena, not San Francisco, from a sweet-scented herb which had previously given its name to the adjoining cove. This was at a considerable distance from the mission and presidio as well as from the site proposed for the town of San Francisco.

In 1847 General Vallejo and others, in projecting a new town for a land promotion enterprise some twenty-five miles on the inland water above San Francisco, prepared to call it Francesca after one of the Christian names of Vallejo's wife. As it then was supposed to aspire to a rating as a center, this looked to the Yerba Buenans, in the similarity of sound, like an attempt to appropriate the name of San Francisco. They were not slow to thwart that, and by a stroke of the pen, as we learn from Mr. Zoeth Eldredge's *Beginnings of San Francisco,* on the 30th of January, 1847, Alcalde Washington A. Bartlett, a U. S. naval officer, published an official notice ordering the name of San Francisco to be used in all public documents or records of the town, stating that the name Yerba Buena was merely local, originating from the cove, pre-empting the name given on the old maps, and prescribing its use thereafter in all civic documents. General Vallejo and his associates then gave the other Christian name of his wife, Benicia, to the other town, the name which it still bears; and the

pen once more showed its might in preserving to our city the association with the saint, as really its greatest dowry, some of us venture to think.

Now suppose there could be an exposition "Palace of Character" for an exhibit of the best types of twentieth century *genus homo,* and that just as from all the world are to be gathered up the most signal specimens of what man *does,* so there could be in visualized exposition the highest realization of what he *is,* exploiting not only mechanisms for the times but manhood for the times. If an exposition aspires to be a dreamland of artifice, why not dream a little about the artificers—about the highest types of manhood as "the heir of all the ages?" Now if we could pavilionize for our San Francisco Exposition the spirit of our St. Francis, there is much to suggest that it would contribute just a striking "Exhibit A" of such a dream "which was not all a dream." Indeed, many a modern student of his life and work fondly dwells upon phases of them that, while they were good for the thirteenth century, are suggestively good too for the twentieth century.

Canon Knox-Little, for instance, says: "Every one is startled by the chasm that seems to yawn between the plain teachings of Christ, and modern society and the modern Church. All sorts of solutions have been suggested in view of this problem. . . . One advantage in the study of the life of our saint is that it perhaps throws some welcome light upon the subject." Again: "His exact methods were not, indeed, the methods which would be most effective," "but to lose himself for others and for God, to live the Christlike life and to persuade men of its joy and blessedness, to be an *alter Christus,* another Christ, for the love of Him who died to save men; this was his one ambition, and by this he revolutionized his century and saved the Church."

"Stat crux dum volvitur orbis."

The century St. Francis revolutionized had its flagrant ills of commercialism, of pleasure absorption, of wars, of cynicism, of hollowness in religion, of dead

and dying faith, and *acedia,* or dire indifference, the word, once obsolete, which dictionaries for modern conditions have had to restore. Francis Bernadone, the son of a leading merchant, the youth elevated by his boon companions to be the "Master of Revels," a soldier betimes, a thorough-going creature of his age in intelligence as to its moral and religious decadence, his renaissance exposition then of the power of Christ and His cross as the only panacea in the estimate of those who have studied him is "possibly the most remarkable missionary and apostle the world has ever seen." Sharing in the home and business of his wealthy merchant-father, Francis himself, clever at trafficking, experienced the evils of commercialism he had to deal with in his century. The first twenty years of his life winning him a leadership among the gay city youth, spending money lavishly, loving song with the spirit of a troubadour, at the fore in dress and camaraderie and popularity, a "good fellow" generally without, however, as some of his biographers love to speak, being led into grosser dissipations, Francis had felt as a "gilded youth" the lure of the pleasure of the world. With the high chivalric spirit and dash of a soldier, he knew the "pride and pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;" and as a prisoner for a year, though he cheered his fellow prisoners with his wild spirits and dancing in prison, he had time also to reflect upon the privations of war. And so the contrasts of life, its poverty with his riches, its vanities with his revelries, its peace with his military ardor, were all written into his mark upon his century. Because his spirit met and solved such problems of his age with varying methods and agencies, it is the choice spirit for every age and by no means least for our own Exposition Age with like pressing problems on the face of civilzation. If, for example, wars appal us, it is said of St. Francis: "He brought to astonished Europe a new truce of God". "His object was to bring peace to a world torn with war and sin." The rule of his Third

Order, forbidding them to fight save for Church or conviction, gave a death blow to feudalism.

Many religious forces are splendidly at work to see to it that in this Exposition of 1915 religion shall not be without its witness. Associations and committees, with the cordial co-operation of the Exposition and city authorities, are busily planning for both religious and moral safeguards and showing for those who come. Our committee of One Hundred is enlisting the interest of Christians at large in it as a distinctly religious center. But if we could only build of "such stuff as dreams are made of" a true St. Francis Exposition, it would help toward opportune idealism. All who name the name of Christ can join in it. St. Francis has been called a "Pan-Christian." In him the widest possible Catholic federation of Churches can unite Yes, Hebrew piety has some part in him as in us. In the "Canticle to the Sun" there lives again as a true *Benedicite*, the very genius of the psalmody of Israel. Some of us like, too, to dream of a great statue of the city's name saint some day to stand on one of San Francisco's hills, gleaming out to the prophecies and vast probabilities of the great Pacific as a flamen of "*Character* enlightening the world," a counterpart yes, a supplement—to that statue by the metropolis of the Atlantic, "*Liberty* enlightening the world." And steps are being taken to use in some of our churches as an Exposition anthem—and churches of all names, and even synagogues would not have to change a single word of it—that exquisite "Canticle to the Sun" composed by St. Francis in his blindness, as if, when his earthly life was closing, he really saw glories irradiate only to the spiritual eye. It appeals to a Californian by its very atmosphere described by a French critic quoted in Knox-Little: "In it we feel the breath of that Umbrian terrestrial paradise where the sky is so brilliant and the earth so laden with flowers." Renan called it "the most perfect utterance of modern religious sentiment." A single verse of it in the translation of Matthew Arnold is this:

A ST. FRANCIS EXPOSITION

"Praised be my Lord God with all His creatures; and especially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us Thee."

At the opening exercises of the Exposition on Saturday, February 20, 1915—there being an estimated 350,000 before the open air speakers' stand—I was asked to say the Benediction, which was as follows:

"The Blessing of God Almighty, the God of the ages, the God of the oceans, the God of the continents, the God of all the genius of man, the God of every exposition of human achievement and progress, the God for the deepest penitence of our civilization and its highest praise—the Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost be upon you and remain with you always. Amen."

CHAPTER XX

THE PRAYER BOOK CROSS

Reference in a previous chapter has been made in passing to the placing in Golden Gate Park of the featuring monument known as the Prayer Book Cross. The annual service held at its base by the House of Churchwomen, that of 1923 being numbered as the eighteenth, and its landmark against the sky, as well as my interest in it both as a churchman and as a citizen of our city of rare antecedents, lead me to tell something here of the circumstances which gave it its commanding site in our far-famed Park and of its significance as a memorial. Soon after coming to California I became especially interested in the service held at Drake's Bay by the Chaplain of Drake's ship, the Rev. Francis Fletcher, and wrote a brief suggestion to our *Pacific Churchman* of the desirability of having some modest monument to mark the service and the historic spot. As a fugitive item this, in some way not known to me, came under the eye of my old St. James' Vestryman and warm friend, Mr. George W. Childs of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. He promptly wrote me bidding me to have a worthy memorial erected without being limited to cost, and to send him all the bills. It was first proposed to have it stand on the heights at Drake's Bay itself and to unveil it at the time of a projected meeting of a General Missionary Council of the Church, taking the assemblage to the Bay on an ocean steamer for the ceremony. That general meeting, however, was found impracticable and in the meantime Mr. William W. Stow, then President of the Park Commission, in behalf of the Commission, tendered the present site, and the form of the colossal Iona Cross was adopted and the inscription written with a view to its municipal setting. It was unveiled at the opening of the notable Mid-Winter Fair, January 1, 1894, in the presence of a large attendance of people, the Director

General of the Fair, Mr. M. H. De Young, presiding and making one of the addresses. After my acting for Mr. Childs in the presentation and the acceptance of it by Mr. Stow on behalf of the Golden Gate Park, Professor George Davidson, Ph.D., Sc.D., of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, the recognized authority on the *Identification* of Drake's Bay, delivered the Historical Address. A letter from Mr. Childs expressing his full satisfaction with the completed enterprise, only anticipated his death by a few weeks.

In further narration of the significance of the memorial I append with permission, the following article I wrote for *Harper's Weekly* of January 13, 1894:

A BIT OF ELIZABETHAN CALIFORNIA.

Some eleven centuries before it was called England, the country of the white cliffs was named Albion. And a generation before there was a New England on the Atlantic, there was a New Albion on the Pacific coast of the New World. In the British Museum the "side plan" of the map of Hondius, 1595, shows the *Portus Novæ Albionis* with all the quaint features of the old cartography; the ship of Sir Francis Drake, nearly as long as the width of the point of land which makes the "conuenient and fit harborough" of the narrative of the voyage in *The World Encompassed*. The natives, the trees, houses, and mountains, take all sorts of liberties with perspective, but leave no room for mistake about the purport of the sketch. "This country our General [Drake] named Albion," says the writer of the narrative—probably Francis Fletcher, Drake's chaplain and chronicler—"and that for two causes, the one in respect of the white bancks and cliffes which lie toward the sea, the other that it might have some affinity euen in name also with our country, which was sometime so called."

So long as a historic event is without its definite historic spot, and may have happened in any one of several places claimed for it, the antiquary can never find his true relish of it. We remember the story of the

unsophisticated visitor to Mount Vernon who wept copiously at the ice-house, until informed by the gardener that the tomb was "further on," but she obviously had not the true instinct of the antiquary. That will not let one rest until he is sure of the historic spot, if there be any way of settling it. Much interest has been drawn to and considerable has been written about the landing of Sir Francis Drake on that memorable voyage when, with the *Pelican*—afterwards named the *Golden Hinde*, in honor of Sir Christopher Hatton's coat of arms—he "ploughed a furrow around the world." Not to speak of the works of the Hakluyt Society, and the older accounts of the voyage, the editor of *The History of the American Episcopal Church*, Bishop Perry, called attention to the fact that to Francis Fletcher, Drake's chaplain, "belongs the honor of being the first in English orders who ministered the Word and Sacraments within the territory of the United States," and that at Drake's landing place "the words of the Common Prayer were first heard on the Pacific Coast." Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in the *Narrative and Critical History of America*, furnishes a chapter on Hawkins and Drake, followed by a "Critical Essay on Drake's Bay," all of which has his characteristic charm of telling and of carrying the reader with him. The "Editorial Notes on the Sources of Information" which follow Dr. Hale's contribution give an exhaustive list of authorities and views. And yet the question where the "faire and good bay" was, had to be left undecided, with a preponderating opinion in favor of San Francisco Bay. There was really, when all was said, no such case made out for any point as to relieve the mind of the lurking suspicion that, after all, it might have been at some other point.

It was not until March, 1889, that a paper was read before the California Historical Society which had the assuring title *Identification of Sir Francis Drake's Anchorage on the Coast of California in the Year 1579.* The writer was Professor George Davidson, Ph.D., Sc.D.,

THE PRAYER BOOK CROSS

of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. With the fulness and compactness of a brief, and yet with the style and accessories of an enthusiastic student, he justifies his title. After referring to his gathering in "unofficial hours" notes of his geographical experience upon this coast since 1850, and to the opinion which he first entertained that "Drake entered the Bay of San Francisco," he tells us that his work upon the different editions of the *Coast Pilot* impelled him to "examine the localties mentioned by the old navigators, to weigh carefully their simple language, the circumstances attending their descriptions, whether they were in detail or in broad generalizations, at what season of the year they were made, etc." The paper leaves one with the impression that the last word has been said, and that the bay so long known as Drake's Bay is entitled to its name.

We honor the pioneers of '49 in California with the name of Argonauts, and it is of interest to find the chronicler of Drake's voyage around the world avowing that his "valiant enterprise . . . doth ouermatch the ancient Argonautes." A considerable space is given in *The Word Encompassed* to the time spent at Drake's Bay, from June 17 to July 23, 1579. It will repay careful study from many stand-points. It might well be called Experiences and Impressions of California in 1579. The ethnological student will find much about the natives, their customs, and even about their language. There is a lengthy dissertation about climate, with a tribute to "thicke mists and . . . fogges." There had been gold prospecting - there were riches and treasures "wherewith in the upland countries it abounds." Another account adds, "There is no part of earth here to be taken up wherein there is not some special likelihood of gold or silver." And for archæological zest there are hints about Drake's ship and discipline to project before us the "English Hero."

> "Drake, whom the encompassed World so fully knew,
> When both the Poles of Heaven at once did view,
> If men are silent, Sun and Stars will care
> To register their Fellow Traveller."

The praise in this verse is far from faint; and the claim of originality in making "passengaire" rhyme with "care" in Mr. Clemens's celebrated verse must now be waived. But we see Drake as Charles Kingsley pictures him in *Westward Ho*—"that short, sturdy, plainly dressed [but on this particular voyage he wore a scarlet cap with a gold band] man, the keen gray eyes, the bullet head of crisp brown hair, and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek-bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips which are yet as firm as granite. A coarse, plebeian stamp of man; yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self possession, energy." We see the young commander in his cabin, before which stands the constant sentinel in that 100-ton ship, where he had not omitted to make provision "for ornament and delight," carrying with him "expert musicians, rich furniture (all the vessels for his table, yea, many belonging each to the cooke-roome, being of pure silver), and divers shewes of all sorts of curious workmanship." Well can we understand the interest in that ship on her return to England, after her nearly three years' voyage, with the then almost fabulous captured treasure, "being very richly fraught with golde, silver, silke, pearls, and precious stones," some of which it must have been which later led the Spanish King to send his mandate to Queen Elizabeth asking restitution, to bring out her characteristic reply in Latin verse:

Ad Græcas, bone rex, fiant mandata kalendas.

The Queen's visit to the ship at Deptford, her banqueting on it and knighting Drake, Holinshed's wish that some monument of it "might remain to succeeding ages," "and none more fitted than the brittle bark . . . thought meete to be fixed upon the stumpe of Paul's steeple [!] in lieu of the spire that, being discerned farre and neere, it might be noted and pointed at of people with these true terms: 'Yonder is the barke that hath sailed around about the world,'" is all delight-

fully Elizabethan. Scholars of Winchester school are said to have written Latin verses and set them up on the mainmast of the ship; when she was laid up her cabin was used as a distinguished place of holiday banquets. Barrow, in his *Life of Drake,* quotes: "We'll have our supper," says Sir Petronell Flash, in the comedy called *England Hoe,* by Ben Jonson and others—"we'll have our supper on board Sir Francis Drake's ship that hath compassed the world." When the ship had finally fallen into decay, a chair was made from her timbers and presented by Charles II. to the University of Oxford, and it can now be seen in the Bodleian Library, inscribed with the verses written by Cowley. Every American who visits the university should take the opportunity to see that chair. And Californians can see in it the symbol of an Elizabethan episode in California history. The relic of one of Elizabeth's—and, indeed, of England's—most famous ships and most famous seamen; it is part of the very ship that was careened on the shore of Drake's Bay in the summer of 1579. And its deck trodden by Elizabeth, and its keel having literally rested on that California beach, we recall with a curious interest how not only incidentally but formally did that ship have to do with what for the time was in claim an Elizabethan California. It will not affect the historical interest in the episode even if the claim did not perpetuate itself. The natives formally offered and Drake formally accepted "their right and title in the whole land." "Our General," says the chronicler—and it is easy to see a chaplain's style—"thought not meet to reject or refuse the same, both for that he would not giue them any cause of mistrust or disliking of him . . . and chiefly for that he knew not to what good end God had brought this to passe, or what honour and profit it might bring to our Countrie in time to come. Wherefore, in the name and to the use of her most excellent majesty, he took the scepter, crowne, and dignity of the sayd countrie into his hand, wishing nothing more than that it had layen so fitly for her

majesty to enjoy, as it was now her proper owne, and that *the riches and treasures thereof* . . . might with as great conueniency be transported, to the enriching of her kingdom here at home, as it is in plenty to be attained there; and especially that so tractable and louing a people as they shewed themselvess to be, might haue means to haue manifested their most willing obedience the more unto her, and by her meanes, as a mother and nurse of the Church of Christ, might by the preaching of the Gospel be brought to the right knowledge and obedience of the true and euerliving God."

To walk along that Drake's Bay beach, then, is to be amid strange associations of the nineteenth with the sixteenth century, of new with old Albion, of California with Elizabeth, of the shore-line with Drake. One is almost tempted to begin a hunt for some relic of the monument Drake set up before leaving the bay, "namely, a piece of brass, fast nailed to a great and firme post, whereon is engraven her grace's name, and the day and yeare of our arrivall there, and of the free giving up of the province and kingdome both by the king and people into her majestie's hands; together with her highnesse picture and armes in a piece of sixpence currant English monie shewing itselfe by a hole made of purpose through the plate; underneath was likewise engraven the name of our Generall," etc.

A memorial of the landing of Drake, and especially of a service held on the land at the time of his stay in Drake's Bay, has been for some time in the hope of those interested in the matter, and individual generosity has now made an entirely worthy way for it. By a happy circumstance, one who is the first American citizen to place memorials to Elizabethan worthies in England gives the monument to mark the contact of the Elizabethan age with California. As he placed the Shakespeare memorial fountain and clock-tower at Stratford-upon-Avon, and the Bishop Andrewes (with Bishop Ken) memorial reredos in the church of SS. Thomas and Clement, Winchester, so Mr. George W.

Childs, of Philadelpha, now erects on American soil this monument to events associated with the same period. The Herbert and Cowper window in Westminster Abbey, the Milton window in St. Margaret's, Westminster, the monument to the astronomer Proctor in Greenwood, carry national ties to and fro across the Atlantic; this one will carry them across the continent and the Pacific, making them, like Drake's ship, encompass the world.

The monument is a great gray stone Celtic cross, with base six feet high and 17x15. The cross rises 55 feet from the ground, with shaft 8x6, the arms being 21 feet across, all of stone. The Park Commissioners of San Francisco, through their president, Mr. William W. Stow, tendered a site for the monument in Golden Gate Park, on an elevation of upward of 300 feet, on which it will be visible from the Golden Gate and from far out at sea. The designs were furnished by Messrs. Coxhead & Coxhead, architects of San Francisco, Colonel George H. Mendel, United States Engineers, being the consulting engineer. The stone is from the quarry of the Sites Sandstone Company at Colusa, California.

The inscription on the cross, to be known as the "Prayer-Book Cross," is as follows (space being left for the date of consecration):

"A Memorial of the service held on the shore of Drake's Bay, about St. John Baptist's Day, June 24, A. D. 1579, by Francis Fletcher, Priest of the Church of England, Chaplain of Sir Francis Drake, Chronicler of the Service."

[On the Reverse.]

"First Christian Service in the English tongue on our coast.
"First use of Book of Common Prayer in our country.
"One of the first recorded Missionary Prayers on our continent.
"Soli Deo sit semper Gloria."

[On Base Front.]

"Gift of George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia."

The following extract from the *World Encompassed* more especially bears upon the points covered in the inscription, giving an account of the service held, and making record of the words of the very early American missionary prayer:

"Our Generall, with his companie, in the presence of these strangers, fell to prayers; and by signes, in lifting up our eyes and hands to heaven, signified unto them that that God whom we did serve, and whom they ought to worship, was above; beseeching God, if it were his good pleasure, to open by some means their blinded eyes, that they might in due time be called to the knowledge of him, the true and ever-living God, and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, the salvation of the Gentiles. In the time of which prayers, singing of Psalms, and reading of certaine chapters of the Bible, they sate very attentively."

CHAPTER XXI

HOSPITAL HOSPITALITY

UNDER THE KNIFE

[*Pacific Churchman,* December, 1915]

Firm gentled skill with kindly touch displayed,
And suff'ring soothed in every painful part
By surgeon's science and high healing art
As fleshly ill under the knife was laid.
Thy Presence felt to make one unafraid,
O Christ, the shadow of Thy cross athwart
Each falt'ring step new steadiness to start,
Veil'd chastening love while love the chastening stayed.
Dread discipline so blest from benign blade
To teach a little more of what Thou art,
Illuming chastisement on life's dark chart,
To hold before us crown of thorn-gemmed braid.
With sweet assurances from those who prayed,
Came seraph strength from Calvary conveyed.

St. Luke's Hospital,
San Francisco.

IN OCTOBER, 1915, some symptoms of bodly ailment made it necessary to call in my good physician and friend Dr. Lewis Whitaker Allen, whose primary diagnosis led him to send me to St. Luke's Hospital for further observation, for which he brought also the special skill of another valued friend, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, also using the agency of the X ray. The result of it was the discovery of some conditions which dictated first and last three major operations and one of lesser moment. By the protecting providence of Almighty God and the "Blessed Presence," my son J. W. administering the Holy Communion to me betimes, and the high professional ability and assiduous personal attendance of Dr. Allen as operator and the finest type of nursing and the prayers and kind speaking with flowers and otherwise of multitudes of my people and friends, all passed off mercifully and with restoration to health and work. The weeks of convalescence and strength-finding between operations, including two

intervals away from the Hospital at home and elsewhere, covered the period from October 21, 1915, to April 22, 1916. April 22 was Easter Even and I was allowed to go home on that date. As indicative of singular preservation it may be noted that though the third major operation kept me on the operating table three hours, I was enabled to be taken to the roof garden on the third day after it and was only at the Hospital eleven days in all. The next day, Easter Sunday, the dear Archdeacon who had been constant as ever in his ministrations, celebrated the Holy Communion with me at home. It was a veritable Eucharist for recovery and Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Monteagle, with their usual large-minded affection, signalized it by adding five thousand dollars to the Endowment Fund of Grace Cathedral.

In the desire to recognize what, under God, the Hospital and its staff had done for me and possibly to encourage others to turn to Hospital facilities in their ills, I wrote the following, which first appeared in the *Pacific Churchman* and then was put in pamphlet form for distribution at St. Luke's Hospital and elsewhere. It was accompanied with *Words of Comfort for Patients* happily compiled by the Rev. Edward Morgan. Later I followed it with another pamphlet with some suggestions *Before an Operation.*

Hospital Hospitality

I

It perhaps strikes us rather oddly when we see that these two words "hospital" and "hospitality" have such a likeness to each other. In ordinary speech we hardly associate them so closely. Our idea of a hospital scarcely makes hospitality its first suggestion. And hospitality is apt to bring to mind other places of its familiar exercise, such as the hearthstone, rather than what we understand a hospital to be. And yet the full inclusion of the one word in the spelling of the other is no mere coincidence. They both imply the atmosphere of a host. They are both derivatives from the same word. Hostel

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, SAN FRANCISCO

or hotel has the same root idea. Hospital itself has wider usage than noting a place for the sick as in the ancient foundation of Christ's *Hospital,* the well known, flourishing Blue Coat School for Boys in London dating from the sixteenth century. And historically as well as in word lineage a Hospital is in exactitude of terms a place of hospitality. That it is so in memorable and blessed experience some indoor weeks have proven to the writer of this while a patient at St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco. As a tribute to modern hospital development, and possibly specifying some sides of such hospitality that may have an interest for others a few memoranda of it are submitted in these columns.

Any thoughtful review of such hospital hospitality at once resolves it into distinct and varied ways of expression. Indeed, like all true hospitality, it shows itself more in "good turns" done than in mere terms of welcome. And it seems worth while to try to pick out some of those data of "hospitable thoughts intent" which occur to a patient in his quiet musings on his cot or in the retrospect of it all. They arrange themselves in something of a gamut-like order, scaling from those material surroundings and ministrations which are known as "creature comforts" up to high spiritual keys of that peaceableness of mind which is the scriptural sweetness of chastening. In this series of musings we shall hope first to take the more material considerations of the hospitality and later pass to those of the loftier and more vital import. At this time then let us identify some of the most human "creature comforts" which modern hospital service, as exemplified signally at St. Luke's, San Francisco, provides. These are not always fully understood. The old dread of a hospital lingers in some who have no knowledge of the progress that has been achieved. And none of us can escape the dread of sickness or disability in itself. We smile in the story told so effectively by the wife of a certain Dean, at the estimate from the good old colored servant, who balked at hospital treatment, promptly returning from the par-

ticular one to which she had been sent and explaining her sudden reappearance at home by saying, "D'ye spose I'se goin' to let dem young doctors *fricassee* me!"

But while up-to-date treatment is coming to its own in the recognition of its advantage as against the old tradition of a "forlorn hope," there is still room for appreciation of the real and generous hospitality like St. Luke's, San Francisco. With no money profits for any dividends from its revenues and all such turned back to the hospital itself to increase its usefulness, and to say nothing of the already considerable percentage of free service it has been able to offer, there is a decided element of hospitality that should not be overlooked in the munificent gift of the new buildings and their appointments, representing as they do world-wide strides of the most progressive methods. In illustration of this may be mentioned a detail or two. Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle in her personal investigation, with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, of some of the principal London hospitals, noted an ingenious contrivance by which the head rest of the patient could be raised or lowered by easy adjustment of the framework. It would be interesting to know whether this was an outcome of an invalid bed designed by Herbert Spencer about fifty years ago for the use of his mother and elaborately explained with some sixteen illustrations in his life (*Autobiography*, Vol. II, pp. 172-5, and Appendix, pp. 576-9). This was introduced at St. Luke's and has been already copied elsewhere in San Francisco hospitals—and our city may well be proud of its hospitals in general. Furthermore, the doors of the rooms leading into the hallways are made of unusual width, so that with special rollers fitted to the cots the patients can be taken without removal from their beds to spacious elevators and from them to the rare roof-gardens, where the open air and the wide outlook on attractive horizons relieve the four wall effect and the "shut-in-ness" of the room. Hours spent on that roof-garden with the breathing of its recuperative ozone and with a field glass to occupy the time in noting

boulevard building on Twin Peaks and other absorbing activities in the human stir, make the fortunate patient almost feel as if he were himself already "in the swim" again. And another illustration is the happy architectural groupings of the buildings, shaped by Mr. Lewis P. Hobart as architect, with an exposure seemingly set as a trap to catch every sunbeam in that sunny "Mission belt," with patients segregated from the administrative offices and machinery, and with a clever placing of the cots themselves in the rooms that look out on the court so that the patient can from his cot get glimpses of the flowers and green lawn.

Every patient at St. Luke's will, I am sure, accredit the hospitality which such material environment enables him to share. All alike, those who have it without cost or wth special concessions and those who are able to enjoy the most ample privileges with their reasonable rates, will see that while rates are scaled to meet the current needs and opportunities of the hosptal, no practicable schedule of running rates could contemplate the first cost of the fabric of the institution. We then have the consciousness dawn upon us that in the background of the hospital service is the splendid hospitality enduring from generation to generation of that liberal devising which so felicitously joins the large-hearted enterprise and provision for the sick and needy with the tender memory of the departed as noted in the following inscription on the bronze tablet:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND
IN AID OF HUMANITY
THIS
SAINT LUKE'S HOSPITAL
IS GIVEN
IN LOVING MEMORY
OF

CALVIN PAIGE
BY
HIS NIECE
LYDIA PAIGE MONTEAGLE

DARIUS OGDEN MILLS
BY
HIS SON AND DAUGHTER
OGDEN MILLS
ELIZABETH MILLS REID

ANNO DOMINI MDCCCCXI.

Endowments and future buildings offer opportunities to others to add to gifts already made, whereby the donors may become in a precious and personal sense true hosts of humanity and the sick. These will no doubt follow and the hospital authorities are ever ready to furnish any information as to such opportunities. We must leave for another chapter considerations of the noble hospitality service, of medical and surgical staff, of nurse and of Administration Management which interprets the modern hospital into active ministration. But when you think of it, how the vision and possibilties of being the host in the background of the foundation, as were the pioneers with their faith in earlier and simpler stages of promotion; or hosts providing the new order of building and furnishing and endowment—how the significance of it all grows upon one—a host in perpetuity, and host to every one with human suffering and ailment in its doors, to every one going out from its healing influences, a host soothing with every tender and skillful touch of alleviation of pain, a host watching with all the night watches, a host pervading all the hospital hospitality and that for all time and long after the "fitful fever" of life is over—what a glorious record to contribute by buildings, endowments, rooms or beds, or otherwise, as host to such a hospitality as that!

II.

Significantly over a hospital entrance in England was once placed the legend "Don't Boast!" The donor of the building may have had several things in mind in putting it there we need not stop to surmise them—but such a maxim does most happily and suggestively fix the spirit of the service in a Hospital Hospitality. The ministrations in any approved hospital explain themselves. Doctors, nurses, staff, all blow no trumpets. Professional reticence, of course, and the code of their confidences have something to do with this. But the habit of not boasting has more in it than that. It is nothing more nor less than a trait of hospital

character when seen at its best. There is no "headlining," for example, of the skill and time and heart and even personal money outlay that most doctors of standing freely give in the upkeep of hospital activities. There are no "society columns" for the glamouring of names of devoted nurses who through the night hours dance attendance upon the whims of restless patients, or, by day divine the needs and soothe the pain and by kindly personality and ingenuities of comfort interpret the doctor's directions and make the hours pass less draggingly. And in the day's doings the thousand and one exactions and trials and frictions that come to the management and muster roll of the varied departments of a modern hospital, from porter to superintendent, test good nature and loyalty to the institution. Whoever stops to belaud himself for getting along with as little "grousing" as human nature will permit? And yet boasting and "boosting" are sometimes so rated as the principal things that count, that without their dinning into our ears we are apt to have a slight notion as to who are really "doing things."

It would be too much to expect all the working force of a hospital alike to exhibit in their unspoken terms of service this real geniality which constitutes a veritable and considerable element of Hospital Hospitality. Some fail to understand it. In dealing with sick and infirm humanity as it is often unreasonable and peevish and "imagining things" there is no small temptation to become mechanical and unsympathetic and even harsh at times. This is caricatured in that old bit of splenetic suggestion to one whose chronic sore throat had wearied the adviser with its plaints: "Swallow a paper of tacks and rub the throat externally with two bricks"! But in the long run in the best modern training and atmosphere of a hospital that dereliction to the ideals of service is almost as much of a caricature as the heroic remedy for the valetudinarian throat. No, there is something about ministration to our fellows which calls out the deeper

and nobler capacities of man and woman. There is far more than mere professionalism in the true profession of healing. Doctor and nurse and mother, for example, may bend over the critically sick child. The mother love is in all evidence in the tense devotion of every thought for saving the child's life. But it may be her very sense of helplessness keeps her mute and keenly mindful of every move of doctor and nurse. They on their part go about their ministrations free from the sway of their feelings, trying to do the right thing in what might seem almost a cold matter-of-fact way. The mother has her anxious love most in evidence, without expert skill. The doctor and nurse have their professional skill most in evidence without giving way to emotion. This is all a simple necessity of the situation and of vital import to the due clinic and care of the sick child they are treating. But while this is so plain, it is not so well understood that back of that quiet, self-contained demeanor of doctor and nurse there may be, and more often is, the truest kind of heart and intensified human interest. Indeed it is sensibility to suffering beating its music out into the finest touch and accomplishment of the skill of sympathy. A great thinker of the Eighteenth Century, Bishop Butler, uses it as an illustration of religious emotion itself in its true appraisal. He refers to the interesting fact of our human make-up that feelings by repetition grow weaker while the practical principle of benevolence stirred by such feeling grows stronger by repetition. The sensitiveness to such scenes has only taken a different form. It is not so much a case of being hardened as being heartened in the best types. It is really a transmission of energy, feelings crude and unrestrained being trained down to the motive power of the most delicate science of dealing with human ills. Or to use the Bishop's phrase the "passive impression" has been interpreted into the "active habit." He shows the relation of this to the true test of religion as applied to its habitual acts

rather than its passing uplifts of feeling—that consideration so important to sound views of conversion which John Henry Newman eloquently brought out in one of his *Plain Sermons* on the *Religious Use of Excited Feelings.*

Now if put to a work-a-day doctor or nurse of the finer sort in this "high-sounding prognosis" it would not be strange if it brought out the comment "Do I look like that?" "I have never thought of myself in just that way." But depend upon it it is not mere "guesswork." Yes, you do exemplify that, if you are trying to sample the high ideals of your profession. That instinct for relief is in the sick room, even if it is only alertness to shake out the pillow or "turn on the other side" or that expert taking the temperature—and I never could understand the force of the expression "hot under the collar" when the thermometer is placed under the tongue—and by the way, the latter is quite in accordance with the Scripture which says the "tongue is a fire." Good physicians and surgeons are but specializing in this trait when with prescription or "X-Ray," or laboratory examination, or knife, they put into a few critical minutes, the very best of their personality as well as of their training and experience. Now personality so applied is heart as well as art, and, heart tells in the habit of healing. And that heart back of every other consideration is in most unmistakable reality the demonstration of a second-nature hospitality for the afflicted. How much of this the writer found at St. Luke's Hospital he cannot undertake to record. It was "in the air." To name all contributory to it would be to reproduce in great part the names of the whole hospital force with Dr. W. R. Dorr, a superintendent with vision, at the head. As other patients, however, would have their immediate attendants to specify, so here the constant and tireless devotion and wonderful handiwork of Dr. Lewis Whitaker Allen as surgeon and of the skill and geniality of Dr. J. Wilson Shiels as physician with him—and the distinguished

counsel of Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt given at a critical stage should not be overlooked—the faithfulness in oversight of Miss Esther A. Brown, superintendent of nurses, the efficiency and kindness of the nurses in training, and of nurses Guthrie, longest with me, Williams and Carey also serving, and Miss McDermott and Mrs. Dr. Pettit were to me the closest exponents of the Hospital Hospitality. Such service of ministration develops the true ideal of a hospital. Every one who serves may catch something of its spell. To make another "comfortable" is to be hospitable. And the unifying spirit of all looking to that end gives the character to an institution which those who enter it soon recognize, of genuine hospitality. We often call this a selfish world but we should not forget how broadcast after all is the spirit of service to fellow humanity as evoked in Hospital Hospitality and now strikingly transferred also to the zones of woeful war, evincing a true *noblesse oblige* of the hosts of noble men and women offering themselves for such service. That this is closely akin to the Gospel of Him "Who came not to be ministered unto but to minister" I believe is well symbolized by the welcome Chapel at St. Luke's Hospital with its earnest services, but of the Chapel side of Hospital Hospitality I shall hope to write at another time. Suffice it to say that we do not reach the real genius of the ideal of St. Luke's until we enter into the spirit of the Psalmist's prayer in the verse which used to greet everyone in the entrance hall of the old buildings of St. Luke's "The Lord comfort him when he lieth sick upon his bed, make Thou all his bed in his sickness." (Ps. 41:3.)

III.

In ruddy health we are apt to think of a hospital as a fine thing—for somebody else! And it is well worth while to try to share in hospital hospitality to less favored humanity. In so far as we are able to give time or thought or money or the interest of prayer

and to speak the "good word" for it, we become part-hosts for such blessed hospitality. Indeed this affords us one very excellent way to prove our gratitude for good health. But when on some fateful day we find ourselves facing the grim fact that we ourselves have become subjects for hospital treatment! that we are summarily changed from the class of theorists or hosts to guests and to use a familiar phrase, the hospital "gets us," then verily each one can note that as a day when "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." In the calm readjustment of the point of view in such an experience two questions are likely to become more or less absorbing, to-wit: "What?" and "Why?"—"What is the matter?" and "Why should I have anything the matter with me?" And each one of these questions, if we follow it out a little, will, I believe, help us soon to overcome the natural first dread of going to a hospital and to regard the opening of its door to receive us in values of genuine hospitality.

Take then that primary concern to find out the nature and source of the ailment. The careful physician may have his own clear expert diagnosis. But he may wish to verify it. And to that end the hospital offers him what is sometimes called the "group system." There are assembled the appliances, like the X-Ray and laboratory, for all the most modern scientific tests known to the healing art. These are hardly practicable for even the wealthiest home. Along with these is the group of specialists which can be summoned in counsel from the hospital staff or elsewhere. Of course at the home there may be and is the consultation in a crisis, but that when possible not seldom results in assignment to the readiest and fullest provisions of the hospital, rather than in the attempt to supply the home of affluence with apparatus and professional experts, however negligible questions of expense may be. The pertinency of the old proverb, "*In the multitude of counsellors there is safety,*" is really an everyday affair and reason for existence of a well

ordered hospital. And so far as answering that question "What is the matter?" is concerned, to say nothing of the after treatment, this "group system" sometimes really gives the hospital patient of moderate means, or of the free treatment on an endowment or otherwise, an advantage over the rich patient who tries to get along without the hospital and throws upon his, it may be, reluctant family physician responsibilities lacking their exercise amid the better environment of all this. Moreover a sense of the hospitality of a hospital might well lead many a tired and worn body and mind with no particular disease, to make use of it and its comforts for a simple "rest cure" and so to give glad expression to that which is really implicit in hospital hospitality that it stands distinctly and happily for the "ounce of prevention" of sickness as truly as for the "pound of cure!" To be convalescent from "conniptions" in a quiet, salutary hospital regime of a week or two will sometimes save months of convalescence from an "out of sorts" condition which has been allowed to develop into chronic ills.

But granted the well ascertained knowledge of what is the matter and the prescribed course of treatment, there are few patients who with such longer or shorter period of isolation from their usual activities do not in hours which seem long and lonely, find themselves pondering on that other question, "Why? Why am I here? Why am I now in the class of the disabled? Why must I lie here helpless when there are so many things I ought to be doing? Why do I suffer? Why do I lose my health?" It will not be strange if rebellious thoughts creep in and the very physical well-being and buoyant vigor of attendants and visitors seem in contrast to mock us. There are fortunately in the hospital routine many diversions from such disturbing musings and this in itself is a phase of hospital hospitality with which the kindly physician and nurse and opportunity for the thoughts and visits of friends have much to do. But a diversion is not an

answer. And while recovery oftentimes relegates the question into the background, that does not remove it altogether nor give any secure answer to it. Furthermore it may be doubted whether an entirely logical and satisfactory settling upon an answer to the question can be found. The profoundest philosophers have to give up the answer to the question why evil and suffering at large are in the world. And the patient can probably never reason it out why he is confined to the cot and another has rosy health. And just here comes in the peculiar agency of our holy religion. While that does not explain our sickness in the terms of a comparison, it does most soothingly and assuringly tell us how to meet it. It brings us some text like that from the eleventh verse of the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews: *"All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous but grievous: yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness."* This answers the question by an experiment and not by an argument. Anyone can know it. No one can reason it out. To learn how to bear sickness by the power of the Cross of Christ is a greater cure even than to get well. And St. Luke's Hospital has in its *motif* and record and essential aim the direct and benign hospitality for the finding peace of mind and heart under such life questionings. Its cots can solve heart riddles. Its rooms can bring peace to heartaches as well as body aches. It can signify to us that St. Luke was a beloved physician of his time, but also in Prayer Book phrase, a "Physician of the soul." In our next chapter we hope to indicate some of the significance of the Chapel to this vital influence and hope of our hospital life. It is not necessary to take too seriously Emerson's inhospitable dictum that "Society is a hospital of incurables" to see beneath the surface of things widespread bitterness and broodings and depressions that matter even more than the ills of flesh. Nothing less

will count or cure than the very hospitality of Christ Himself. That St. Luke's, thank God, can interpret into its sweetest hospital hospitality; and some day may there stand in the center of its flower bordered sunny court out upon which so many patients' eyes can look, and facing the building with outstretched arms of welcome, that beautiful statue in which the sculptor so winningly represents in a message of marble the Christ as saying *"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."*

IV.

It was by no mere featuring for an attractive "elevation" that the Chapel is made conspicuous as flanking the main entrance to St. Luke's Hospital. It certainly does furnish one of the most impressive architectural effects in approaching the spacious new buildings. But its modest cross tells of far more than that. To begin with, the hospital makes it very plain that its doors know no challenge of religion. The very first announcement in its *Annual Report* is:

"St. Luke's is a general hospital, organized in 1871 under the auspices of the Episcopal Church; but no distinction is made between the various nationalities or creeds, its doors being open to all. Patients are allowed every facility for receiving the consolation of their own churches."

That this liberal policy in "aid of humanity" has been and is strictly pursued, the records as well as any investigation will prove. In this at any rate there is some truth in that equivocal compliment of the amiable jester whose leaning towards the Episcopal Church was by him so dubiously explained as due to its "never meddling with any man's politics or religion." To put religion in the very forefront of hospital treatment and positively to atmosphere it in the life of the whole institution is the very reason for the existence of St. Luke's Hospital. And for that, the front featuring of the Chapel and its Cross stand un-

mistakably and irrevocably. The Hospital Hospitality of St. Luke's is extended with a depth of conviction of its founders that the real blend of remedial agencies consists in rounding them out for the whole personality of the patient, for the soul and spirit as well as for the flesh, and that religion is the chief factor in such a full and symmetrical treatment.

> "What is this flesh we have to penetrate?
> Oh, not alone when life flows still do truth
> And power emerge, but also when strange chance
> Ruffles its current; in unused conjecture
> When sickness breaks the body—hunger, watching,
> Excess or languor—oftenest death's approach,
> Peril, deep joy or woe."

Religion, as the Chapel symbolizes it, invests that sanctuary with a meaning all of its own as a real laboratory of life, a real X-Ray room, a real operating room, a real room of profound character convalescence. And every other room, and every other skill of the highest qualified physician or nurse can be supplemented and sanctioned and sanctified by this. There are many things we ponder over in hospital days we cannot understand until with the Psalmist we go into "the sanctuary of God." Patients may not be in a condition to attend the Chapel Services; the notes of Service and song wafted through the halls may not even reach their ears; provisions for fuller ministrations of chaplaincies may have to await gradual realization, but the intercessions of those who can join in the worship and receive sacramental and other strengthening for themselves, the mere unintruding interest of a friend, or the fuller bedside services when welcomed on the part of the clergy, all help to a temperature of the institution which can only be spiritually "taken." None of this, as has been said, is forced upon the patient who wishes to be "let alone" by all except the other healing attentions to the purely bodily ailment, but its kindly, unobtrusive suggestion constitutes a main and avowed *motif* in the hospitality.

To that end are the visits of the earnest clergy who have acted as Chaplains, as well as their regular services in the Chapel; with that in mind the Women's Board of the Hospital look to the weekly provision of flowers in the Chapel and show tokens of their thought in other ways; the marble tablet to commemorate the names of Benefactors of the Hospital is placed at the door of the Chapel as significant of the Blessing of God upon those who "provide for the sick and needy." And as a simple safeguard against having those who avail themselves of the advantages of the Nurses' Training School enter into uncongenial surroundings, in the Information for Applicants there is the following paragraph:

"As St. Luke's Hospital is an institution under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, the management requires from the nurses that neither by word nor act shall any nurse assume any position or express any opinion antagonistic to the Church and its teachings. When their duties will permit all nurses are expected to attend the services in the Chapel, unless excused by the Superintendent of Nurses."

It is an assuring sight to see nurses at the very early Celebration of the Holy Communion.

In the life of a good physician whose professional career covered more than a quarter of a century in England two generations ago, it is noted that he had written as a motto of his life and kept over the mantelpiece in his "den" the following:

"Let come what will come,
God's will is welcome."

As a devoted Christian his whole life was a signal boon to his community and seemed well to illustrate the two lessons of the legend, viz: 1. Taking life as it comes and, 2. Learning to face life's unwelcome facts by religion. To the physician's training to be ready to meet any situation calmly, he added in his own experience that secret of the innermost calm of life through

implicit trust in his God. That is a good summary of what St. Luke's Hospital has in its own hospitality. The sicknesses and snatching away from the active day's doings are among the hardest things to take as they come, with their pains and their heartaches. To make adjustments to them; to get over repinings and not lose heart under them; to find a little here and a little there of real interpretation of the loving Saviour's presence and power; in dark hours of chastisement to look up to the starshine of heavenly love of the Father; to find progress towards that character goal, sometimes so distant in full health, where the honest soul can achieve the sincere avowal "God's will be welcome," this in any human life is a beckoning hospitality sure and steadfast. It is patiently to learn that secret of serenity St. Paul said he had to acquire by gradual stages; "in whatever state I am therewith to be content." And because the Chapel holds out such an invitation to all who enter there, it has been made worthy in architecture and appointments by the benefactors of these new buildings, it has been placed beside the very portal. And that portal may be made a threshold to Jesus Christ to find Him as never before when two or three are gathered together in His Name and where He invites us to His very Feast at His Altar.

V.

Now, completing this series of something of the nature of a patient's "bread-and-butter-letters" to the St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco, which was his host and which has given him some idea of the welcome hospitality of the up-to-date modern hospitals in general, the last words naturally try to bespeak the interest of every reader—if any reader has read as far as this!

Attending physicians and surgeons who are held in honor in their profession and in the community are doing their skillful and generous and self-effacing part. The members of the House Staff live in the atmosphere of compelling efficiency and like the newest member of

the Nurses's Training School are encouraged in a spirit of thorough attention to the duty in hand. The Directors and the Women's Board feel the zest of the new buildings and new life of the Hospital and are giving their time and their means to promote its interests "in aid of humanity," to quote the happy phrasing on the memorial tablet of the new Hospital.

To quote a maxim from an Eastern hospital: "No place in it is clean which can be made cleaner."

The Prospectus announces from the Directors, in the following paragraphs, some of their hopes for extending the beneficent scope of the Hospital:

"The Directors desire especially to bring St. Luke's Hospital to the notice of patients from a distance, who may desire special treatment from surgeons or physicians in the city. Such persons can be accommodated as in a hotel, yet have the care and comfort of a home, and have their own physicians and nurses if desired.

"St. Luke's Hospital cares for three classes of patients: In the first class are those who are able to pay the hospital charge for board, nursing and medicines, but are unable to pay for the service of a physician or surgeon; in such cases medical attendance is furnished by the Hospital. The second class consists of private patients who select their own physicians or surgeons (who may be members of the attending staff or not), and who come to the Hospital for the accommodations it affords. The third class is composed of those who are unable to pay anything to the Hospital, and are admitted to the free beds."

And now how can our Church people and any who may wish to share in this twenty-four hours of every day unceasing hospitality to every one the Hospital can aid, prove the wish by their deeds?

First, Those who have means can help it by gifts and by legacies. Let them visit it and familiarize themselves with its workings and learn of its especial opportunities for keeping up with progressive healing art and science, by the provision of special funds for

apparatus and endowments. Read carefully also each *Annual Report* as it comes out with its record and forecasts, as for example pages 32 and 33 of the *Forty-fourth Annual Report.* Reports will be sent upon application to the office of the Hospital. The following as to endowments and Forms of Bequest may well be quoted here from the Hospital Report:

"St. Luke's has been most magnificently endowed with buildings and grounds but most sadly needs endowments for the free treatment of patients in order to accomplish more of the charity work for which the Hospital was founded and which it is called upon to do in ever increasing amounts. The sum of fifteen thousand dollars will endow a bed in the wards in perpetuity. Thirty thousand dollars endows a private room bed in perpetuity.

"A careful estimate has been made, and the income from these endowments provides for the beds being occupied every day of the year.

"Endowments of any amount will be gladly received and service will be rendered yearly to the extent of the earning capacity of the amount donated and in strict conformity with the wishes of the donors.

"Each one thousand dollars at 5 per cent interest will provide $50.00 worth of free care each year.

"Patients occupying any endowed or partly endowed beds, do so with the understanding that they are to be treated by the members of the Visiting Staff of the Hospital."

FORM OF BEQUEST OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

I give and bequeath unto "St. Luke's Hospital," a corporation existing under the laws of the State of California, the sum of..... Dollars, to be applied to the use of said corporation.

FORM OF DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE.

I give and bequeath unto "St. Luke's Hospital," a corporation existing under the laws of the State of

California, for its corporate purposes, all [here insert description of property].

Together with all the appurtenances, tenements, and hereditaments thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining. To have and to hold the same unto the said corporation, its successors and assigns forever.

Copies of this are sent to many of our legal gentlemen who are consulted by their clients as to provisions in their wills for philanthropic and charitable purposes.

Second, Will not our clergy especially try to interest their congregations in the work and opportunities of the Hospital which every year welcomes to its treatment not a few of our Church workers and Church people? There is an excellent occasion for this on the Sunday before St. Luke's Day each year, the date commended by Resolution of the Convention of the Diocese of California for Offerings for St. Luke's Hospital. In the past if we have not been without tendencies to indifference to this, and, to the temptation to "talk down" the Hospital, let us see now how well we can "talk it up."

Third, If this patient's experience can count for anything no one need under the advice of the physician hesitate to commit his physical ailments, or even his suspicion that he has them, to a modern hospital diagnosis and treatment. It is like taking the delicate mechanism of your watch to the expert watch maker. The time may come when the intelligent man or woman will have the dread of *not doing* rather than that now so often formidable dread of doing it, in the wholesome change which is come over the way of looking at hospitals. And so with profound gratitude to Almighty God and His Blessed Son, Jesus Christ, Who is the Great Physician and "a very present help in trouble" to every patient who trusts in Him on the sick bed and in the operating room, and in glad recognition of the wonderful skill of surgeon and physician and nurse, may close this endeavor to pay tribute to all that welcome and

FORTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
BISHOP'S HOUSE
May 18, 1916

welfaring to body, mind and spirit in our institution, which so well justifies the name of St. Luke the Beloved Physician in its Hospital Hospitality.

"They were tired and lay down."

When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them because they were tired and lay down.—St. Matthew, 9-36, margin.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—St. Matthew, 11-28.

PRAYER.

Almighty and Merciful God, Who art the strength of the weak, the refreshment of the weary, the comfort of the sad, the help of the tempted, the life of the dying, the God of patience and of all consolation; Thou knowest full well the inner weakness of our nature, how we tremble and quiver before pain, and cannot bear the cross without Thy divine help and support. Help me, then, O eternal and pitying God help me, to possess my soul in patience, to maintain unshaken hope in Thee, to keep that childlike trust which feels a Father's heart hidden beneath the cross; so shall I be strengthened with power according to Thy glorious might, in all patience and long-suffering. I shall be enabled to endure pain and temptation and, in the very depth of my suffering, to praise Thee with a joyful heart. I ask this through Thy Blessed Son Jesus, my best earthly Friend, yearning in all my heart-searching to heed His bidding: "Come unto Me." Amen.—Adapted from *The World's Devotional Classics.*

Bless, O Heavenly Father, all connected with this St. Luke's Hospital and fill it with the spirit of the Hospitality of Jesus Christ Himself.

CHAPTER XXII

CALL FOR A COADJUTOR

At the conclusion of twenty-five years of my Episcopate I asked the Standing Committee of the Diocese, as my Council of Advice, to make a frankly independent and thorough survey of Diocesan Conditions from the standpoint of the clergy and laity at large in the Diocese and submit the result to me with any suggestions that they might find from the study for betterment or change. They did so, taking time and wide and searching investigation and gave me the real benefit of various wise and helpful comments and recommendations leading to several lines of progressive action, especially in missionary and financial matters. That left an emphasized service of opportunity and challenge to the office of the Bishop. The years of the Bishop were nearing his three score and ten. The hospital experiences of 1915 and 1916, though in effect recuperative, were not to be ignored. There were many prayers and self-communings in the yearnings for right guidance. And so by the summer of 1918 the "next step" became clear and determining. On August 28, 1918, in view of the approaching thirtieth anniversary of my consecration I again asked the Standing Committee to act as my Council of Advice, writing them among other things: "Outlooks and opportunities as well locally, as in the world at large under its upset of war wrack, presage the call for increasing vigor of administration in the Diocese. While at present blessed with excellent health, I cannot hope to escape the limitations of advancing years, much less can I count on meeting this challenge for new vigor. *Maximizing claims for leadership should never be allowed to drift into dependence upon minimizing energies.* Accordingly after prolonged reflection it is my purpose to ask the Convention of the Diocese at its next session in January, 1919, to initiate

the necessary canonical procedure for the election of a Bishop-Coadjutor for the Diocese." In forecasting the assignment of duties to such Coadjutor I added: "The determining conviction in such assignment, it seems to me, should be this: New leadership should have a free course for new policies; a new Church generation involves new responsibilities and new initiative; such responsibilities and initiative properly belong, not to the quasi vicariate of a predecessor but to a position of original and authoritative status. Succession in our See at any rate should be empowered with ready grasp of administration not awaiting the death of the Bishop but at the first moment practicable for the worthy Bishop-Coadjutor to take primary and autonomous charge. His vision and his fresh energies and abilities should have first-glow functioning with no second place adjustments if the best efficiency is to result for the Diocese and for himself." This was followed by outlines of a sphere still left for the Bishop and certain queries as to the advice of the Standing Committee upon expediencies, date and ways and means, and proposing to relinquish the Bishop's House and two thirds of the then Bishop's salary. The request was formally made to the Convention of 1919 and though the Convention graciously asked to have it withdrawn, I could not overcome my deliberate conviction and it was duly acted upon and initial steps taken to fulfill it. The canonical consent was given by the National Church and a special Convention to elect was called for Wednesday, July 2, 1919, at which specific assignment of jurisdiction was made to the Coadjutor to be elected and I made an address preliminary to the election with something of a glance backward at the general policies which had fallen to my pleasant lot. For weeks earnest prayer and devout deliberation over various choices named had been preparing the way for the selection. In the confidence of right guidance by the Holy Spirit, I carefully abstained from any public or private attempt to influence the choice, though asked by some to do so and

though entertaining in my own breast the hope that the result might be as it proved. The Convention accepted the result on the third ballot with a spirit of harmony and loyalty and of a leading of God through the Holy Ghost that seemed to be a blessed answer to the prayers and the Rev. Dr. Edward Lambe Parsons was elected and in a few modest words of deep feeling and under a manifest sense of its high responsibilities accepted the office. It keyed with fervency the notes of the *Gloria in excelsis* sung by the Convention in its being able to accomplish the election so promptly. And to me the selection seemed to be simply logical, apt and opportune; logical from the long association and familiarity with the Diocese and leadership in its affairs in Convention and otherwise, of Dr. Parsons, he at the time being President of the Standing Committee; apt from his recognized ability, training and experience demonstrated not only in such achievements as the municipal parish in Berkeley in the Diocese but in his prominence in the General Convention and its measures and the calls that had come to him from leading Eastern parishes, as well as to Chairs at the Cambridge Divinity School and the Union Theological Seminary in New York and to the Chaplaincy of Columbia University, not to speak of the serious consideration of his name for elections to the episcopate in other Sees; and opportune for such new forward movements of the General Church as its radical reorganization and its "Nation Wide Campaign." All this together with his fine spirit and loyalty which meant so much to the one who was to have him continued in such intimate new association. No one would claim that even the partial abdication of an office, which had its night and day settled habit for a generation, would be without its human wrench, but no one could have had a less exacting readjustment nor better reason to rejoice at the freshened grasp for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in the Diocese and Church.

In its bearings of the past of my Ministry I reprint

here my address to the Special Convention *in extenso.*

My dear Brethren of the Clergy and Laity:

We meet today in Special Convention with a deep aspiration which I am sure you would wish me to voice at the very outset. It is, I believe, assuringly like that expressed by the first Council of Jerusalem in its declaration of its spirit,—"It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." In all earnestness our yearning is to have the words and acts of this Convention first seem good to the Holy Spirit as guiding us into what seems good to us. The record of this assembly may be big with influence upon Church interests in this Diocese for a generation. The consciousness of that can sanctify every act of the coming election as a spiritual act. Every one who makes a nomination aright in that spirit can feel ardent with a call to step upon holy ground. A flame of fire is at his standpoint. He is speaking in the close presence of God. He is illumined with deliberation of prayer and thoroughness of knowledge and of conviction of the qualification and availability of him he names. Mere verbiage of superficial sponsorship shrivels before such a burning. The responsibility of each vote for a Bishop-Coadjutor can hardly fail to be realized. Preparedness for it with our Holy Communion and special intercession here, and with constant prayer throughout the Diocese, which has been invoked during the preceding months, may well help us to the exercise of that responsibility in quiet confidence as well as in godly fear. So far as is manifest, the weeks of expectation have been singularly free from anything like thought or attempt to unduly prejudice matters, while there has been the needed and conscientious study of questions of selection. The mind of the Diocese has been singly and chiefly concerned with the choice of some one under God who will be the most qualified leader into the new chapters of progress and blessing which we believe are coming to the Church here. For all that we may thank God and take courage.

A RETROSPECT.

My own mind and heart could hardly be otherwise than absorbed in such a choice for the new generation which seems visioned with every glow of the dawning of a new day. World conditions both in Church and State are stirring with epochal possibilities for good or for ill. And to carry the Diocese into them in no spirit of fear, but "of power and of love and of a sound mind" as that commended to the younger Bishop Timothy, "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus," is an appeal to the best chivalry of any manhood. There is a vision which lies before any Episcopate in its youth and he who comes should be afforded every confidence and co-operation from the beginning to help him in his obedience to that vision. Few indeed are there that can say with St. Paul in their try-outs that they have not been disobedient to that heavenly vision. Inevitably this prospect for the Diocese in an Episcopate to increase, brings with it retrospect of the Episcopate that must decrease. And I need only say here that measuring its verities by its blessed visions, there are few delusions possible as to the things left undone that ought to have been done and the things done that ought to have been left undone. We are not apt to forget the places along the road where we missed the way or something was out of order in the running. I could in all acknowledgment go more into particulars of such fallibilities amid all the blessings that have made my Episcopate among you a perennial joy of my Ministry, but they belong to the penitence at the altar rather than to the publication of the pulpit.

PERVADING POLICIES

This Convention finds the present Episcopate just entering upon its thirtieth year and it may not be uninteresting to you, and perhaps of proper record at this time, to note some of the leading policies and plans as they have had their shaping and survival in these years

CALL FOR A COADJUTOR

Coming as a stranger to the Diocese and to the conditions of this Coast, it was obviously a matter of first concern to acquaint myself with facts as I found them, rather than to come in the Office with pre-conceived notions of administration drawn from my previous ministry, all spent amid the oldest Church traditions of the Eastern seaboard. In the rare thought and provision for my welcome every opportunity was given me soon to catch a vision here of an inspiring if highly responsible outlook. The bigness of California could not but quicken a realization of the bigness of Church possibilities and the very living among such possibilities left one with no alternative, if possessed of ordinary official sense, but to try to look ahead and to meet the call of the great and effectual door opened as best he could, however formidable the duty involved. Some distinct lines of forecast were insistent even if subject to revision in the ongoing of the work. In the light of the experience of the whole period now, however far from accomplishment results may have been, there are three aspirations of those first beginnings which have seemed at least to have been justified.

1. THE PEACE MAKING VOW.

In the great area of the Diocese then, which in general terms included the two-thirds of the State covering what is now the Diocese of Los Angeles as well as the District of San Joaquin, there were diversities of mind due to the remoteness of one part from another, and especially over the question of dividing the Diocese to give autonomy to the Southern part. There were strong individualities which did not by any means always see eye to eye in the clerical and lay leaderships of the Diocese. And in the See City there was that marked characteristic of emphatic varieties of view upon every question, in civic as well as Church circles, which San Francisco with all its getting strongly together when put on its mettle, has shown from its pioneer days. Accordingly there seemed to be some stress to be put on that

newly taken vow in the Bishop's consecration "Will you maintain and set forward, as much as shall lie in you, quietness, love and peace among all men" reiterating the like binding vow in the Priest's Ordination. This purview of a Peace-Maker then clearly presented a first claim upon the Office. And by the help of the Holy Spirit it has persisted as such a claim all along, with many, many failures of realization but not without a constant heart's desire to keep it in mind and method. If any Episcopate can hold tenaciously to that, with the discrimination provided in the vow itself immediately joined to the Peace-maker's promise quoted above—to-wit: "and diligently exercise such discipline as by the authority of God's Word, and by the order of this Church, is committed to you?"—the discipline will well temper the efforts at keeping peace. But the line is a difficult one to draw, especially under the instinct for helpful paternalism which must have its sphere in a modern Episcopate. And oftentimes there is the adhesion to the peace-making policy when it incurs the comment of weakness or inefficiency and yet seems to save the Church from discord and strife that the exercise of discipline would only foment. Sometimes too, aggressve vigor must yield to probabilities of accentuating issues that have previously imperiled the peace, and that dictate of caution to forestall trouble has to be silent under the sentiment and offhand question, Why is not this or that move made? The ounce of prevention before matters become acute seems better than the pound of cure after the mischief has been done, though the pound of cure may be bulkier both in the diffculty of handling it and in its notoriety. But harmony sustained is the ample reward and justification, though few may be wiser as to the peace menace passed. And so when at the outset of my Episcopate a motto was to be chosen for a Diocesan Seal, no device for it having been previously selected, the function of a Peace-maker was the impelling thought in that *Pacifica et impera,* and there has never been any wish to dis-

place it as a high aim for Diocesan welfare, to "be at peace and find power" in the actual test of the legend since. Moreover, never, I believe, have we been more in fraternal relations to our religious brethren of other names than at the present moment.

2. FOUNDATION-LAYING.

A second horoscope drawn for my particular work as it lay out before me at the start was that it must be concerned a good deal with laying foundations and assembling material. This was by no means to overlook the noble pioneering and prestige of the Diocese already given it by the pen and shepherding and gentle souled personality of my predecessor Bishop Kip, in his Episcopate of over two score years of those formative "Early days." His vision had left a heritage, and a successor's work in many respects simply entered into his labors. But the very growth of the Diocese upon his hands could not but pass on to the next Bishop constructive demands to become entitled to instant attention and answer. That then left no time to be lost in seeing what was to be taken up. The ground was ready. The need for working plans in various directions was obvious. Secure foundations for any superstructure were a first consideration and that again quickly suggested as long a look ahead as possible to build for the future and not merely for the present. And as I think over my whole ministry now I am impressed with those duties that have fallen to me in the various stages and fields of my work, in the nearing fifty years since my Ordination to the Diaconate, that almost seem to characterize it more as one of sharing in foundation-laying than in carrying superstructure to full completion. It so happened that in my first city parish, Christ Church, Hartford, the matter of keeping it for a down town Parish had to be faced and settled in my rectorship, and under my faithful successors it has been carried to a point where it has recently found a happy consummation as the Cathedral Church of the

Diocese of Connecticut. In St. James Parish, Philadelphia, the corner stone of its extensive Parish Building had only been laid when I was called away to leave the upbuilding to my successor there. In California it fell to me to co-operate in a minor way with those initiating the steps creating the Diocese of Los Angeles and later to further as I had opportunity the beginning of the District of San Joaquin. When the Hawaiian Islands came under our flag, the primary steps to transfer jurisdiction of the Church there to our American Church were delegated to me. Not to mention other associations with first chapters of ventures such as the Church Divinity School and the House of Churchwomen, and Province of the Pacific, the Cathedral, still in the stage of its Crypt Foundation and awaiting others to uprear its massive proportions, all does stand out suggestively typical of the sort of preliminary rather than perfected work which has characterized so much of my bounden duty in the ministry. And then as to that time nearly midway in my Episcopate I turn back to some of the beginnings-over-again after the great fire and earthquake, the same getting into responsibility for looking after foundations appears to follow me all the days of my ministerial life. There is in it all a joy of its own. And as the further development of plans and vision goes on, there is the assuring thought and conviction that if hitherto the Lord hath helped us, so will He carry the construction on to the greater furtherance of His work in the Diocese from generation to generation. A tradition of construction is the best safeguard against tendencies to destruction in any Diocese.

And is there not such a thing as a perspective of trying to find a grounding for constructive building up of religious principles? Of trying to forecast and teach the simple elementary truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the belief that the Holy Spirit will use them in their foundation upon the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief Corner-stone, for fuller edification in the hearts and characters of those

they reach? And in our day is not such creation of strong Christianity, positive and foursquare, even more a call of the times than the denunciation of human weakness and the searching of sin? Under normal conditions a *formative* Gospel seems to be the leading instinct of the Church with all its reformative obligations. On St. John Baptist's Day itself while drawing from his preaching of repentance the ever insistent duty of constantly speaking the truth, boldly rebuking vice and patiently suffering for the truth's sake the Church strikes that keynote in the Epistle, "Comfort, ye, Comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem." At any rate such considerations have made their constant appeal to me, defective as has been the record of the years in the showing that this ought to have been better done and the other not left undone. And an assurance, now and then, of some word left with a thoughtful mind, which God has blessed and made the basis for after influence upon life ideals and careers, is one of the most cherished experiences of a ministry. There is about it a very suggestion of Christ using His treasure in the earthen vessel in the form of His "Spirit ministered by us written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God." There is a retrospect of new meaning in St. Paul's words, "Such trust have we through Christ to God-ward; not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God." And in that spirit ever so little an agency is helping another in laying foundations of "the first principles of Christ," so that he recalls that "at such and such a time I heard you say a word that has influenced me for good," belongs to the most comforting solace of the work. If I had my Episcopate to live over again, how much more would I wish to devote myself to this kind of constructive character-building!

3. DECENTRALIZING AND SPECIALIZING

The third hope actuating me in the policy of administration throughout has been to decentralize as far as

possible activities which have from the necessity of the case so often inhered in our American Episcopate, though not strictly pertaining to the Bishop's Office and frequently making demands upon the Office to the detriment of duties particularly attached to it. It would, of course, be difficult to exclude any kind of detail of oversight from the Order which in its true conceptions should be back of every Church interest in the See. And when there is no recourse, no Bishop would for a moment try to do so. But at the same time there presses upon him a precedence of some responsibilities over others and if those others can be shared or assumed by his helpers, clerical and lay, it is obvious that more time and thought are available for identifying him with the specific functions, for which he is consecrated. Financial cares and worries make the most common inroads upon the Episcopal supervision of churches and institutions. It was my happiness to find at my very coming a means of sharing them, as well as the survey of the then missionary conditions, with one familiar with the Diocese and already experienced as one of its missionaries and well-proven in business ability. First as General Missionary and later after having saved a city parish from a serious menace of bankruptcy, as Archdeacon, these many years it has been obvious to the Diocese that the Bishop's Office has been by him notably divested of financial wear, not to speak of the initiative in ever promoting general Funds and the relief of the Bishop, Archdeacon Emery has constantly afforded, in his varied and versatile capacity as Bishop's "Adjutant." The Treasurer of the Diocese, Mr. W. A. M. Van Bokkelen, in his punctilious care and progressive methods, now Treasurer *Emeritus*, and his successor, thorough and devoted, Mr. Frederic M. Lee, should be gratefully mentioned also in this connection. Indeed many responsibilities have been lightened by the other officials of the Diocese, including the late Rev. Mardon D. Wilson, of blessed memory, Secretary of the Diocese, and Mr. James P. Langhorne, Chancellor,

and his predecessor in that office, and my private Secretary, the Rev. William M. Bours, as well as by the Standing Committee in its succession of membership and other active Boards, not to speak of unnumbered kindnesses from individuals of the clergy and laity, many of whom are now at rest. It has been a noteworthy and fond fact that in most of these Offices a close comradeship has existed for more than twenty years as we have worked together, reflecting that most sustaining comradeship of all on earth ever in my home. Then further in this policy of decentralization the successive subdivisions of the Diocese into its present three Convocations has effected a distribution of interest and autonomy in the missionary administration so that the efficient Deans of the Convocations with their respective Committees, together with progressive canonical enactments, have done much to pass routine from Headquarters to the functions of the Convocations. Accordingly from the first there have been opportunities to specialize on the functions inherent in the office and to relegate in some extent to quasi departments those ubiquitous duties to which the Bishop is oftentimes a residuary legatee. And it is a feature and growing asset of the Diocese that, especially in these more recent years, there is a marked initiative and grasp of the laity in Church affairs, of which your alert interest and attendance, in your sense of the meaning of this Special Convention to the Diocese, is the latest evidence. The Church has much to learn from commercial and governmental, not to say military methods, in the way of distribution of departments and experts, and we have been able to have some gratifying schooling in it here. After all it is only interpreting into action in practical as well as in spiritual matters, St. Paul's maxim, "there are diversities of workings but the same God Who worketh all things in all."

CURVATURE ON THE CHARTING

These three lines of that early purview then find

their tracings on the chart of the years, amid many others, as it is spread before my retrospect now. Their curvatures on the scale of attainment vary from year to year, and at best fall far below any full percentage. But, whatever else the showing may be, the lines I like to believe have been continuous. There has ever been the prayer and effort to be the Peace-Maker, there has been the hope to find secure and stable Foundation-laying and there has been the anxiety to keep the Office to its varied specialties and to appreciate the willingness of my fellow workers to help me in that, by furthering faithful departmental responsibilities in the interest of decentralizing non-essential duties of the Episcopate. May I turn back to my address to the Diocesan Convention of 1892 and recall two measures suggested by my then two years' survey which I ventured to project as inviting attention:—"If we are to rise to the privileges and responsibilities of Churchmen for the times and for the opportunities of California, notably, provisions for the establishment of a Training School for students in Theology, and for the making a beginning of a Cathedral enterprise worthy of the Church and of the greater San Francisco." You can well understand the reflection that comes to me in the light of experience—How much I owe to the immunity from multiplied non-episcopal concerns, which have been segregated from the Office by able and willing helpers of the clergy and laity, for any part I have been able to share in those two enterprises, leaving me free for lecture hours and for studies and evolution here with you of the Cathedral idea and foundation. And the harmony in it all, as well as the Foundation Laying have under God had their blessed showing in all these lines of the outworking of the three policies as on the Chart referred to above.

PRESENT BEARINGS

Inevitably it has been necessary to use more frequently than I would wish the personal pronoun in this

retrospect. But in a Diocese as in a ship the observation of the bearings is everything, the observer is of little account in the log. And as an effort to show some of the bearings of our progress, if in some future year the historiographer of the Diocese wishes to familiarize himself with data at this turning point, he may be helped by a review of the passing generation, from its Episcopate. That is the thought in making it a matter of record. And the other thought in referring to the experience of that generation is that in profound gratitude to Almighty God for all its mercies and blessings it may be a cheering credential for the future chapters of the Diocese and for the successor you are to choose. The "hitherto" of the Lord's help may be a "thitherto" of like promise for his new vision and plans. You in the solemn act of election, and he in meeting the momentous call may indeed confidently invoke—

> "Come Holy Ghost our souls inspire,
> And lighten with celestial fire.
> Thou the anointing Spirit art,
> Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
>
> Thy blessed unction from above,
> Is comfort, life and fire of love."

While every episcopate in its succession must find an heritage to "carry on" as well as measures to originate, the unit so to speak in any one extended administration is generally different from that of a predecessor or successor in the changing conditions, problems and issues of the Church and the world. So there are indications to show it will be in the passing of my generation of the Episcopate into the next. To use the old distinction of logic, while the great truths and principles of Christ and the Church go on the same "yesterday, today and forever," *simpliciter* (i. e. in their simple meaning) their fitting into changing spheres of thought and condition leads to permutations and policies *secundum quid* (i. e. adapted to such new phrases of spheres of thought and condition) and there is a phrase in a prayer for advanc-

ing age which well expresses the hope and effort to realize and recognize this. "Grant us . . . . . sympathy with those who bear the burdens of the world, clear thought and quiet faith. Teach us to bear infirmities with cheerful patience. Keep us from narrow pride in out-grown ways, blind eyes that will not see the good of change, impatient judgments of the methods and experiments of others."

It has fallen somewhat rarely to my lot, three times to pass on to others Episcopal jurisdiction which had become endeared to me as parts of my original Diocesan Charge; in 1896 the eight Counties formed into the Diocese of Los Angeles; in 1910 the fourteen Counties constituting the District of San Joaquin, antedating this third assignment of administrative power to the Bishop-Coadjutor. The demonstration of rich blessing following the two earlier transfers to their respective Episcopates and to the years already auspicious of what God is working for our Bishop-Coadjutor afford me signal proof of that great law of progress, to be a joy until my final earthly relinquishment comes.

I may note here, too, that I have four times been called upon by the Presiding Bishop to act as his representative in the capacity of a Bishop Presiding at the Consecration of Bishops as follows: of Bishop Moreland of Sacramento; of Bishop Restarick of Honolulu; of Bishop Sanford of San Joaquin; and of Bishop-Coadjutor Parsons of California.

Bishop Parsons was duly consecrated in Grace Cathedral, on Wednesday, November 5, 1919, and entered vigorously upon new chapters of our Diocesan life.

AT CONSECRATION OF BISHOP PARSONS, AS COADJUTOR
Wednesday, November 5, 1919

CHAPTER XXIII

DAYS OF A "JUBILEE YEAR"
1873–1923

"Sabbatical years" are happily fitted into the Faculty provisions in modern universities for the well-being of all concerned, blocking out reinvigoration periods by units of sevens. It is somewhat rare, if not unique, for a Diocese in course to grant a "Jubilee Year" for a unit—hardly units—after the ministry of seven times seven, or fifty years. Through our Standing Committee such was the cordial permission given me for a leave of absence in the year rounding out the half-century from my ordination to the Diaconate in 1873. The Bishop-Coadjutor and others kindly undertook to supply any lack of service it might cause in my routine duties and left me free for the yearning of the advancing years

"to lift the gaze
Above the world's uncertain haze."

and take clearer bearings of things spiritual as well as to have the real exhilaration of a Jubilee of visiting children and grandchildren and relatives and old parishioners and friends and scenes new and old. This was all accomplished even more fully than I could have anticipated. During the year we had most filial and thoughtful welcome in their own homes from the families of our children in Helena, in Boston, in Palo Alto, and in San Mateo, and had planned for a visit to Shanghai, but the long range to reach my son's family there presented questions as to the proposed Suez Canal and Red Sea route which became formidable and led to our relinquishment of that trip.

Out of the profounder reflections and musings of the stillnesses for self-communings, some of those not belonging to the essential spiritual reticences were from time to time noted in articles, sent to the *Pacific Church-*

man under the heading of "Jubilee Year Fallow Furrows" and republished here by the courtesy of that paper.

JUBILEE YEAR FALLOW FURROWS

I.

"Sower Divine,
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough, barren soil,
Yet by thy care and toil
Make it a fruitful yield."
An hundred-fold to yield.

Happy indeed is he who can find anything like a fallowing of furrows in the fiftieth year of a ministry. There is truly a jubilee note of blessing and thanksgiving in such a providence. And when a diocese so graciously allows it, there is added a new and profound attachment to a Bishop's field. This is signally so when there has been a deepening of that attachment for more than a generation, when the ties have so cherishingly bound a Bishop to his people and fellow workers over the active sowing and harvesting of the furrows of the field. And what could be more suggestive for such a jubilee year than the gradual passing of his generation and the sending of a new generation of laborers into the harvest? That, by their consideration and supply of his lack of service, makes it possible for him to be fallow while the field furrows are finding fresh tilling. Nothing could atmosphere such a fallow year more congenially nor more profitably than has fallen to the lot of the writer. Preparatory to it came a motor journey to the General Convention arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Monteagle, ever thoughtful and bountiful in their personal friendship as they are to the fore in their enterprise and services for the Diocese. The visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler at "The Bend," with its baronial hospitality and luring acreage of stream and wood; the choice inter-lockings of companionship with

Bishop Manning and his family party en route; the salutary pre-Convention rehearsals of perspective between things big and little amid the awesome glories of Crater Lake and Mount Ranier—all this was something like a rare and levitical causing a "trumpet of the jubilee" on a minor motor horn scale, to sound. Upon the notable weeks of the General Convention I will not dwell, as their story will be so oft and fully told by tongue and pen and print. Portland certainly wide-opened its welcome portals. Legislation and the allied interests certainly had their healthy exhilaration and progress.

But it would be difficult to tell how much we "builded better than we knew" in planning for the first actual weeks of the Jubilee year. Going from Portland to my son William and his wife Dean, with their happy family in Helena, Montana, we found that they had arranged for us a sojourn on the great ranch, where I am writing this letter, owned by my son's father-in-law, Mr. H. W. Child, and his partner, Mr. Ancency, the "Flying D Ranch," some twenty-odd miles from Bozeman, Montana, in the famous Gallatin Valley. It would take a poet and an artist to give any idea of the natural charm of environment of the commodious and creature-comforting ranch house where we are staying. The great skyline of the peaks and ranges of the amphitheatre around us, the purling "Spanish Creek" that sparkles and ripples with its hurrying of motion and life in contrast with the vast stillness and immobility of the "everlasting hills"; the sprightliness of the flooding sunshine with which we have been singularly blessed—who can do more than experience it? Who can resist the spell of size and grandeur in it all that comes with a consciousness of being on a domain of a hundred thousand acres of "benches" and beauties.

It is all a nature's staging for reverie, and if one yields to the dreaminess he may easily see fantastic shaping and similitudes like those which the changing cloud forms of fleeciness seem to outline against

the turquoise sky. One such fantasy is that the evergreen foresting of the mountain sides, is a great parable and oracle of the old phrase "a green old age" as applied to Mother Earth. Her geologies of periods written in her rocks tell their stories of passing through the fire and water, the heat and cold, the "faults" and upheavals as in St. Paul's figure, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together." Scars and jagged outcroppings and bare and dizzy scarps tell the practiced eye what a range of time the range of area has been through. Old age is there surely enough. But kindly nature has softened sharp outline into billowy contours with their verdure for the cattle upon a thousand foothills. She has not left her cataclysmic masses "unclothed but clothed upon" with the new life of the evergreen springing from craig and crevice. So the old age of the rock is featured green with the flora rather than grim from the burnt-out fires of youth. There are a good many such seeds for thought that drop into fallow furrows for "volunteer crops" as old men drop out of things and are left to themselves to "dream dreams" and "think things over." They germinate realization and repentance for past failures in the furrows while they fructify in the hope of the beneficial grace of God that flowers the furrows with forgiveness and with vision for years that are left, of a new meaning in the prophecy and parable that "the mountains shall bring peace."

II.

"And ye who fill the places we once filled
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers."

Longfellow in these lines from his "*Morituri Salutamus*" divines a true cheery instinct for age abdicating its activities. He might easily have dwelt upon other instincts that come into the consciousness at such

a time; self-pity at being obliged to face facts of lessening energy and growing demands; natural clinging to places of power and honor; "holding on" to plans unfulfilled; human enjoyment of the stir and importance and intimacies and confidences of responsible office; zest of life-long calls and habits of a position of leadership, all this and more of the minor key of advancing years—like the poet's own later sorrows—of a busy life might have found plaintive phrases in the poem. But no, the sentiment quoted strikes the real major key of the genius of happy old-age adjustments. It jubilates for jubilee years. It tends to silence laments. It checks musings over "losing the grip" upon the coming generation and forgets them in "giving the grip" of welcome — "take your hands in ours"—to those who are doing even more than to

> "Fill the places we once filled
> And follow in the furrows that we tilled."

It has helped one to deepen in that sentiment to be an observer of two notable Church events of recent date. They have fitted most suggestively into these early months of my "fallow year" both to its refreshment and its reflections. The one was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of my old Divinity School friend and brother in the ministry, the Bishop of Connecticut, Dr. Chauncey Bunce Brewster. Much might be said of the large and spontaneous accrediting of his quarter-century in the Connecticut Episcopate. And it is good to be able to take Church bearings of a generation outside of one's own immediate sphere. It is a safeguard against too introspective or self-opinionated following as in that frank avowal of one who said he liked soliloquy for two reasons, first, "because he liked to talk to a sensible person, and next, because he liked to hear a sensible person talk." A good summary of Bishop Brewster's Episcopate is that he took what is known as Connecticut churchmanship—and with Bishop John

Williams as its masteful exponent it might have been characterized as Bishop Brewster once made an apologia for the application of the term "Nutmeg State" to Connecticut by claiming that "its propriety consisted in the fact that there was no grater" —and has shown its happy appropriation for the new conditions of his Church generation. The presence and hearty tribute of Dr. Newman Smyth, among others, was in evidence of that. And the "new things under the sun" that have sprung up in Church and State with the first quarter of the Twentieth Century with which Bishop Brewster's Episcopate is nearly coincident, in their test of his administration and thought have shown how well he has under God filled his plan and filled his furrows. That there was in the years covered the outlining the unit of a generation dawned more soberingly upon me when I realized that only two of the Bishops that took part in his consecration in 1897 are living and that I as one of them was the only survivor present at this anniversary.

Turning from this registration of a generation of the Church rapidly passing, the other occasion was that of the consecration of Rev. Dr. Slattery as Bishop-Coadjutor of Massachusetts in Trinity Church, Boston. That made some volunteer seed thoughts of its own spring up in the fallow furrows. It was singularly auspicious of the dawn and promise of the new Church generation. All the admirable arrangements for the service, including the worthy sermon, stood for the eminent leadership of Bishop Lawrence and his staff in his generation upon which we need not dwell here. The new leadership of Bishop Slattery brought to Massachusetts and to the American Episcopate affords much for optimism for the new generation of Church life. Bishop Slattery's early identification with the Diocese and the Bishop; his experience of varied sections and phases of Church work; the test of his executive power in a large metropolitan parish; his thoughtful writings upon exigent questions of today; and back

of all, his spiritual prescriptions for progress and provision against present and threatening ills, are all the very credentials for ushering in the oncoming stage of the Church and its looming problems. With such leaders coming forward in our modern fields "we who are old" can well "thank God and take courage." And to say nothing of others, there are parallelisms between the Bishop-Coadjutor of Massachusetts and the Bishop-Coadjutor of California in many more ways than one! The older Church generation can well

Salute them, hail them . . . crown them with its "welcome as with flowers."

III.

"Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself though in another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

This simile of darkness revealing the starlight is singularly apt for age. There is the consciousness that "life's long day is creeping on towards the shadows." Evening Hymns, Gray's Elegy and the like become more graphic in their imagery. Musing moods fill in many an hour. And musings in themselves, if rightly functioning, are a very opportunity of age. They can not avoid the realization of the coming nightfall of life. The valley is a valley of "the shadow of death." Many thoughts there must be of the walk through it. Gripping wonder betimes awes the spirit with the sense of dread mystery in it all. Shadowed too are the backward glances upon the earthly years; and their omissions and commissions and vanities of life. And then eager are the peerings into the darkness of that valley as comrades and dear ones who have talked with us about it and now have gone through it and know it all, leave us bereft and pondering still over the mystery of the passing. No, there is no lack of observation that the darkness is settling down.

But the opportunity lies in seeing the starshine

screened on the skies while we sit in this very darkness. Indeed in any earlier score of years as well as in the three or four score, out of depths of gloom, points of infinite light appear. It is said that in looking up from the deep down floor of some canyons, rayless because their chasms are like great narrow slits, the stars can be seen in broad day. So profound depression of sorrow or care or sin can learn to look up and catch shinings from God even in youth. The opportunity to do this, however, in advancing years is especially well timed and sustaining. The Psalmist's reflection in scanning the moon and the stars was that God was "mindful" of man even though He had set such glory upon the heavens. Literature, sacred and secular and biological, is full of maxims and measures for length of years and their happiness. We recall the fifth Commandment, Cicero's treatise on old age and many modern theories and specifics for prolonging life. And as life lengthens the thoughts turn naturally to reflection and occupation befitting age. If the reflection misses its opportunity it is apt to become crabbed. If there is no occupation age is in danger of that old malady, acedia or world-wear and boredom. But reflection can be blessed with light shining in the darkness and occupation of mind and body can be found congenial and even recreative, for we must not forget Franklin's saying, "Old boys have playthings as well as young ones, the difference is only in the price." Could he have foreseen our golf?

Fallow furrows of a parson seem to have some suggestions of the opportunities of eventide which "grow of themselves." The lessening activities and responsibilities of an old, giving place to a new generation, carry with them surcease of controversy for the individual. The coming generation has its own threshings out of questions as had the generation going. And there is nothing sluggish nor scanty in the look for them today. But like the point of calmness said to be at the center of a cyclone, even partial retirement from the swirl of a busy Church round, pacifies life with a real answer to

that old aspiration in which I believe the Psalmist finds echoes in many hearts: "Thou will keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues." There must be keen controversy in the sphere of the "sacredness of counsel" but one feels the relief of quietude from even that and from the everlasting "dialectic" by which St. Ambrose said, "It has not pleased God to save His people," any refuge is grateful.

Another opportunity of age, welcome and blessed, is to catch signs of the young generation seeing visions when the older has been dreaming dreams. Dreamland alone at the ending of active years has its fascination; dreaming of progress of the Kingdom which earthly eyes can not hope to see; dreaming of fulfillment of plans and ideals which the expectation of life can not hope to mature; dreaming of what the eyes of my children and children's children shall see and of the part they shall take in their generation as "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and in each one's station doing their duty to God and man; dreaming of providential averting of anxious perils of the Church which must have their menace in all human probability long after one's lifetime; dreaming of the building when there can hardly be hope of accomplishing more than foundations, of the full glory of a Cathedral against the sky-line, for example, with only the crypt stage in sight; all that has in itself something of the poetry and exhilaration about it that is characteristic of the Dreamland of Bishop Coxe's Ballad. But I believe God is stirring the Church of the coming age to see visions of accomplishment of many of these dreams of the passing age. Christian leaders and workers are girding themselves for such accomplishment, mettled by the very obstacles and problems apparently so defiant on every side of Church and of civilization. The stimulating a public conscience as against a world epidemic of selfish interest; the drawing on spiritual resource to recall the Church to her own in many quarters from a spirit of apostasy

and heresy and lukewarmness and falling away of membership, in all this, sweet tones for the "*nunc dimittis*" of a generation are keyed. As I worshipped in the beautiful Chapel of St. Paul's School, Concord, on a recent Sunday evening and heard the concluding II. Cor. xiii 14 said for the four hundred boys, it struck me with a new meaning as they marched out into the night as into a world darkened but with starlight, for the men that are and are to be makers of new chapters. May the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore.

IV.

"Eternity, Eternity,
How long art thou eternity!
A little bird with fretting beak
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak
Though but each thousand years it came,
Yet thou are then as now the same."

To "get out of one's self" is realized in one way by getting out of one's times. And just as "redeeming the time" means for busy hours, up-to-date activity and not living in the past nor in the future, so the considering the times of old is an edifying and congenial occupation for some of the reflective moods of a fallowing year. And it is wholesome, occasionally to put passing concerns and personal dates and figuring in any given Anno Domini in the vaster perspective of the ages and of eternity itself. That does help to a better notion of the relative importance of things. It is said that in the early years of "Littell's *Living Age*" Mr. Littell replied to a correspondent who wrote him in irate terms of what he felt to be no less than an outrage upon the subscribers not to cut the leaves of his magazine, that he, Mr. Littell, tried to enter sympathetically into such an absorbing grievance but that he begged his correspondent to bear up under it with fortitude since "it was absolutely nothing to some of the persecutions the early Christians had to undergo." Sometimes it instantly

dwarfs the biggest "worritings" into insignificance when they are standardized by such a stature.

Migratory fallow weeks have found such seed thoughts springing up of themselves in the furrows as there have been visits to sections of our western world especially associated with its origins under Columbus. The Bahama Islands, on one of which—which one, not settled beyond a question but probably Watling Island—he first landed, Havana associated with his discoveries and supposedly with his remains, manuscripts of the time preserved in the Congressional Library, following previous general reading awakened new zest in the old nursery couplet:

> "In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
> Columbus crossed the ocean blue."

The experience awakened many alluring lines of topics for study. For example, the membership of Queen Isabella in the Third Order of St. Francis and consequent bringing over of Franciscan Fathers by Columbus on some of his voyages, they to establish a Mother House in Mexico from which ultimately were to come the Franciscan Missions in California; the featuring of Drake later in the history of Spanish settlements and of San Domingo itself on the Atlantic as with those on the Pacific—these furnish fruitful themes for coincidences of the two oceans. But to keep the one reflection upon the bearing of glances back in their rectification of the vision of the glasses through which we see things magnified now, there is a curious contribution to perspective which the career of Columbus seems to afford.

When in 1792 the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery was celebrated, a French Abbe wrote a survey of what he considered the advantages and disadvantages shown by the three centuries of history and raised the query whether on the whole the world might not have been better off had Columbus never made the discovery, he seemed disposed to think that one of the

chief benefits had been the finding of quinine in South America. Suffice it to say that in the celebration of the fourth century since, in 1892, world progress was exploited in less lugubrious terms. The continents and islands of the sea of this Western Hemisphere in themselves, and in their influence upon the Eastern Hemisphere, are in planetary evidence of the mark Columbus has made upon the world. In its effect upon modern history and in its fame, it stands out with a scope of enterprise and achievement that would be the despair of any present day ambition to match. It then becomes a good "peak"of human accomplishment against which to measure what any one of us is doing in his little day of time against eternity and in his little way. It is the sort of reflection which shows us our level, and saves us from being "unduly exalted." If we catch the perspective it also saves us from being unduly depressed in times and conditions of small things, or even of dwindling things of old age. If we cannot be Columbus we can be what we are in any station to which it has pleased God to call us and "make drudgery divine." It fosters lowliness of mind and punctures vanity—this finding our level.

But what a comment on even the fame of a Columbus are the circumstances of the uncertainty of his mortal remains! He had requested that they might be interred in San Domingo to which his associations had attached him. And though after his death in 1506 they were kept in Spain some thirty-four years, they were afterward placed in the San Domingo Cathedral. When in 1795 the island of San Domingo was ceded to France a commission was sent to remove the remains to a niche in the Havana Cathedral. In 1898 on the evacuation of Cuba by the Spaniards another change was made to Seville back to Spain. But now come authorities who claim that the remains transferred from San Domingo were not those of Columbus at all but of his son Diego, who was placed by his side in San Domingo; that in 1877 this was proven by workmen

finding in the San Domingo Cathedral a vault containing a leaden casket which had inscribed on it the initial letters of Christopher Columbus' name and his title and that therefore his remains are still there. And there is a rumor given credence by some in Havana that when in 1899 the examination of what was there was made, so little was found that a skeleton was substituted, photographed and forwarded to Spain! Shakespeare might well epitaph a curse for any one who should disturb Shakespeare's bones.

V.

Thou visitest the earth and blessest it; Thou makest it very plenteous.
The river of God is full of water; Thou preparest their corn, for so Thou providest for the earth.
Thou waterest her furrows; Thou sendest rain into the little valleys thereof; Thou makest it soft with the drops of rain and blessest the increase of it.

Psalm LXV, 9–11.

Furrows are here implied as "fundamental." And they are no less "modern." Cultivation methods change. The "share" that was taken down to the Philistines to be sharpened when "there was no smith to be found throughout all the land of Israel" was very different from the manifolded plow drawn by a big ranch tractor of today. And then there were lacking our soil chemistries for scientific running of richly yielding furrows. But growth then is growth now, the same principle of sequence, the blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear. And growth in nature blends its blessings with growth in grace. The very use of the word "growth" for human as well as material nature is significant. A professor of chemistry in one of our oldest and foremost universities once told me that to his mind growth, that is how anything begins to grow and then having begun it stops growing, was one of the things in nature most baffling to his scientific researches. If this pertains to all fauna and flora and so to man's material body, how

much more does it suggest mystery in his intellectual, moral and spiritual growth processes?

To explain growth would be to explain life. We experience it though we may not explain it. All through the Old and New Testaments it is treated as a universal fact as in the Psalmist's glowing words cited above and in such references of Our Lord as "Consider the lillies of the field how they grow." The Psalmist literally makes the furrow the groundwork. The Saviour draws a series of parables from the soil. Now the fallowing of furrows seems to give outstanding interest for at least two observations of growth.

One of these is that in all this symbolism of growth it is made the prime test of healthy religion both in personal character and in general Church progress. The question is one of growth or blight, bringing forth fruit or withering up. Sobering self-communings are inevitably prompted in any reflection upon the application of such a test. A recent candid contributor to the columns of our Church press gave bishops something to think of when he referred to an impression of some one that every bishop of his acquaintance, after entering the episcopate, had seemed in that office to have undergone some check of his growth spiritually, or words to that effect. And as spiritually-minded a leader as Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man quotes as if it might belong to the confessions of a bishop that familiar text from Hebrews 13:17, "They watch for your souls as they that must give account" and adds "a most dreadful consideration this; inasmuch as that St. Chrysostom said upon reflecting upon it, 'It is a wonder if any ruler in the Church be saved.'"

But wherever we may draw the line between true "Fundamentalism" or "Modernism," or rather may discern their "greatest common factors," chief among those vital common factors must be that universal credential of spiritual growth. It is an especially insistent note of worth-while Catholicity in our time. To the ship, flotation is as indispensable for a last launched modern

liner as for a fishing boat with its apostolic handling on Galilee of old. Because that floated no one would claim that the ship of today should have no modern improvements. But it is as plain that no end of modernization for safety or speed or comfort can disregard the basic essential of floating. Even leakage in the long run will be disastrous. And the quality of spiritual buoyancy is, we must never allow ourselves to forget, the only secure flotation for "the ark of Christ's Church" to enable it to "pass the waves of this troublesome world." And just now investigation of the condition of that spritual buoyancy seems more a matter of our standardizing headway than big tonnage, or big outlay or big passenger list, all well in their gauge of progress but all sinking together if the whole can not float. And if there are not lacking signs in the world at large of a sentiment that the ship of the Church is "filling with water and in jeopardy," it is no time for Christians to expose themselves to the Master's rebuke for little faith. Rather let us realize that He is with us in all His divine power, though His human kinship with us was proven as very humanity by that human sleep from which He awoke to speak His divine, "Peace, be still!"

The outstanding study of growth from the fundamental furrow, in the spirit of the Psalmist, is the joy of it. The furrowing is man's part and means toil and tearing up of hardened surface and grubbing up of old rootage. That is another side of a furrow study for treatment by itself. But as that involves its sometimes turning things like turf upside down, the Psalmist's idyll as to what God does is full of the exhilaration of growth. Given the furrows, what wonderful providence of God rewards their cultivation. It is He who watereth them. It is He who blesseth their increase. "The little hills shall rejoice on every side. . . . The valleys also shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing." How we all need the uplift of that heavenly vision of a Paul or an Apollo under the spell of fields, "white unto the harvest;" of God giving the

increase from our furrows! How quickening and gripping for the hand put to the plow is every fresh dawning upon us that after all it is "God's husbandry!"

One can not stray around the fields of the Church today as they stretch along the Atlantic seaboard without feeling something of this joy of "seeing things grow." Perhaps he is more free for this appreciation in not having for the time being his eyes on his own immediate foreground, though that never lacks its cheer. To be sure there is abroad an unmistakable stir of a plowing season, the drive of a plowshare of agitation or criticism or controversy for new furrowing. Perhaps some "green pastures" have been browsed to stubble and clods need to be broken. While we idealize the gentle leading of the pastor there must be too the cutting through the subsoil by the prophets' chilled steel. The round of Church seasons calls for both. Only a runaway plow speeds havoc rather than harvesting!

But to go about and to see how in widely distributed centers the normal seed sowing is going on without showing off or fussing, in so many quiet ways of a quiet, faithful pastoral, prophetic and priestly round and station, is to catch a real vision and joy of growth. Noiseless as nature it brings to mind the old line: "The shallow murmur but the deep are dumb."

As a zephyr waving its gentle motion through golden promise of yield, I even found myself marvelling at a growth of Church teaching, precocious for the growth in years of a small Church boy who instructed his parents as to the times and meaning of the Ember Days, due to a phenomenal type of sponsor who had instructed him!

VI.

The ploughshare rends for human toil,
And roughens surface of the soil.
But when the furrows fallow lie,
And months of untilled fields go by,
Time with its sunshine, rain and sprout
All green and wave-like smooths it out—

So when bides a fallowing year,
O growth of Grace, crop volunteer.

The verdure of fallow furrows nature distinctly volunteers. It is the parable of nature's initiative without man's husbandry. It is seed growth "in itself." It is typical of wild growth in the jungle that man has never invaded and so the spontaneity and provision of nature to meet man's agriculture. It is an emphasis of nature's doing its part even if the toil of the cultivator is for the interval not taking its tilling part. And so in the realm of growth in Grace. To be detached from immediate concerns of ministerial responsibilities is to have quiet outlooks upon its volunteering, as such, in our spiritual growth processes. Indeed there seems to be something of a suggestion of that in the Psalmist's confident "He shall feed me in a green pasture," as if to carry to us the profound comfort of the pasture of the rich green growth of itself. The blade of green beauty growth in its very lesson of coming without the planting and watering, emphasizes God's pure provision of grass as the whiteness unto the harvest especially betokens man's agency while God gives the increase.

And one of the most assuring object lessons of this vital spell for musing upon grace growth as God's boon to us, is its very luxuriance like that of the flora of nature. There is something bracing and invigorating to remember amid all the signs of humanity's missing its highest mark that if sin abounded Grace did much more abound. In a word when the age is dark the light of grace is all the more ready to dawn upon us. When St. Paul was in the very zero hour of his ignorance of Christ the experience came to him which made him attribute his after career to the determining fact—"By the grace of God I am what I am." The time of problem and peril of the infant apostolic Church which seemed to have crushing probabilities before a pagan and hostile world, was the very exigency in which "great grace was upon them all." Great power of grace transformed great apparent weakness. The Church at

its very outset then had a realization of this hiding of its power. All human agency was, so to speak, as yet in abeyance to give it this profound consciousness of its dynamic of grace. That mattered first and foremost. That interpreted to it the invisible presence of Christ with it. After history of the Church is but a showing of faithful or unfaithful appreciation and use, or the contrary, of that chief resource of power and influence in our Christian civilization.

In our present time of exploitation of the human agencies in the Church, however essential and sustaining they may be, the leaning upon the hope of this heavenly grace needs especial and absorbing place in all our policies and plans for Christian progress. And what I have ventured to brood upon as affording us a clear and practical appropriation of the power of grace is its functioning in forming and ruling our ideals. In an article of this kind I can only take one for an illustration, though I believe there are others fundamentally dependent upon this grace for their right and wholesome rectification and outworking in the modern trend of things. One of the simplest and most vital traits of a Christian, however, is his ideal of prayer and his prayer habit as inevitably showing how honestly he lives up to that ideal. That is a pretty sure tell-tale of the growth in grace, easily bulletined for each one by what happens in his daily round. Taking it for granted that it is abnormal for a Christian—we might say for a human—not to have an instinct to pray, what are some of the data of today so far as we know them in their bearing upon the hold prayer has in its ideal and practice on our generaton?

Church attendance offers its evidence upon this, congregationwise. There are no doubt a good many hasty generalizations in opinions about this which fail to gather adequate statistics. But there is more or less an accepted impression at any rate that it is dubious whether there is growth and indeed whether there is not actually real dwindling of those who habitually

attend the sanctuaries with which they are associated. And while no doubt multitudes of devout souls find in their church building "a House of Prayer for all people," that *motif* for filling the pews is sadly disguised under the general run of Sunday notices as they came under my eye in many city newspapers. "Come and hear" was sometimes almost a strident bidding over "come and pray." Some lure of a "drawing card" seemed often to be the ideal more than that hunger for God's presence, even when two or three are gathered together in His name. To say nothing of old fashioned ideals of "Grace before meals" and family prayer, one cannot but be left with the query as to whether blight rather than growth is not affecting the prayer habits in general.

God only, to whom the secrets of all hearts are known, has the scrutiny which would reveal the habits of private prayer and their significance to the reality and reach of the individual Christian life. But if the indications of public worship and of corporate prayer are at all symptomatic of a falling off of private prayer, that is one of the most disturbing conditions to be put under observation and treatment, of all the spiritual ailments of today. This is a disease affecting religious growth at its source. That is fatal to the healthful spirit of grace if not checked. And for a modern Christianity which would try to heal world ills without giving pointed attention to the stimulations of prayer habits is like offering a hospital treatment in which the appetite patients would be regarded as negligible. Growth in prayer is a first dictate of the Christian education of and life. It is the latest guarantee of life-long character. It is habit attesting growth in Grace. It is perennial consciousness of our Heavenly Father's showing "the exceeding richness of His Grace in His kindness towards us through Christ Jesus." "Behold he prayeth" was the prime working of that ruling idea of a St. Paul who could say "by the Grace of God I am what I am." The hopeful thing about Christianity rousing itself to realize its failures and study afresh its sources of suc-

cess is its peering into its chartering by Christ. For example it turns back to the Sermon on the Mount for a propaganda for new interpretation of the Golden Rule as between man and man in modern life. Even more urgent and alert must it be also to turn back to the Sermon on the Mount for present day re-education and mobilization in prayer ideal and use after the manner of the Lord's Prayer.

VII.

"Sower Divine
Plow up this heart of mine."

Furrows that lie fallow generally imply later re-plowing. Volunteer growth is followed by cultivated crops. Rotation of husbandry with intervals of its stoppage oftentimes also is rotation of seeds. Returns of harvests are routined. And so in the advancing years of life. Resting spells become recuperative. Brooding hours bear fruitage. Thoughts that sink in like seeds spring up for careful tilling. But the seeding aright and the agriculturing depend upon the preparation of the plowshare. As in the prophetic warning of Hosea: "Sow to yourselves in righteousness; reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground." The figurative use of the furrow is old and familiar. We speak of the furrowed lines on the brow or the tear-furrowed cheek. They might make graphic that phrase of the octogenarian whose strength is "but labor and sorrow" when spiritual strength does not smooth out their wrinkles.

Then there is the application of the figure to the cutwater of a ship as when we say the "Golden Hinde" was the first British ship to "plow a furrow around the earth." Here we can muse a little on the simile as applied to the voyage of life. There is a furrowing of the waters because the vessel is bound somewhere. And recalling the old comparison of the Church to a ship, the phrase from the baptismal office instantly occurs to us as forecasting the destination of a life to which the Christian hope turns as his voyage is nearing its end.

It is a divine baptismal "*bon voyage*" for any stage of life as we pray that the child embarking "may so pass the waves of this troublesome world that finally he may come to the land of everlasting life." And any ocean trip, as it furrows the deep for those who go down to the sea in ships and who in many quiet, thoughtful hours are made conscious in sky-depths and sea-depths of the mighty works of the Lord, may parable many reflections upon the eternal haven where we would be.

And so the closing weeks of the jubilee leave were happily spent with the tweny-five day opportunities on shipboard for the ruminations now and then on the "whither" of these earthly years. Again and again it came home to me that if in our day we as a generation as well as individuals are telling ourselves of the fierce buffetings everywhere by the waves of this "troublesome world," we can take a sobering and suggestive lesson of "overcoming" from such a passage on a modern liner. It we but put into the Church the application, the skill, the perseverance, the indomitable energy, and the best we have of everything for which safety, comfort, speed and navigation of the ship stands; if we will but attack difficulties with the determination and spirit of solution shown in the gigantic accomplishment of the Panama Canal; if we will but believe in divine power as we recognize all this culminating of human power and show our devotion and loyalty to the progress of the Church with the same steady concentrations of our co-working with God, will it not soon plow its furrow around this world of storm and stress and get somewhere?

But the figure of the furrowed waters has carried us away from the more direct appropriation to the furrowed field. "Plow up this heart of mine" is the poet's prayer we have quoted above. To run the plowshare through fallow furrows of the past as it overturns the surface reveals that true loam underneath as a sort of sub-conscious sub-soil out of which grows that mysterious sense, so vague and yet so real, of all there has

been in life to "plow up" a broken and a contrite heart; to vitalize the phrase in the earliest St. Andrew's Day collect that the troubles and adversities of life may be made profitable for our eternal salvation in the retrospect of sin and shortcoming. But not to dwell on that intimate lesson, new furrows betoken new and healthier upspringing blades for the ear and the full corn in the ear, if only the harvesting can be faithful and the grace for it can be sufficiently gained.

This allegory of the land furrow had too, one important point beyond that of the ship furrow in the sea. The emphasis of that is upon the destination. The prow of the ship is unlike the plow of the land in this; it parts the waters only on it way somewhere; "as a ship passing through the billowy water, whereof when it is gone by there is no trace to be found, neither pathway of its keel in the billows," so the Book of Wisdom puts it. The land furrow on the other hand stays and gathers beneficent yield out of the soil and out of the air. It grows as it goes. Every day brings something to it. It is not merely a way to a result. It finds result where it is and is gladdened with the overspreading verdure as a sign of the coming harvest which in itself is a possession of which it does not have to wait. Is there not in that, whenever new furrows are cut across these early years—and never more than after their fallow times—food for reflection, a vision of aspiration to the "fruit unto holiness," out of our very earth clods now, and the end everlasting life? For young as for old, is there not the quickening of the zest, however unworthy of it for having the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come

The real "jubilee" of this jubilee leave of absence and retrospect to round out these "furrow" papers could find no more searching nor speaking expression than in the simple commemoration of the Holy Communion so thoughtfully proposed by a diocesan committee for St. John Baptist's Day, sounding all the half century depths of thanksgiving and of penitence. The

sacramental bread and wine both in their profounder mystical meaning of comfort and of Christ are associated with our human furrows—the bread with the grain and the wine with the grape of the soil that has been turned with the tilling.

Besides the Jubilee leave of absence, the Convention of the Diocese, with characteristic thoughtfulness, appointed a Committee to arrange for a celebration of the anniversaries of both the fiftieth year of my ministry and the thirty-third of my episcopate. Such celebration took the shape most grateful to me of a circular to the congregations to have celebrations of the Holy Communion with especial intercession on the date of my consecration, St. John Baptist's Day, June 24th. From many kind expressions which reached me I had reason to believe that the request was generally heeded. At the Cathedral where I was present the appointments, with all care of the Dean, were singularly happy, the preacher being the Senior Presbyter of the Diocese, the Rev. Hamilton Lee, with addresses from the Bishop-Coadjutor and the Rev. Charles L. Miel. Mr. Lee and Mr. Miel, together with the Rev. Dr. F. B. A. Lewis and the Rev. Frank H. Church, who was with us, being four of the five clergy on the list when I came, the fifth, the Rev. William A. Brewer, being detained with his own service. In the congregation there were Mr. W. A. M. Van Bokkelen and others of the laity who had been my comrades and helpers from the first. Indeed I could not but feel that in this wide remembrance of my people throughout the Diocese there was a very buoyancy of prayer and thanksgiving to supplement my own counting up of mercies and needs. Added to the interceding of the Spirit in those unknown and unutterable things of self and work "out of the deeps," it all seemed to bring a conscious upbearing for the years that remain.

CHAPTER XXIV

"COUNT UP THY MERCIES"

ALL TRUE SENSE of thanksgiving to God must like the *Gloria in Excelsis* have its distinct and *de profundis* minor key of utterance of a cry for forgiveness of sin and for peace. The sinless angels could sing "Glory be to God on high" without that minor key. But to fit the anthem to human lips the Church added what angelic perfection had no instinct to voice, in the psychology of our human frailty: "O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." And so in any extended retrospect of mercies, experience shows that the mercies of forgiveness and peace are to be counted among the most moving and precious. Obviously, simple reference to this rather than specification is part of the reticence of this review. It belongs to the Chapters of humble confession to God and not to these Chapters of written reminiscence, however outstanding and constant it may be. But no suspicion lurks of any falsetto strain in those familiar lines:

> "My soul look o'er thy misspent years and see
> What thou hast done for God and then what God has done for thee."

And then turning to the mercies of blessings that have followed me all the days of my life, the only hope of their comprehensive survey is by some such classification as that suggested in the Prayer Book, blessings of "creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life; but above all for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace and for the hope of glory." This spiritual heritage is further expressed in the Eucharistic post-communion thanksgiving for the "spiritual food" in the "holy mysteries" and in the "assurance of God's favor and goodness towards us," of our very membership "incorporate in the mystical body" of His Son and

HOME OF THE REV. DR. AND MRS. JOHN W. NICHOLS
St. John's University, Shanghai, China

DEAN NICHOLS FAMILY GROUP
(Jack)

our inheritance "through hope" of His "everlasting kingdom."

The preceding Chapters are in themselves for the most part a recounting of many phases of life-long blessings in parentage, in the home circle, in training, in ministry, in friendships, in sufficiency of "ways and means," in travel, in health and in length of years all golden from her with whom I hope to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary in 1926, and in seeing our five children ever fondly filial, happily settled in their homes, every hearthstone of which is cheery with the healthy voices of dear grandchildren. All of that, when brought to the supreme test of the critical worth-while of life, might belong to a being ministered unto rather than a ministering service to others, and there is only too much of it that looks that way in the frank self-judgment of the retrospect. But by the grace of God there have been mercies of help toward usefulness in some measure which I believe are legitimate sources of comfort and thankfulness.

In asking for the provision of a Bishop-Coadjutor as quoted in the Chapter referring to that, I outlined three characteristic kinds of work which seem to have fallen to my lot. In so far as good results, with the aid of many others, have come to those leadings, no little satisfaction lies in that. And perhaps I may analyze that satisfaction a little further in this estimate of blessed joys of my ministry. There is in it a zest of initiative and construction in having been privileged to "start things," which has an emphasis all of its own, as distinct from the "carry on" and extension of official routine which must necessarily chiefly belong to the ministry. In the far lesser sphere this enables me to appreciate St. Paul's reference to a distinction between it and the developing of "another man's line of things made ready to our hand," while it also reminds us of his caution "he that glorieth let him glory in the Lord." One of those lines of opportunity which have come to me in a continuity and oftentimes perplexity that seems

somewhat exceptional even when recognition is made of its implicitness in every faithful ministry and its explicitness in both priestly and episcopal vows, is that of peace-making. The very pointing of it in those critical vows, like the Master's singling it out for one of His determining Beatitudes, is significant of the call for its functioning everywhere in the minglings and frictions of our human nature, and it would sometimes seem especially in our Church and clergy human membership, from the Bible pages down through all our "unhappy divisions." I can recall from school days circumstances which placed me in a situation where as a sort of "go-between" it fell to me to try to straighten out misunderstandings and to bring together those between whom alienations had come. And for the most part, since, it has seemed to be a matter of draft rather than volunteering—indeed it seldom can be the latter effectively—for me to have to deal with the entanglements of life especially as office in the ministry finds them rife. Obviously to go into specifications would be too intimate and too remote from the purpose of these reminiscences. And besides the peace maker must not expect results to be autographed or oftentimes even noticed. Not infrequently quiet, preventive measures which have anticipated omens of open breaches of friendship or harmony are not even suspected outside of those immediately concerned. And when animosities and partizanships and sharp issues are to be dealt with, not seldom the clergyman who finds them put up to him in their acute stages, feels he could have dealt with them far more hopefully if he had been permitted to make the try-out in their earlier symptoms. Of course he must take it as part of his vows to do the best he can by the grace of God when tangles and complications which he thinks he could have forfended are unloaded upon him, only when all snarled up and at their worst—but even then that divine grace often helps him out.

The anonymity in the functionings of the peace-

maker is still more preserved in that positive pastoral and priestly endeavor to aim at an ever higher spiritual tone among his people which realizes throughout the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." That subtle atmosphere of growth in grace is the very best Church and community prophylactic against the envy and strife which produce confusion and every evil works. All of which not only affords no temptation to the spectacular and limelight lures of the ministry but puts that test upon the human, that is in us all, of being willing to keep at it without observation and indeed with the impression received, if not expressed, by not a few standardizers of success, as being a weak and *jejune* exhibit.

So far then as it has been in my power and agency to endeavor to keep this unity, with failures enough God knows, to keep me from mistaking boasting for this counting of these mercies, I believe that the sweetest mercy and satisfaction of my extended retrospect is the evidence that I have been used on peace-making lines for helpfulness, between man and man, individually, and collectively in Committees, Assemblies, communities and wide Church relations. Here and there all along the years I believe it has had to do with "ironing out wrinkles" for good understandings, and as well for making crooked places straight in misunderstandings. And it has unified the mind of seemingly variant interests for new measures. It has a beforehand opportunity of shaping the get-together spirit which anticipates behindhand accentuation of issues. It is second only in comfort to that peace-making of the priestly ministry which back of the reconciliation of man with his fellow is the great Beatitude of any ministry and that is its being commissioned in sacramental preaching and service with that ministry of reconciliation, given to us of God Who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, the Highest Peace-maker.

The second characteristic cited in the outline of the three features of my ministry made in the address to

the Special Convention and quoted in Chapter XXII was that of foundation laying. Besides the general data indicating such a feature mentioned in that Chapter, including Divinity School and House of Churchwomen origins, many mercies of initiative I can recall as having come my way with that human and yet directly sense of the grace of God which has true credentials of a joy of the ministry. To start daily services and weekly communions in the two historic parishes of Christ Church, Hartford, and St. James', Philadelphia; to have instituted systems of offerings in both of those Parishes which, with modifications, are still in use in the former Parish under my fourth successor, and in the latter under my third; to have been in at the beginnings and building—for which our children with others raised the first five dollars by picking and selling huckleberries—of St. Peter's-in-the-Mount near our one time cottage at Squam Lake, New Hampshire, the only place of worship in that Holderness community of which the late Dean Hodges of Cambridge wrote with his accustomed charm; to have shared in the origins of the San Francisco Seaman's Church Institute and of the National Seamen's Church Institute of America; to have been called to the first Presidency of the Eighth Missionary Department and then of the Province of the Pacific; to have been permitted to suggest the Prayer Book Cross and find for it a commanding site in our Golden Gate Park; to have helped to the foundation of the Sir Francis Drake Association of California; to have proposed the visit to Jamestown, Virginia, at the General Convention of 1898 which led in some degree to the interest of the whole Church in the effort of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities to preserve and exploit that historic site of our American Church and American liberty; to have joined with our other California Churchmen in bringing the first General Convention of the Twentieth Century to meet in San Francisco in 1901 as the first General Convention on the Pacific Coast; to have been privileged to suggest and conse-

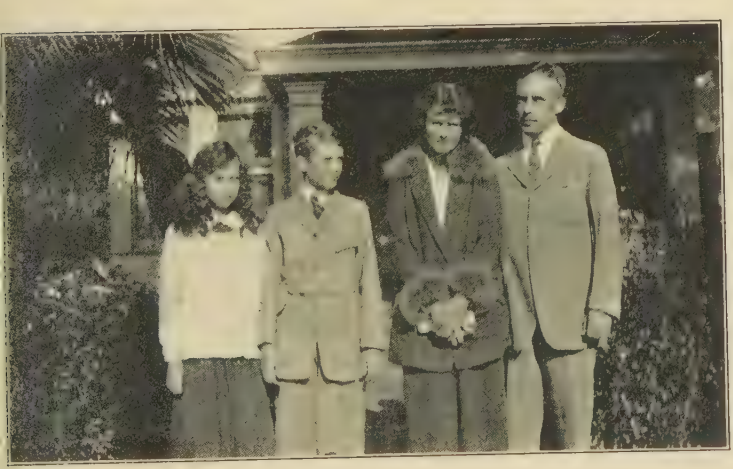
MARY NICHOLS LANSDALE
May 17, 1880 – June 23, 1917
"Calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy" irradiating all
the dear days of her age

crate our "Iona Churchyard" as a resting place for the remains of our dear dead; to have found acceptable an American Cathedral system based upon the analogy of the District of Columbia in its civic administrative relation to the United States; and to have had the usual record of originating parishes and missions and measures which belong to every progressive episcopate—such memories come up to my mind as mercies and blessings out of my active days. In those earlier years while visiting a mission point in Southern California and walking with its chief promoter we passed a pile of building stone which marked an arrested development of a pretentious house started in the "boom" period. The mission was then in its rented store stage. It came into my thought and expression to him "Why not make that abandoned stone the beginning of a worthy Church?" The generous Churchman told me that the remark led to his after gift and erection of the fine stone church now a notable ornament of that community. And so blessings of initiation under God's making His ministry "to do and will" rise up before me as I write like the word dropped in season to the lad at a visitation of my earlier years to his father's rectory, "My boy, why do you not make up your mind to follow in your father's footsteps into the ministry?"—which he has told me was his start towards the later choice in pursuance of which he now fills with distinction a general office in our National Church. Or like some seed dropped in a devoted student's heart and conscience at an Eastern Divinity School in an address which germinated in a long night walk of reflection and struggle and brought a decision by the Spirit's leading to go to the Foreign Field and later to find the responsibility of a wise missionary episcopate. These sample items—perhaps not so exceptional in priestly and episcopal office—which any rehearsal of mercies could not well omit in the count of the days. And in these later foreshortenings of true joys of the ministry after all, it is not any accomplishments in such

things as buildings or institutions, or measures, that stand out so much as it is that now and then there have been assurances that epistles had been written in human hearts and consciences in their turning the truth as it is in Jesus to better principles of life and of His service. To be told "You helped me" is far sweeter than to read any statistics of material progress.

The third characteristic feature, more especially of my episcopate, to which I adverted in the Address at the Special Convention referred to, I designated as the "Decentralizing and Specializing of Administration." Every generation of the office has its own call for adjustments and progress in efficiency. And the generation covered by my activities seems to have had more or less insistent a need for disencumbering the office from many agencies which had inhered in it from the simpler colonial traditions when necessarily it had to be a good deal of a creator of its own precedents in administration and so a one-man power with a one-man jack-of-all Church trades responsibility. Consequently bishops might be pardoned if they sometimes felt as in the story of the early New England bishop, Alexander Viets Griswold, whose domestic economy had little, or no entourage. A dapper young parson was once visiting him, who, when going to his room at night, said, "Bishop, shall I leave my shoes outside of my door?" "By all means," said the Bishop, "they will be perfectly safe; no one will touch them." No one was more ready to be everybody's servant than Bishop Griswold but there was a case where he could humorously "strike" even though the young visitor's failure to sense that there was nobody to do the job but the bishop, was undoubtedly as unconscious as it was typical of the actual universality of doing what there was no one else to do, put up to the episcopal office. While no one would fault such a condition when the necessity for it exists and every one must expect all sorts of varied and novel demands on his time and thought and service in trying to be in the apostolic

HOME OF MR. PHILIP MOYLAN LANSDALE
Palo Alto, California



LANSDALE FAMILY GROUP
Dear Mary Taken From Earth June 23, 1917

sense "all things to all men," the real mischief that such a complex of calls is apt to cause is the diversion and dislocation from the primary spiritual ideal and motive of the office. Christ's threefold charge to St. Peter was to feed—"Feed my lambs, feed my sheep, feed my sheep." Bishop Ken's lofty ideal is in his lines that Bishops

> "Should here on earth be Guardians to the Fold
> And God by contemplation still behold."

Wherever other demands come so thick and fast, or with worldly lure of success—and this tendency, not to say temptation, is not confined to any one Communion—that this spiritual feeding is suppressed under any leading of administrative pressure or ambition, that mischief is apparent. It is not easy to resist it in any age or in any Church sphere, as I know only too well, but it does help to be able to segregate in any measure those duties not inherent in the office, from those which are of its very vitality, as for example the harrassing of financial problems, from the charge in the office for the Consecration of Bishops. By the good providence of God and the boon of an Archdeacon Emery, answering rarely to the early provision in the Church for that and other wide relief from duties not strictly episcopal, as well as from the consideration of clergy and laity magnifying their office in furthering a process of distributed general responsibility, this has all along been working itself out as a tradition and an episcopal relief in the Diocese. A measurable immunity from such extraneous cares and burdens has progressed during my generation, passing down responsibility from central congestion to Deans and Convocations and Vestries and lay agencies, and however far short the corresponding emphasis of the spiritual side has been, it has left the routine of the office freer for spiritual aims and for such spiritual attention as the personal Training of Candidates for Holy Orders in Divinity School Lectures

and otherwise. And again this is no small mercy and blessing to be recounted.

When the time came for me to propose my abdication of many activities of the office that its maximizing duties and opportunities might not be met by minimizing energies, it would be vain to deny that it was without some poignancies of experience, even with all the rare consideration and smoothing the way shown me. It could hardly have been otherwise with the exercise of the power and the joy of the Diocese for a whole generation as a second nature. But in transferring the major part of the executive sphere to a then undesignated successor it seemed opportune to take the Diocese into my confidence in disclosing what appeared to be the three characteristic features of my ministry I have dwelt upon above, as registering a "hitherto of the Lord's help" for a "thitherto of like promise" when that successor had adjusted the work to his generation. His responsibilities would probably not have the peacemaking calls upon him that confronted my beginnings, as he would enter upon a singularly harmonious Diocese; he would probably have less of foundation laying and more of upbuilding; he would find a Departmental trend towards decentralization of demands not intrinsically episcopal as already accomplished. That was all before we had chosen a Bishop-Coadjutor. Bishop Parsons, one of our choicest own, being called to the succession, I could count that a crowning blessing to the work. Opportune under God for the powers he has brought to the adjustment of the office for his generation are new adjustments in the national Church itself in its provision, almost coincident with his consecration, for modern effectiveness of organization and for the stirrings of the vigorous campaign for nation-wide quickening of responsibility for religion, and its relation to offerings and in the compacting and unity of the Diocese for his freedom to share in the national counsels and measures of the Church. Already there is the horoscope for a high and far-reaching influence of

his episcopate upon the full generation or more we hope and pray for him.

I cannot close this Chapter without reference to other blessings in the background of my work. There are the blessings of having been an adopted Californian added to those of my Eastern citizenship. A boyhood in New York State, a residence in old Connecticut, the place of my original American ancestor, then in old Pennsylvania, Rector of one of the oldest Parishes in each of those last named States, I was first under the conservative traditions of the Atlantic, to have later the new angles of the Pacific Coast life for their widening vistas. On both sides of the Continent my life has been enriched with lasting friendships and kindnesses. Typical of California bountifulness have been the unique welcome to me and mine when we came, the early provision of a paid up Life Insurance policy of a large amount, the signalizing of my ninth anniversary in the episcopate with a costly pectoral Cross, of my fifteenth by an antique office desk, of my twentieth by the raising of nearly one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, including large additional sums to the Episcopal Endowment Fund, the payment of a debt on the new and spacious Bishop's House and the provision for a world trip for Mrs. Nichols and my daughter Peggy and myself; of my twenty-fifth by the thought which especially touched me of presenting a limited edition of a testimonial in recognition of my dearest adviser and helper with this inscription:

"To
CLARA QUINTARD NICHOLS
WHO, AS WIFE OF THE
BISHOP OF CALIFORNIA,
HAS WON FOR HERSELF
A PLACE IN THE HEART OF THE DIOCESE,
THIS RECORD OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF
HER HUSBAND'S WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED;"

and then of my thirtieth by the presentation of an

ornate Pastoral Staff and by a thousand and one other thoughtful acts and gifts that have attached me so deeply to my people and to my communities. Indeed in relinquishing the spacious Bishop's House and choosing an apartment snugged more to the simple household effects of two "old folk," it is something like a constant companionship to have all about us our residuum of furnishings, pictures on the walls, rugs, easy chairs and articles of furniture in general, as well as volumes, so many of which have their loving associations with the thought and kindness of my people—and not infrequently with some ministration with which God has pastorally privileged me to share their joys or sorrows as my fifty years have entered into them. Outside of my immediate Church connections, too, there have been such amenities as being made an Honorary Life Member of the Pacific Union Club, of the annual courtesies graciously accorded by our railroad authorities, of happy ecclesiastical relations with contemporaries of other names, Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, of fortunate advisers in medical, legal and financial matters from among our leaders and of touch with our trades who have in several troubled issues called upon me to help arbitration, if possible. To attempt names as they occur to me would be to make this Chapter assume the character and proportions of a small Directory.

But the greatest earthly blessing of them all can in its intimacy only have here the barest mention and tribute. The dear home life with its never failing irradiation of an ideal life of motherhood and wifehood and its Jack and Mary and Billy and Clare and Peggy—of whom Mary has been taken—every one filial and a joy around our fireside as children and now in the own happy homes scattered from Shanghai to Boston with our fourteen grandchildren—could we possibly leave out any reference to that here, in this count of earth's greatest blessings?

Were I to go outside of the *motif* of writing of and

HOME OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM MORSE NICHOLS
Helena, Montana

GROUP INCLUDING (Right) WILLIAM MORSE NICHOLS
ELLEN DEAN NICHOLS and Three Grandchildren
1922

for that home circle life there would be manifold mercies to recount here of preservation through stirring periods of world history. A life time which has covered almost exactly the last half of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth has passed through some shaping eras of modern progress and known of great changes of maps and world mechanisms. During that time our own country has had three critical periods of war; has vastly increased in population and its attendant problems; has risen to a dominating position in many world influences and measures; has undergone many changes of administration and of policies from Zachary Taylor to Calvin Coolidge and has been in the thick both of "making the world safe for Democracy" and of making Democracy safe for the world. Europe, Asia and Africa have in many respects become different continents, registering for example such changes as in Europe, Italy from Mazzini to Mussolini; as in Asia "a China changed in the last ten years more than in the previous ten centuries," and as in Africa the exploration and exploitation under what has been called "the white man's burden." Thought circles have found new curves in the chart of religion and philosophy and science as in the shifting of investigation from nature outside of man in the nineteenth century under Darwin and his school to that of human nature and personality current in the twentieth century. Discovery and invention have come with such marvellous and bewildering skill and accomplishment that in every department of life such as means of communication and creature comfort and health keeping and restoring and business efficiency, what there was in the mid-nineteenth century before the phenomenal development of electrical and other appliances wrested from nature now seem as antiquated as Franklin's kite.

But this domestic recital of these days of my age cannot attempt anything like the wider subject of "The Age of My Days" and copious histories cover the ground. The reference to it here is only that I may not

seem to omit the note of thanksgiving that God has spared my days to see such things, while through it all, He has profoundly deepened in me the fulfilment of the prophecy so significantly adapted from the Psalm and strikingly persisting as graven over the closed door of the old mosque metamorphosed from an ancient Christian Church at Damascus: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom and Thy dominion endureth throughout all ages."

HOME OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES FERDINAND MILLS
Milton, Mass.

MILLS FAMILY GROUP
(Clare)

CHAPTER XXV

"O TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS"

THAT WE MAY get us an heart of wisdom," is one suggestion for the translation of the Psalmist's aspiration to learn the lesson of life. The numbering of days whether of the past or for making the most of those that are left as the opportunity "while there is time" is slipping away has here a plain and sobering pointing of its object—"to get a heart of wisdom." "Whoso is wise will ponder these things and they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." The wisdom that is from above is in the getting of that lifetime lesson—that highest diploma of all its days—that aspiration—with at times the almost desperation of failure. In advancing life, consciously or unconsciously, thought and disquietude are apt to centre a good deal around the worth-while of years gone and what the heart has gotten from them as it approaches the threshold of the days beyond this numbering. In all the dark misgivings and mystery there is one sure dawning of an assuring ray of wisdom through the hope and effort to follow the gleam of the light of Jesus Christ. That is in evidence to those pondering over it in advancing years of an unmistakable fact in experience as real and indubitable as any facts of life. And the outstanding conviction that becomes a part of our very being is that we have known to a demonstration the loving kindness of the Lord.

For the responsibilities that remain to me in the infirmities for meeting them, the teaching of that lesson of life's getting a heart of wisdom carries with it the unspeakable sense of God's loving kindness frustrating error and human unwisdom in the days already numbered. With a natural bent towards what is currently called Fundamentalism, to that loving kindness of God's guidance I look for true discernment of all that is progressive in Modernism. This I realize is of moment

in the present transitional aspects of the particular lines of episcopal duty and Diocesan headway reserved after my canonical assignments of jurisdiction. One is the promotion of a sense of vocation to the Holy Ministry and the training and ordination of Candidates. One cannot shut his eyes to the issues—actual or implied—that are gathering around the Church's teaching and practice of the Ministry. They are necessarily involved in the epochal discussions and movements for Church Unity, in missionary efficiencies, and extension for world evangelization, in questions of doctrinal loyalty and in methods of girding the religious forces of the world for counteracting the menace of materialism, with the best array and use of spiritual potentialities. Though in the somewhat sequestered routine of Diocesan processes for the supply of the Ministry these questions may not seem insistent, still they are in the air and ought to be and must be reckoned with, or they become insidious and sap the energy of ministerial character. Fundamentally one in our Orders must have the rock base of his avowed belief that he is "truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and according to the Canons of this Church." Modernism must put him in tune, measure him, give him his *modus*—from which the word modern is derived—for the age in which he lives. Fundamentalism exaggerated would be like insisting upon always practicing the scales instead of joining in the chorus. Modernism unrestrained would suggest the ramp and roar of novelty that would if it could, put the old notes on the scale themselves into discard. God's trust that endureth from generation to generation and elemental human nature, that Bible times and our times show to be pretty much the same, are to be brought together by the ministry of any century, but no century can hope to find their right merger without the fundamental Gospel tuned to any successive modernism that is. Of course this is only dealing in generalities but with the light I have from an experience of Church vicissitudes covering well on

towards two generations of successive modernity, the old Church Creed and lasting influence upon Church and community conduct have a constant relation to each other. And I have seen a good many other combinations perish in the using. Of course there are issues that in their time seemed to concern the Articles of a standing or falling faith but which are now buried in alcoves of creed and Church controversies. An old family Bible I have inherited, in its cover held together with strings and its loss of leaves, presents a decrepit volume. Some one might say that is significant of a decrepit Bible. But looking into it and seeing the many evidences of its faithful ancestral use, the reflection comes that if it is suggestive of decrepitude, that decrepitude comes most significantly from its constant handling. If a brand new family Bible—and they are conspicuous by their absence—betokens decrepitude, is it not rather in the modern palsied habit of not reading it devotionally or in the scrappy use of its pages by the scissors and paste of the critic's quotations? Moody's celebrated saying "I believe the Bible is inspired because it inspires me" is a true modern maxim of inspiration. Only it cannot possibly inspire anyone who does not aspire to read it sympathetically. All this is not written as if an answer to that phase of modern criticism; or in reflection upon the progress of such criticism in its reverent and adequate studies. Here I rather have in mind my hope that some of my grandchildren may themselves be led by the Holy Spirit to the vocation to Holy Orders and that if so my profound affirmation after fifty years is in so far as I have been permitted to have knowledge of the faith once delivered and its responding to the human heart and mind in my generation, that it constitutes a most precious service and joy of the ministry.

One phase of a transitional modernism that impresses me is the "Changing Order" in the stressing of the Gospel for better intelligence and expression of our "duty to our neighbor." The very change of translation

in the Revision of the New Testament which substituted "love" for the word which in the mind of the early years of the seventeenth century was more of an equivalent for it, *i. e.* "charity" is significant of the Fundamental power with a modernized term. And in point of fact this indicates not only the widening of a term that had become narrowed in usage, but a clarifying of conscience and obligation on the part of the Church itself. This is a signal illustration of what might be called "Modern fundamentalism." "Charity" had come to connote in many minds not much more than almsgiving or other provision to the needy. Actual practice, however, had gone beyond that in many kinds of philanthropy, the subjects of which would not feel themselves as receiving charity in the ordinary sense of that word. An illustration of this is in the distinction in the princely gift of our St. Luke's Hospital which is both a philanthropy and a charity—a *philanthropy* of first cost of site, buildings, furnishings and endowments, even to those who are able and willing to pay the charges necessary for its upkeep beyond the original cost of provision of the plant, and a *charity* to those to whom it can offer free service. And so its endowments by helping towards a lessening of its overhead expenses, extend its agencies both on philanthropic and charitable lines. So too with our other Church Institutions, general and local, like the Daughters of the King, the Girls Friendly Society, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco, and besides St. Luke's Hospital and the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home, the Maria Kip Orphanage and Alfred Nuttall Nelson Memorial Home, the St. Andrew's Inn, St. Dorothy's Rest; they all stand for the power of love of fellow men which proves itself in gift and management on both philanthropic and charitable lines. Legacies and gifts of the living, like the seven hundred thousand for the new memorial St. Luke's Hospital, half by Mrs. L. F. Monteagle and half by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and her brother, Mr. Ogden Mills, and

HOME OF MR. AND MRS. EDWARD HARDY CLARK, JR.
Hillsborough, California

CLARK FAMILY GROUP
("Peggy")

like the more than one hundred and fifty thousand given by the late Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Nelson to our Girls' Orphanage and Old Ladies' Home, not to mention lists of other generous givers, some of whom like Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and others of the Crocker and George A. Pope families are noted, and funds that bear among others the names of Eastman, Morgan, Williams, Potter, Gibbs, Crocker, Arundel, Thorndike, Drown, Hoge, Lewis, McLellan, French, Gillon, Prevost, Lawver, Robertson, Welty, are in evidence of the blessing of giving. In numbering my episcopal days some of the happiest hours have been spent in conference with the projectors, supporters and Boards of our Institutions, all of which at this writing are filling spheres of usefulness, and the one that from circumstances has been unable to realize all of its original intent, the John Tennant Home, bids fair to soon find a new adaptation. Indeed several of the Institutions have with advantage been subject to progressive change in evidence of their flexibility for true modernism. And it is a satisfaction to be still associated with them and their interests in their reservation to my office in the assignment of other jurisdiction. They in their way represent the functioning of the Church in some of its practical lines of human brotherhood, both philanthropic and charitable.

Perhaps even more significant however of contemporary modern movement of the Church, mentioned in my age, is the phenomenal attention and propaganda of religious leadership to the clashing issues and interests of our civilization at large. Some one has called it the problem of making world neighborhood a brotherhood—as against the wars racial, national, economic, industrial and the divisions in belief that are so menacing to humanity the world over. There is the avowed purpose to try for the onward march of our "foremost files of time" that old inheritance of the ages, the Golden Rule—again a Fundamental modernized. Our Presidents—from their peaks of out-

look prescribe spiritual remedy for the material ills of the age that confront their administrations. Pagan peoples like China, even in their crude resorts to republican forms of government in a way that suggests modernism, as a leap in the dark blindly identify progress with religion when they ask for Christian prayers. A former Italian skeptic writes a sympathetic *Life of Christ*. Such signs of the times, to one who cannot hope to number far ahead in his own earthly days, are numbering tremendous issues for Chapters of the World's history.

Wholesome modernism on the plane of bringing things new as well as old from the Treasury of Christ to bear upon the thickening and aggressive battle lines of the age cannot have the vigorous campaigning of one on in years, as it can his interest and prayers and thanksgiving for every forward movement. But there is a modernism in which he can share. In my reservation of official sphere is the general sense of pastorate and so far, as limitations permit, of spiritual shepherding. The dimension of that is out toward our duty to God of which the duty to our fellow man just referred to is a simple dimension of Gospel symmetry. Love of God and love of man round out the summary and spirit of Christ's teaching for mankind. To keep to that symmetry the implications of our duty to God must have the same full-orbing as our duty to man. There must not be any bulge manward which unspheres the symmetry Godward. Worship must be full curved as well as work; praying people as well as proletariat, rites of God's service as well as rights of man's service, trust and thanksgiving for God's providence as well as betterment of man's improvidence, things eternal as well as temporal and sense of shortcoming in relations to our heavenly Father as well as in realizing the brotherhood of man, deprecating unfairness to God with all emphasis of any catch-word of unfairness to man. That completeness of religion and of Christian civilization is fundamental, but it by no means comes to its own in

NINE GRANDCHILDREN AT INVERNESS, CAL.
Summer of 1921

many stirrings for the welfare and evolution of an emancipated mankind. There is not only the impossible duality of effort to serve God and mammon but God is seemingly left out altogether in some of the theories of the best modernization of the world. Modernism ever means revolution, sometimes bloodless, sometimes not. The material universe is revealed to us as the revolution of spheres. Literature has the term "music of the spheres" in its noting the harmony of the planets. And how exquisitely is the figure applied to the perfected music of a human life:

> "There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Revolution of the sphere with its music visions an ideal for revolution in the human sphere. The nearer we can round out life spherically with love and duty to God and love and duty to our fellow man, the nearer we approach the true notes of human progress, the nearer we enact in the ages the right revolutions of modernism.

That I am still spared to minister in spiritual things and that the opportunities of my half century in that ministry are open to me in cordial and grateful continuance in my dear Diocesan field, so far as I can humbly improve them, is one of the most precious solaces of the Eventide of life. May the Chief Shepherd help me to learn more and more deeply that lesson from numbering the remaining days of my age of getting an heart of wisdom to go in and out among my people with a yearning to impart to them, the sick and the whole, some spiritual gift. May He vouchsafe me some help towards the symmetry of God's service; some "Come unto me" from Christ, some sustaining consciousness of the *double* yoke, with His neck under one side to make it easy as He bears its burdens of life with us. May He bring me some cheering word to vision the roadway in

numbering its days with the glory that shall be revealed, some fulfillment of that blessed promise and hope "Thy loving kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

But to number our days without a concluding word of the consciousness of the mercy and power of God running through them, would be like counting the poles of a power transmission instead of utilizing the live current sustained by them. The days of any age of man are the props and channels of God's use of that life for its distribution of His power to others. And as life nears the count of its earthly years, the very retrospect of human waste and weakness in the past transmission touches to its depths the yearning, while there is time, to find new voltage for a quickening of assurance to those who come after, a veritable *morituri salutamus*, a greeting of cheer from the all-sustaining, never failing certainty in life and in ministry of finding God's promise a chief joy of the service. "As thy days so shall thy strength be." That seems to help one to insight into the Psalmist's own aspiration as a thing he longed for when he wrote "Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age, when I am gray-headed: until I have showed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to all them that are yet for to come."

INDEX

INDEX

Page

Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. 159
Archbishops of Canterbury 6, 9, 68, 108, 235, 238
Baldwin, Rev. Ashbel 2
Balfour, Sir Robert and Lady 240
Baroness Coutts 239
Batchkarova, Mme., Colonel of Russian Battalion of Death 241
Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. 41
Beardsley, Rev. E. E., D. D. 64, 69
Bedell, Rt. Rev. G. T., D. D. 85
"Bend," The 127
Berkeley Divinity School 23
Bisbee, Otis 11
Bodley, Dr. George F. 160
Boker, Mrs. George 241
Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. 126, 127
Bret Harte's "Truthful James" 119
Brewster, Rt. Rev. Chauncey B., 25th Anniversary . . . 323
Bulkley, Mrs. Kate A. 189
Cadwalader, Mr. Richard M. 76
California, Call to 89
  Consecration 96
  Provisions for Journey 96
  Reception 99
California, a Bit of Elizabethan 267
California Wheel Days 110
Call to Ohio 85
Cathedral Forecast 156
Childs, Mr. George W. 96, 266, 273
Christ Church, Hartford, Days 53
Church Divinity School of the Pacific 138
Churchwomen, House of 179
Clark, Edward H., Jr. . . . .
Coadjutor, Call for 302
  Consecration 316
Coleman, William T. 119
College and Divinity School Days 13
Connecticut and Home Circle Days with Bishop Williams 25
Convention Days, Diocesan and General 225
"Count Up Thy Mercies" 342
Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. William H. 159, 218
Cutting, Rev. G. M. 149–151
David, Prince and Princess 252
Davidson, Prof. G., Ph. D., Sc. D. 268
Davies, Mrs. T. Clive 251

INDEX

Page

Davis, General Edward 247
Dawn of California Days 100
Days of Diocesan Development 128
Days of Honolulu Episcopate 243
Days of a Jubilee Year 319
Diaconate and Early Priesthood 36
Diocesan Survey 302
District of Columbia Suggestion for American Cathedral Status 166
Drake, Francis 123, 266
Drown, Mr. A. N., Chancellor 160, 180
Election as Assistant Bishop of Ohio 85
Election as Assistant Bishop of California 89
Emery, Archdeacon John 102, 103, 115, 121
Englehardt, F. Zephyrin, O. F. M. 120
Farrar, Dean 238
Field, Justice Stephen J. 120
"Filoli" 127
Fisher, Rev. Charles R. 50
Fletcher, Rev Francis 266
Four Great Cathedral Principles 168
Founders, Names of, on Tablet in Founders' Crypt . . . 178
Fraternity Life 18
Gardner, Rev. D. Charles, D. D. 252
General Relief Committee 214
"Giantshade," West Hartford 42, 47
Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. George W. 100, 127, 139
Gillespie, James and Mary Matilda 41
Goodwin, Lucy M. and Mary 54
Goodwin, Mrs. James 57
Gottschalk, Judge of San Andreas 119
Grace Cathedral, San Francisco 152
Grant, Sweton and Hannah (Whiteley) 5
Gresham, Dean J. Wilmer, D. D. 176
Hart, Rev. Samuel, D. D. 69
Hartford Hospitality 19
Heath, Mrs. R. W. 179
Heath, The Misses 203
Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona* 119
History of the Diocese of California 136
Hobart, Lewis P. 160, 283
Holy Trinity, Middletown, Connecticut 37
Home and School Days 1
Home Circle Days with Bishop Williams 25
Honolulu Episcopate 243
Hospital Hospitality 277
Hospital, St. Luke's 278

INDEX

Page

House of Churchwomen 179
Ingham, Mr. W. H. 76
James, St., West Hartford 49
James', St., Philadelphia Days 72
Rectory and Study 79
Jarvis, Rev. Samuel 69
John, Rt. Rev. J. H., D. D. 125, 130
Jubilee Year 319
Kelley, Rev. D. O. 136, 170
Kellogg, Mrs. G. H. 189
Kip, Rt. Rev. William Ingraham, D. D. 101, 112, 117
Lambeth Conference, 1897 234
LaMothe, Rt. Rev., D. D. 254
Lance, Mrs. L. C. 179
Lansdale, Philip M., Home and Family 351
Lawrence, Rt. Rev. William, D. D., LL. D. 125
Lawver, Mrs. S. S. 179, 180
Leese, Jacob P. 110
Leonard, Rt. Rev. William A. 86
Lincoln, Rev. James Otis, D. D. 140
Lincoln, President 12
Lord Mayor's Banquet 239
Los Angeles, Diocese of 112, 113, 130
MacGeorge, William 8
Manning, Rt. Rev. William T., D. D. 125
Mark Twain's Jumping Frog 119
McEnerney, Mr. 214
McGowan, Rev. J. S. 117
Mechanics Pavilion, Emergency Hospital After Earthquake 199
Miel, Rev. Charles L. 89
Miller, Mrs. Katherine 42
Mills, Mr. D. O. 283
Mills, Mr. Charles F., Home and Family 361
Mines, Rev. Dr. Flavel Scott 120
Moffitt, Dr. H. C. 288
Morton, Rev. Henry J. 72
Monteagle, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. 179, 278, 282, 283
Montgomery, Archbishop 214, 215
Moreland, Rt. Rev. W. H., D. D. 60
Morgan, Rev. Edward 278
Morgan, Pierpont 139
Neale, Vincent 180
Newlands, Mrs. J. 179
Nelson, Rev. Henry W., Jr. 225
Nelson, Rev. George F., D. D. 228
Nichols, Charles Hubert and Margaret Emilia (Grant) . . 2
Nichols, Francis of Stratford, Connecticut 2

INDEX

Page

Nichols, Josiah Morse and Delilah (Duncombe) 2
Nichols, Rev. James 5
Nichols, Sir Richard 2
Nichols, Clara (Quintard)—
  Child 39
  Bride 47
  California 97
Nichols, Rev. John Williams, Home and Family 340
Nichols, William Morse, Home and Family 357
Northam, Col. Charles H., of Hartford, Connecticut . . . 39
"O Teach Us To Number Our Days" 363
Paige, Calvin 283
Peter's, St., Holderness, and Cottage 87
Phoenix, John 117
Pomeroy, Mrs. J. N. 179
Poughkeepsie Collegiate School 11
Powell, Dean Herbert Harry, Ph. D., D. D. 143
Prayer for the Church Divinity School 149
Prayer Book Cross 266
Prayer for Progressive Cathedral Building 178
Prince and Princess of Wales 239
Queen Victoria at Windsor 239
Quintard, Edward Augustus 41, 43
Quintard, Clara 41, 47
Quintard, Mary Matilda (Gillespie) 39, 41
Quintard, Isaac, Huguenot 41
Randall, Mr. A. Q. (Poughkeepsie) 12
Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw 224, 240, 282, 283
Restarick, Rt. Rev. Henry B. 105, 251
Riordan, Archbishop 213
Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd 127
Russell, Dr. Gurdon W. (Hartford) 58, 63
Saint Francis Exposition, A 258
San Francisco and Saint Francis of Assisi 256
Sanford, Rt. Rev. Dr. Louis Childs 133
San Joaquin, District of 133
Seabury Centenary 69, 73
Secretary to Bishop Williams 25
Sherman, Mrs. H. M. 189
Shiels, Dr. J. Wilson 287
Slack, Judge 214
Slattery, Rt. Rev. Charles Lewis, D. D. 324
Southern California, First Visitation 105
Sproule, William 124
Stevens, Rt. Rev. W. Bertrand, D. D. 130
Stewardship 78
Stone, Rev. Frank 203

INDEX

Page

Stow, Mr. W. W. 266
Stratford, Connecticut, Settlers of 2
Tatlock, Rev. William, D. D. 288
"Teach Us To Number Our Days" 363
Three-Decker, Christ Church, Hartford, Connecticut . 54, 55
Trew, Dean A. G. L. 105
Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut 13, 22
Van Bokkelen, Mr. William A. M. 103
Vaughn, Cardinal 239
Vigilance Committee 119, 230
Vine Hill, West Hartford 41
Von Holt, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. 251
Voorsanger, Rabbi 215
West Hartford and Newington, Connecticut 41
Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. 127
Whitaker, Rt. Rev. O. W., D. D. 92
Williams, Rt. Rev. John, D. D. 23, 25, 32, 65
Willis, Rt. Rev. Alfred, D. D. 243
Wilson, J. M. 76
Wingfield, Rt. Rev. J. D. H., D. D., LL. D. 133
Wright, John A. 180
Woman's Auxiliary 179
Wood, Dr. John W. 219

FIVE HUNDRED COPIES OF
THIS EDITION HAVE BEEN PRINTED FROM
TYPE COMPOSED BY BRUCE BROUGH
SAN FRANCISCO

93-3
Tas

112115
92
N519
Nichols, William F.
Days of my age

112115
92
N519